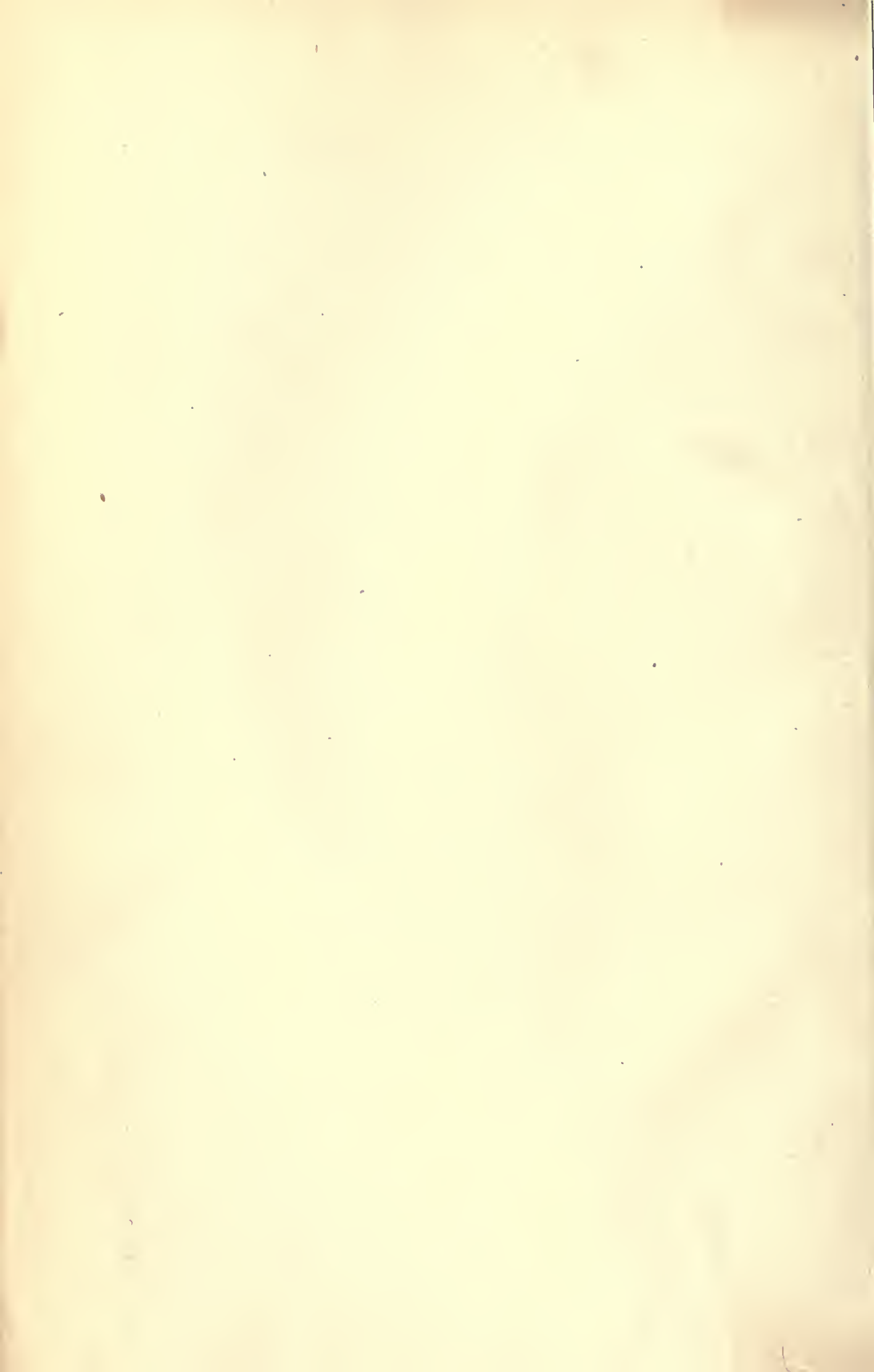




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THE NEW  
PRINCETON REVIEW



VOL. IV

1887

JULY—SEPTEMBER—NOVEMBER

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# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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JULY, 1887.

No. 4.

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## CERTAIN TENDENCIES IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

### I.

The somewhat desultory conflict which is now being waged in the literary field between "realism" and "idealism" is a most doubtful and subtle one; for there are few realists who have no ideality, and few idealists, few romanticists, who do not make use of the real. Shakspeare was somewhat of a romanticist; somewhat of an idealist; and yet what realist of our day cuts deeper into the actual than he? In what realist of to-day can we find, for instance, a closer piece of observation than his where he speaks of the sleep that weighs down the eye-lids of the woman who nurses a child? And yet Shakspeare gives this exquisite touch of reality lightly, as a simile. Cleopatra has placed the deadly aspick to her breast and is sinking into the oblivion of death:

" Peace, peace !  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep ? "

Where, likewise, in all literature is there a more sublime and constant idealist, a more remorseless realist, than the great Tuscan poet-politician?

The fact is that all art is a selection. There is no *real* real in literature; and the world will have its own opinion of the taste and art of a writer who is swamped by the commonplace, or who betrays an engrossing love for the unlovely. Every writer must draw the

line somewhere. To the unthinking it may appear that Zola saves himself that trouble; but he does not. We may suspect that there is always something more ghastly and abhorrent in real life than any realist of our time has yet cared fully to report, no matter how destitute of taste he may be, or rich in courage. Hateful is the false art that winces at every touch of unconventional and unrestrained vitality in nature and in society; and hateful, alike, the false art that delights in the disgusting. If a realistic guide seizes upon you at the *gare* in Paris, drags you into one of their endless sewers, and, after an all-day's journey, in slime and nausea, beneath that city of beauty, tells you that you have now, at last, seen Paris—he lies! For not less Paris is the unbelievable vista of the Champs Élysées; not less Paris the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame; nor the palace of the Louvre, where the Venus of Milo keeps mankind forever aware of the ideal of human loveliness, and where Rembrandt, that ideal realist, shows us the unearthly face of the risen Christ.

But it is especially of fiction that we think when realism is spoken of; and it is evident that the definitely realistic school of our day and country is doing a great and needed work, both by example and precept. Let us not resent the zeal of some of its advocates, who at times assume that this school is the first and only enemy of the sentimental and the absurd. It is true that the walls of the unreal had begun to totter before a single blast was blown of their latter-day trumpets—for this is the age of science, of analysis, of remorseless, endless questioning. It is true that Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, drawing down with his kite the lightning of Jupiter, was the first American realist. But the message of the American literary realist of to-day, though not quite so novel as it appears to sound in his own ear, is timely and needed. It is the voice of conviction; the note of the genuine, of the exact; it is, perhaps, the fault of the situation that this voice is pitched at times in a tone more strenuous than alluring.

If it is asked what, precisely, is understood by this new gospel of realism, and if I hesitate to attempt a full and categorical reply, it is because I do not care to undertake a definition which I am sure can be much better elaborated by others. There are sceptics who would say that the present realism in fiction is in France a discovery of the unclean, and in America a discovery of the unimportant. But this would be a petulant and shallow answer. The serious explanation

of the sympathizer might be that modern realism is everywhere, at home and abroad, a discovery of life.

To use so epoch-making a name as Rousseau ; to quote examples of realism or of realistic imagination from writers before or after the author of *The Confessions* ; to say that any one of these was at times a realist ; that Balzac was especially a realist, and may be considered the founder of this school in fiction, unless the date be moved on to Flaubert's day ; though a method and a tendency might thus be indicated, still such examples would not thoroughly illustrate the present realistic movement. This movement could be more clearly explained by an examination of contemporaneous continental novels, chiefly of those belonging to the reigning school of Paris, and distinguished at this moment by the work of men as different from each other as Zola, Daudet, and " Pierre Loti ; " even more powerfully explained by the books of Tolstoï, a writer whose extraordinary artistic career is now passing into a religious and political propagandism no less extraordinary ; explained more satisfactorily still by the stories of the late Russo-Parisian, Turgeneff, the most delicately proportioned, the most artistic, flower of the school. In America the movement could be illustrated by reference to writers with whom all are familiar, and whom it is unnecessary to name.

But in lieu of exact definition and copious illustration, the realistic method may be indicated in a general way by negative description. Strictly realistic fiction is averse to caricature ; it may, perhaps, complain that even Balzac has a touch too much of this, and it looks upon that masterly and astonishingly real writer as somewhat unduly given to the romantic. Modern realistic fiction does not take kindly to the conventional hero and heroine, nor to elaborate plots, nor to melodramatic situations, and " romantic " disguises. Its method would scarcely include such a line as that in *The Lady of the Lake*, which has brought to their feet, with startled delight, more readers than any other single line in the English language :

" And Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king ! "

Realism is, in fact, something in the air which even those who do not think of it by name must necessarily feel. Its influence in America, as elsewhere, is not confined to those writers who proclaim themselves of the faith ; it is the Time-Spirit. Even our broader humorists feel the influence ; as well as the writers of fairy tales,

vagaries, and romances. Even in the minds of many who think themselves free from its influence it remains as a test of everything they write or read. Though some of its apostles say "Romance not at all!", the Time-Spirit will permit you to romance, if you manifest a certain deference, even though unconsciously, for the real. The Time-Spirit does not, thank heaven! object to the imitable invention of Stockton, nor to the stern and breathless fantasy of Stevenson; because each of these so different purveyors of impossibilities still keeps a firm hold upon the world we live in.

Realism is a state of mind, and it is the state of mind of the nineteenth century. It affects the poet, fictionist, humorist, journalist, essayist, historian; the religionist; the philosopher; the natural scientist; the social scientist; the musician, the dramatist, the actor, the painter, the sculptor.

How intimately the various branches of intellectual activity are affected by the realistic spirit, it would be an interesting task to inquire, but a task beyond the range of this writing. An essay might well be devoted to the philosophic field alone. In the religious field, the realistic influence might be pointed out in an important work just issued from the American press. Theodore Munger, a divine of the keenest spiritual insight, calls his very latest book *The Appeal to Life*, and as realism may be called the discovery of life, so this book, or rather the method it elucidates, may be called the discovery of God in human life. Says its author :

"If we can interpret the human heart as it feels and hopes and strives in the natural relations of life; if we can measure the play of the human mind in the family, in society, and in the nation, we shall find both the field of the Gospel and its vindication. The thing to be done at present . . . is to set forth the identity of the faith with the action of man's nature in the natural relations of life."

The social scientist feels this influence, and forbids you to put your hand in your pocket and give a real dime to a romantic beggar.

The musician, from the time of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" to that of Wagner and the modern so-called "programme-music," has felt increasingly the realistic influence.

The actor feels it; and the finest comedian of America exemplifies on the stage, to the never-ending delight of his fellow-countrymen, the absolutely satisfying union of nature and the imagination, of the real and the ideal. Contrast his exquisite, unflinching, and always elevating art with that of another comedian; a man of most desirable and commendable originality, dealing freshly and strongly,

as author and actor, with seldom-seized phases of our modern life, but capable of illustrating, unconsciously, in his own person, one of those current tendencies which make the judicious grieve. I have seen this doting-piece of the realists devote a large part of an evening to the absolutely natural depiction of the effects of the juice of the American tobacco-plant, when applied internally to the system of a (naturalized) American citizen. The actor feels it; and the greatest tragedian of our age, greatest both by popular applause and critical assent, shows in his art that idealization of the real and realization of the ideal—that fusing of both in the white heat of passion—which marks the highest intensity of imaginative art.

The painter feels it, and two among the most salient art movements of our time, disassociated and strangely dissimilar—in many respects directly opposed each to the other—are yet each distinctly in the line of modern realism: the pre-Raphaelite movement in England, and the Impressionist movement in France. The painter feels it, I say, and the peasant of Normandy who spent his life on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau painted this unescapable realism of the nineteenth century into that picture of the ideal “Sower,” which stands in many minds as the most typical, the most thrilling, the most lofty work of modern art.

The sculptor feels it; and in a work like St. Gaudens's Lincoln, (yet in the studio,) gives us a realistic and yet ideal portrait of a statesman of our own day; a man of intense individuality; gaunt; long-drawn-out; clothed, not in the typical toga, but in the homely and typical broadcloth; a statue which startles with its impression of the man—not of the man's external traits alone, but also of that humorous, shrewd, far-seeing, just, tender, melancholy spirit which ruled an empire by the force of imagination and the power of a great heart.

I have cited these examples of imaginative art in other fields than literature, to show that realism is all about us; that when properly understood and intelligently practised it is something to be rejoiced in and not to be deplored; that, in fact, this age demands reality with greater insistence than any preceding age; but still demands it not as a solitary and morbid function, but as a part only of the make-up of the consecrated artist.

The more reality the better! But let it be reality all the way through; reality of the spirit as well as of the flesh; not a grovelling reality; not a reality microscopic, or photographic, or self-conscious,

or superficial; not a reality that sees ugliness but is blind to beauty; not a reality which sees the little yet neither sees nor feels the great; not a reality which ignores those social phenomena, those actual experiences of the heart, those natural passions and delights which have created in man the "romantic spirit"; those experiences of the soul which have created in him "the religious spirit," and which are facts of existence certainly no less important than any other.

Some of us remember how captivated we were many years ago, when stereoscopic views were first introduced as a parlor toy, and little twin photographs of in-door groups, colored just like life, were used, like music at the play, to make endurable the "waits" of the social drama. You lifted the machine from the white marble centre-table, looked through the eye-pieces, and could see these people, standing up and sitting down, posing quite naturally. You could actually look under the table. You could see all around the separate figures. It was most curious; most "real." Yet how soon every one tired of this bogus reality. It is like this with some, by no means all, of the work of our modern American realists. It is curious; it is a sort of discovery. You can see under the table and all around the little man with a blue coat and striped trousers; but it is not art, and it will not last.

Yet a great deal of the American realism of to-day *will* last for its own worth, for its revelation of ourselves to ourselves, and as a hint for the work of future days. What is it but realism, as understood by various minds, as interpreted by many and various artistic temperaments, in all sorts of surroundings, and among "all sorts and conditions of men," that is at this moment vitalizing American literature and attracting to it the attention of the world? We do not want less realism, but more of it; and better, fuller, than we now have! In some of our current realistic work a true method, used awkwardly by men freshly and deeply enamoured therewith, becomes obvious and ineffectual. The result is a straining after novelty; the elevation of the insignificant; in a word, a lack of proportion, a lack of art. But when these very men fully master their method they will preach more acceptably their artistic faith; the faith of their great European masters, living and dead. Above all they will feel that the realization in fiction of the petty, the disagreeable, and the loathsome can only be tolerated where there is a background either of genuine and living humor, or of the most powerful human passion.



## II.

Along with the growth of the realistic comes a cry from some of our authors for a greater freedom of subject and expression: a freedom which, they declare, is denied to them by that class of the public for which they are compelled to write. They complain that American men are too busy to be novel-readers; at least, that there are not enough men-readers to constitute a paying audience—a statement which, by the way, it would be hard to prove. They declare that they are in mortal terror of the young girl of the period, who is at once the source of their income and the arbiter of their destiny. Professor Boyesen has put the confession and complaint of some of our American novelists into frank and unmistakable language, in an article published in the *Forum*. He writes with a sore heart; and if some part of the impetuous confession fails to do justice to the best in himself, and belittles his own beautiful, and, surely not altogether insincere work, let us not misunderstand a cry of distress like that; let us, on the contrary, give earnest heed to what he has to say.

“I confess,” says the author of *Gunnar, The Story of an Outcast*, and *Truls, the Nameless*—“I confess I have never written a book without helplessly deploring the fact that young ladies were to be the arbiters of its fate; that young persons whose opinions on any other subject, involving the need of thought or experience, we should probably hold in light esteem, constitute collectively an Areopagus from whose judgments, in matters relating to fiction, there is no appeal. To be a purveyor of amusement (especially if one suspects that he has the stuff in him for something better) is not at all amusing. To be obliged to repress that which is best in him and offer that which is of no consequence is the plight to which many a novelist, in this paradise of women, is reduced. Nothing less is demanded of him by that inexorable force called public taste, as embodied in the editors of the paying magazines, behind whom sits, arrayed in stern and bewildering loveliness, his final judge, the young American girl. She is the Iron Madonna who strangles in her fond embrace the American novelist. \*

Professor Boyesen mentions certain modern American novels which he regards as exceptions to the rule, such as Mr. Howells's *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. And he refers

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\* *The Forum*, February, 1887.

to De Forest's *Honest John Vane* and Eggleston's *Roxy*, as exceptions which prove the rule that the capable novelist of to-day avoids politics. He thinks the novelist has a greater freedom, and therefore does greater work, in all the countries of continental Europe. He implies that England is in the same condition as America, but he does not go into detail with regard to that country, though, since the publication of Mr. Boyesen's *Forum* article, Mr. Rider Haggard has sent up a similar note of distress in regard to the present supposed limitations of the English novelist.

Let us assume that Professor Boyesen is right, and that the young woman of America is as he depicts her, a terror to manly genius and the devastator of American literature. But, then, are there no compensations? The kind of freedom that Professor Boyesen individually yearns for might, in his own literature, be a boon and not a burden to the community. But if we go without freedom, do we not also go without filth? "No," you say, "we import a plenty of that." Yes, a great plenty, but is it not a bit staler and less offensive after its translation to our shores? Is there, or is there not, a greater delicacy and decency of speech in America than on the European continent? There are many who believe that America has the purest society in the world. Is not this purity worth paying for with a little prudery? To what a fathomless pit of shame has so-called "liberty" brought a large part of the literature of France! Even were the restrictions of the American novelist as great as Professor Boyesen believes them to be, I can see another side of the shield. But I do not think it is as bad as he thinks it is. As for the young American girl of the period, I have not as poor an opinion of her as have some of her critics. She has, I take it, a good deal of penetration, of sympathy, of enthusiasm; her intelligent interest and curiosity cover a wide and widening field; and in the matter now at issue she probably occasions more alarm than she suffers. The impartial observer will agree to this, that while, according to Professor Boyesen, the American novelist has been making his living out of the young American girl, he has never yet quite done her justice in fiction. Perhaps we can now understand the reason why; for it seems that he may have at the same time exaggerated her dominance, and underrated her common-sense.

But, without badinage, is it not true that, as a general thing, our authors have expressed themselves frankly, faithfully, and naturally; and not least acceptably when most faithfully? Professor Boyesen,

as noted above, gives a brief list of exceptions to what he holds to be the rule. The full list of virile works of fiction, published in American magazines during the last fifteen or twenty years, would be a long one, and would represent with insight and accuracy the various phases of life in the new world. But the American author has, besides, the privilege—and an extending privilege it is—to print, as in France, in the newspapers; and book publication, also, is nearly always possible in some quarter. I certainly do not believe that works of real art, of real power, can be prevented from reaching the public in America. Some periodical, some publisher, will send them forth, and the author will reap a generous reward.

Every one, nevertheless, who is sincerely interested in the development of American literature, should welcome the discussion which Professor Boyesen's protest has occasioned. I cannot but believe that he has exaggerated the difficulties of the situation, but he has called attention to a vital question, and one that deserves to be honestly and fully discussed. He, however, has overlooked the fact that one of the very magazines to which he refers was before him in sounding a note of warning. As much as two years ago it acknowledged, in fact, some of the very limitations to which he now calls attention, doing this for the purpose of helping to spread abroad a more genuine literary hospitality, and to assist in procuring for all writers a greater liberty of theme and opinion.

"There are some," says the editorial to which we refer, "who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent—especially dependent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the base competition of stolen literary wares. There are some, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in frankness and in force from the supposed necessity of trimming too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the 'family magazine.' There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee which every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do

not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world will always have its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the hypersensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable ; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic with ' many moods of many minds,' as editors themselves must be." \*

### III.

The more closely, then, we study the foreign and native influences at work upon American literature, and the more keenly we appreciate the æsthetic tendencies of the present age, the more must we be convinced that our American literature is destined to show, even to a greater degree than it does at present, a specifically realistic tendency. And at the same time our authors are sure to assert, more and more, the liberty of discussion ; the right to a freer report and criticism of the whole range of modern life and modern thought.

If this be so, how increasingly great the responsibility our current literature is assuming. Will the reaction against the unreal carry, especially our novelists, to excess? We must expect this here and there. Will an overdone realism have the effect of the juice of " the little western flower " on Titania's eyelids, and will the muse of fiction " be enamour'd of an ass " ? We are sometimes called to witness that phenomenon already. In fact, so imminent is the harm from the overzeal of the proselytizer, and from the reckless performance of the unintelligent or conscienceless disciple, that no serious worker in even the most advanced group of the realistic propaganda should take unkindly either the questioning challenge of unbelievers, or the sympathetic warning of those who think they descry dangers in the path.

" Reality, reality, reality ! " cries the novelist, appealing for freedom. Let him have his reality, but not until he proves that he has mastered that watchword of subtler power, " Imagination, imagination, imagination ! " Nor let him think that he is prepared to undertake a more pressing and intimate mission to humanity till he as-

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\* *The Century*, May, 1885.

sures himself of a decent and artistic taste, a clean heart, and a pure purpose. No one can read the pronouncements of the American realists without feeling that they have a mission. But suppose one thinks he discovers evil tendencies along with the good in this movement, shall he be silent lest he be misunderstood? Heaven forbid! Let us each be true to his own nature and conscience.

#### IV.

Now, in the strictly realistic movement in this country, along with the wholesome, there are certain other tendencies which some of us who read cannot do otherwise than deplore and condemn. These tendencies are partly æsthetic, partly moral.

We deplore the fact that while preaching industry and accuracy to the literary neophyte, and in striving to get false and conventional notions of art and life out of his head, these men mislead alike the would-be artist and his public by views of the artistic faculty as false in one direction as are those they would supplant in the other; for though it is well to play the part of the severe uncle to the heir of genius, it is a cruelty both to the individual and to the reading-world to encourage great expectations in ambitious mediocrity.

We deplore, moreover, a tendency to underrate that unnameable and not to be analyzed quality in a painting, in a book, which constitutes the essential difference between one so-called work of art and another. We deplore the tendency to ignore or depreciate what is most subtle, evanescent, indescribable, and valuable in art,

"The light that never was on sea or land."

We who read deplore, on the one hand, a loss of the old love of beauty—of beauty "for its own sake"—and on the other an apparent lack of interest in the deeper ranges of man's spiritual nature.

We deplore and condemn also a tendency toward what seems to us an un-ideal standard, not of literature only, but also of life. I speak of this tendency with diffidence, for I know that the tone to which I allude is taken conscientiously, and is the result of close and long study and experience. The evident desire is to substitute sensible and accurate views of life for high-flown and misleading views; the idea also seems to be that it is better to set the moral aim not too high, for then there is more likelihood of hitting the mark, and less chance of disastrous discouragement. But what if, in

stamping out sentimentality, true sentiment now and then suffers outrageously? And as for aim, why not let it be high? Why not the highest?

“The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.”

Let not those be censured who would bid the archer point his arrow at the moon rather than at the street-lamp, thinking there were better chance to bring down a star.

The pronounced realist may say that a sane archer does not shoot either at moons, stars, or street-lamps. Well, then, let us put it in a less poetic way, and declare that in our experience the more a man of business, or any citizen, æsthetic or otherwise, cherishes ideal aims—aims tintured with imagination, even, it may be, with romance and mysticism—the more apt he is to act justly and live honorably and usefully among his fellow-men.

## V.

The pronounced realist is a useful fellow-creature, but so also is the pronounced idealist—stouten his work though you well may with a tincture of modern reality. For let us confess—knowing that if the narrow realist frown (or, more likely, smile) at the confession, not so will that wiser realist, the Spirit of our Time—let us confess there are some of us who thirst now and again for deep draughts of old-time heroism, romance, faëry; some of us who cannot live without the clear, pure atmosphere of the over-world; who, in all our wanderings, must, with Dante, keep our eyes upon “the most sweet stars”; who need all the Bibles and Divine Comedies, all the Lears, Midsummer-Night’s Dreams, Miltons, Wordsworths, Emersons, Brownings; all the loftiest musicians and painters; all the supernal imaginings, most devoted affections, most sacred associations, and inspired communions of which our souls are capable; who need all these to make life “less forlorn”; to bring

“that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened”;

who need, it may be, all these and more to keep us out of the penitentiary or the mad-house.

So sordid is life that sometimes it seems as if the current of moral progress had come to a stand-still, or was even actually turn-

ing back. At times the tendencies toward the base, the un-ideal, affright us with their nearness and force. But recall the voyage down the St. Lawrence. For miles there is no smallest craft in sight. How smooth the waters! How swiftly we glide, now in the middle of the mighty stream, now darting strangely near the woody banks! The wheels of the steamer have suddenly stopped; but watch the shore; the boat is driving on, not of its own force, but the slave of the rushing current. A breathless moment, and the vessel plunges across the topmost wave of the rapids, and shoots onward—downward. But see; the ocean-like billows in front, on either side, curve backward instead of on, and the giant river seems to be returning upward to its source. But it is not; it is pouring forever toward the ocean—its goal.

So, in the current of life, the superficial waves sometimes break backward; but may it not mean that the waters are hurrying faster to the ocean of everlasting truth and right? Notwithstanding all that is sordid, petty, unclean, and menacing in politics, in the press, in society strictly so-called, in the greater social world—no matter what may threaten the literature of our age or country, let us be sure that the deepest and strongest tendencies are wholesome and true.

Broadly speaking, the great artist, in every art and in every age, unites the functions of the realist with those of the idealist; but it is the ideal side of art and of life that makes the other worth while, and raises mankind ever higher above the beasts. It is the ideal side of our nature that stands in greatest need of culture: and surely none the less in a realistic age like this. Let us not be ashamed to listen to the voices that come to us from the heights.

He the great World-Musician at whose stroke  
 The stars of morning into music broke;  
 He from whose Being Infinite are caught  
 All harmonies of light, and sound, and thought;  
 Once in each age, to keep the world in tune,  
 He strikes a note sublime; nor late, nor soon,  
 A god-like soul—music and passion's birth—  
 Vibrates across the discord of the earth  
 And sets the world aright.

O, these are they  
 Who on men's hearts with mightiest power can play—  
 The master-poets of humanity,  
 Sent down from heaven to lift men to the sky.

R. W. GILDER.

## AMERICAN ART SINCE THE CENTENNIAL.

THE first principle to consider in art criticism is the environment of the thing criticised, and the causes which stimulated its production. The intrinsic or independent merits of such object may be subsequently considered, but not before, in all sound critical procedure. It is because this process is so often reversed, the first step being, in fact, often omitted, that we have so little genuine and honest criticism. Often blame is too largely awarded, when a study of causes would suggest much that is encouraging; while, on the other hand, indiscriminate praise may be lavished when a philosophic consideration of the subject would discover essential poverty or declension. It is because of an imperfect critical analysis that the early efforts of American art were at one time overestimated at home, and are now permitted to fall into unmerited neglect.

For many years we produced artists who presented the paradox of having decided talent, and yet offering little original art. We mistook the one for the other, and now, on finding ourselves mistaken in the quality of the results, we fall into the error of refusing to recognize the unquestionable ability of the artists of our early school. Perhaps no one is to blame for this; but a more careful perception of the fact that art progress is conditioned on certain invariable laws may enable our critics to perceive with growing knowledge that they can only judge American artists justly by an impartial consideration of the conditions in which they are placed, and a generous application of the laws underlying art progress.

Our artists until recent years demonstrated the possibilities of their talent, but did not always produce the results of which they were capable, because their environment here was not suited to the encouragement of original art expression, while the artists who most influenced them abroad represented schools in their decadence; and our artists had not yet learned that it is impossible to imitate or revive a style or school when the conditions that produced it no longer exist. The two most important creative works yet produced in America, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Judd's *Margaret*, are great, because they were produced by great minds thoroughly im-



bued with the spirit of the peculiar social conditions in which they were reared. With the exception of some of our portrait painters, we are, therefore, reluctantly obliged to admit that most American painters and sculptors until recently were born out of due time, and their art ability never reached adequate expression. This was due in part to the fact that they began at the wrong end of the ladder of art progression. All history shows that the industrial and decorative arts precede the distinctly pictorial arts, which are hardly attempted until the former have approached their culminating excellence. Unaware of this fact, and rather scorning what used to be considered here the lower arts, and aspiring to what is absurdly and conventionally called high art, our painters reached up for the grapes without climbing the steps that led to them. They showed great native power, but often failed in their purpose for obvious reasons.

American art is at present in really the most healthy condition it has yet reached, because it has at last entered upon a logical path, loyal to the laws that, like free agency, aid while they seem to restrict true development.

The period when American art finally started in the right way to produce a national school may be set about 1865, gradually increasing in momentum until the Centennial gave it a decided impetus that is destined to continue until the forces now at work result in a genuine national school, original, and, let us hope, important.

It is, perhaps, too soon to state exactly what were the forces that gave energy and direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation. But there can be no harm in pointing out a few of the agencies which at this time appear to have been most potential. Of these, one of the most decided was the establishment of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, under the direction of the late Mr. Walter Smith, who was invited from England to organize an institution and a system similar to that of South Kensington. Amid the rapid accretion of the art movement in the United States since then we are liable to lose sight of the remarkable influence exerted by that event, which at the time aroused great opposition on the part of some and wide discussion among all who were interested in the dissemination of art ideas, while the aggressive and uncompromising attitude of Mr. Smith aroused a personal feeling against him which eventually resulted in his return to England. Although not prepared to accept all his ideas or approve all his methods,

yet, as one who was always outside of the bitter warfare he aroused in the art circles of Boston, the writer is firmly of the opinion that Mr. Smith was excellently fitted to initiate the system of art education, especially industrial art, established in Massachusetts, and was greatly instrumental in furthering a cause which, in the hands of a less positive character, might have failed from the outset.

About the same time the founding of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston and the development of the Metropolitan Museum of New York gave signs that the public craving for art facilities was meeting a response on the part of the capitalists, who up to that period had been content to hoard the art treasures of the country in private galleries. The example was followed almost simultaneously by similar institutions in many of our cities, until we now find sumptuous art buildings in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, Chicago, Washington, and elsewhere, with art schools attached to them, and collections of paintings and casts more or less complete.

Nothing so well illustrates the size of our country, its wealth, and the different tastes of widely separated sections, as a study of these institutions. There are those who constantly demand some great central museum, combining under one roof all the advantages requisite to prepare the art student for his profession. While not denying the desirability of such a metropolitan institution, we think it a mistake to ignore the very great facilities already afforded for the study of art in this country. Germany and Italy furnish similar examples of a national art distributed at several *foci* without injury to æsthetic progress. If everything is not found in one place, by moving from one art museum or school to another—not a difficult affair, with our travelling facilities—the art student may find what he seeks in at least one of them. While all are far from complete in their appointments, most of our art institutions offer great richness of example in some one branch or specialty. In Boston we find a superb collection of casts from the antique; the Corcoran Gallery at Washington also has an excellent collection, happily representing a different set of examples, together with a most valuable series of bronzes, by Barye, the greatest sculptor of animals since the time of the Assyrians. At Cincinnati, on the other hand, are furnished examples of the modern German schools, especially of Düsseldorf and Berlin. In the Philadelphia Academy School the pupil may obtain an exhaustive knowledge of art anatomy, while in the school of St. Louis he finds one of

the most thorough art training institutions in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee, and Buffalo offer in turn special advantages for art education. The Art Students' League of New York, which ranks among the first art schools in the country, and is supported entirely by the tuition fees, represents in turn the most recent technical methods of Paris and Munich, together with a careful study of the nude, in which respect the National Academy is not far behind. The Art Students' League is most creditable to the Society of American Artists, and a notable sign of the vitality of the contemporary art movement in America.

Another important factor in this new art era was the change made by our art students abroad from Düsseldorf and Rome to Munich and Paris. It is perhaps just to ascribe the origin of this change, at least in part, to the late William M. Hunt, of Boston. Mr. Hunt was neither so great nor so original a painter as his ardent admirers claimed for him during his lifetime, but he had what was more important in a reformer—a thorough belief in himself, a vigorous cast of mind, and a decided personality, qualities fitted to make him a leader. The day that he became a student of Couture he also became an apostle of the progress of American art, and led the way for men of perhaps greater art ability than his own. He was a force, and as such must be accepted in American history, without too rigorous analysis of the quality of his genius. The importance of Mr. Hunt's influence is shown by the fact that not only our young painters but our students in plastic art were led by him to the study of modern French art. French sculpture of the present age may not be that of Phidias or Praxiteles, but it is the best we have today, like the Greek, dealing with live subjects suggested by the sympathies of the period.

Another agent in stimulating our art in the last decade has been the establishment of the magazine called *Scribner's Monthly*, and subsequently the *Century Magazine*. By creating a healthy rivalry with *Harper's Monthly* in the matter of illustration, this periodical gave a great stimulus to the arts of illustration and engraving. Another cause was the great commercial activity produced for a time by the civil war; money began to be lavished on private and civic buildings and public monuments, in styles suggesting the operation of new influences. These were some of the causes and effects showing a change in the direction of the wind. Our national school of landscape painting, hitherto the most important evidence

of art feeling among us, had culminated. Although highly poetical, it had introduced no new art ideas or methods.

It was the Centennial Exposition, however, that gave the needed impetus to influences already at work, and fairly started our art in a direction similar to that which began in England with the Exhibition of 1851, but with more adequate results, let us hope. For in England the incentive given to industrial art by that event was, as it were, an afterthought, an attempt to galvanize a national art which had already proceeded through various stages to its culmination. In successive centuries England had produced magnificent decorative art, architecture, and painting, the latter reaching its acme in the period that included Reynolds and Turner. In English art since 1851 there has been great activity; that much meritorious work has resulted may be readily admitted. But its creative genius has during this period produced nothing equal to what preceded; no special originality has been displayed, but the contrary.

But it is quite otherwise in the United States. We have never before had any school of great original art, either decorative or otherwise, and therefore, although gaining the initial inspiration from abroad, we are in exactly the proper condition to create a national school of our own. The instances in which a people have originated a great, distinctive national school, entirely independent of borrowed ideas and methods, are so scarce it is almost impossible to mention any except those of Egypt and China; and even they, probably, received hints from earlier people, of which we can as yet trace no record. Originality in art, and even in literature, consists not so much in beginning to practise art entirely *de novo*, without relation to any other, as in assimilating borrowed suggestions, in recasting old gold and giving it the stamp of a new dynasty. To borrow without that process is imitation or plagiarism; to restamp it with a new and worthy design is originality or genius. Genius gives a new form; talent repeats and circulates it. The two processes may go together, but they indicate different intellectual conditions. Now, English art since 1851 has exhibited abundant talent but little or no genius, for it has added nothing really new in æsthetic progress. In recent American art, however, we note evidences of a genius which is yet to be developed into a great national school. The art of Europe is travelling along a table-land, with no heights to climb in view; American art, on the other hand, is taking the initial steps on the ascent of a height which has yet

been trodden by the art of no other age. Its present condition is that of hope. Therefore it is that we do not share the discouragement of some, nor, on the other hand, the premature exultation of others. All is going well, but it is best it should not proceed too rapidly. In any case, the race is not to the swift, but to the strong.

The Centennial Exhibition gave the people at large an opportunity to discover a latent love for beauty. In the results that have followed, we have at last begun to learn that no great school of art or literature can stand alone. It must be the outcome of a deep-seated popular sentiment, the efflorescence of a widely diffused want, that finds in them its last and finest expression. Our people awoke to a sense of their needs in 1876; but a certain period must be allowed for the legitimate result to appear. In the mean time, we note with encouragement the signs of its coming.

Industrial art has reached a most favorable position here in so short a period that one hardly realizes how much has actually been accomplished already. With this, of course, must naturally be included much that goes by the name of decorative art. Foreign artists and artisans, it is true, have been invited here, and are responsible for the direction of several of these industries, but it is not true of all; and it must be admitted that they have found very apt pupils here, while the fact in no way militates, in the present stage of our art, against the native ability of the country. Shah Abbas began the revival of Persian art by inviting artists from India and China; the Sassanid sovereigns also invited artists from Byzantium. But we see parallel with this fact the other fact, that out of this foreign direction grew up in each case a distinctively national art. The Romans imported Greek artisans, and the French and English in turn, both in Gothic and Renaissance periods, drew inspiration respectively from Italy and Germany. The glass-works and potteries of Trenton, New Bedford, and Cincinnati, for example, are showing us what excellence we are rapidly achieving in the production of domestic ware. The colored designs in glass, by Mr. Lafarge and Mr. Louis Tiffany, represent an art so distinctly original that it can be claimed as American. Both began about the year 1877 to formulate the idea of improving on the art in stained glass as now practised in Europe, and rivalling the art of the period which culminated in such windows as glorify the superb aisles of Lichfield Cathedral.

It is difficult to speak with moderation of the magnificent results which have attended the earnest efforts of these distinguished artists in this direction. The movement began by the attempt to utilize what is called opalescent glass. The controversy as to who originated that idea does not concern us here; for it was not long before both were engaged in developing the art on a much more comprehensive plan, to the aid of which many artists of merit have been called to assist by preparing designs.

The best colored glass implies the employment of glass that is tinted throughout, and leaded in harmony with the design. Modern stained-glass windows had departed from these principles; but American art has revived their practice, and, with the superior mechanical facilities of the present age, has succeeded in producing results never before equalled, the designs as well as the mechanism being far more complicated than those of the Middle Ages.

Just now the tendency is to revert to the painting of glass, the color being laid on the surface and attached to it by baking in a heat that fuses the color without melting the glass. This process is confined thus far to the painting of faces and hands and the smaller details of a design, and to this degree is not objectionable. The facility it offers for evading mechanical difficulties is so great, however, that there is danger that our decorative artists may yield to the temptation as those of Europe have done. This is greatly to be deprecated, as it would tend almost at its birth to ruin one of the most original and successful of our decorative arts. The daring exhibited in grappling with this art has been one of the surprising points in the making of American stained-glass windows. Mr. Lafarge has executed some designs in flowers of extraordinary intricacy and beauty as well; many are familiar with his famous battle-window at Cambridge; and he has recently surpassed himself in the magical splendor of the Ames Memorial window, at Easton, Massachusetts. The Tiffany Glass Company has achieved a grand success in an enlarged copy on glass of Doré's "Christ in the Prætorium" for a church in Milwaukee, no less than forty feet long and twenty feet wide. These artists have likewise apprehended the fact that such a window must have for its first object the passage of light, and that any design disturbing that idea has failed of its purpose.

Wood-carving has also been carried to a high degree of excellence in various quarters, but notably by an association of ladies at Cincinnati. We cannot always find, in the beautiful designs they

have so effectively carved, a clear apprehension of the principle of massing effect, which is so important a feature of all good art. But they are not alone in this error; it is a defect yet quite common in the art of the age. This objection will pass away with a truer grasp of the principle of sacrifice, that is, of deliberately rejecting certain details for the purpose of massing the effect on those which are essential. Artists of genius perceive this truth instinctively, and probably put it in practice unconsciously. In the modern school of Impressionists we see an attempt to introduce this principle, especially in landscape painting; it has not succeeded, because the artists who have attempted this movement are men of too scanty reserve power to complete what they undertake. Reticence in art does not mean incompleteness, but the concentration of effort and effect to an adequate expression of a given conception.

Architecture in America during the period under consideration is so important, and progress in this department has been so widely diffused, that it properly merits a separate article. It is not inappropriate to say here, however, that in considering this subject it must be divided in two distinct parts, in order to discriminate properly between what is strictly original as well as meritorious in the work of our recent architects, and what is simply imitative. The construction properly belongs to a technical and mechanical department, with which we have nothing to do in a paper on art; and yet it is exactly here that we find that our house designers have exhibited the most originality and positive merit. This is especially true regarding our domestic architecture. Here our designers have correctly followed the conditions suggested by the environment, aided by the vast fertility of our inventive and mechanical experts. Probably the world has never seen private dwellings more comfortable and better furnished with conveniences than the mansions which grace the streets of our chief cities. But when we consider the architecture or the art features of these buildings we are compelled to speak with more reserve. That there is much elegance and often exquisite taste exhibited in the decorative element of these constructions, and a genuine attempt at conscientiousness in the use of materials, is not for a moment to be denied. The result has been to give an air of splendor to several of our cities and to diffuse an atmosphere of wealth over the land. To have attained this point is a great gain, for which we may be devoutly thankful. This yearning for beauty has extended to every form of civic construction. Even the storehouses

for ice, along the Hudson, exhibit attempts at decoration that would have been laughed at twenty years ago.

But to go a step farther, and assert that a new and a national school of architecture has been developed in the United States, would be a manifest error. What we observe in even our most interesting buildings is a clever adaptation of foreign and old-time schools, with the exercise of considerable taste and judgment in the adaptation. One curious circumstance attending this architectural reform is the almost whimsical variety suggested by local taste or influences, as well as the rapidly shifting fashion from one form of imitation to another. In one city it is the Romanesque that we see imported to our shores; in another the Queen Anne or the Elizabethan; in another the Renaissance, a school, by the way, which has always predominated in our civic buildings. Here we observe an attempt at Italian or Moorish or Japanese, there a nondescript medley which suggests several styles. Doubtless some of these buildings are so beautiful that one does not care to criticise. Sometimes, as in the famous Trinity Church of Boston, there is an affectation of strength that is quite unnecessary, and can only be accepted when appropriate, as it might be in a Norman donjon or a Romanesque castle. It certainly is not so in the place where it is. While daring to regard this building as architecturally unsatisfactory, we are quite willing to consider the recent architecture of Boston, with some exceptions, as the most satisfactory yet seen in the United States. The liberal use made of brick and terra-cotta in that city is worthy of all praise.

But, after all has been said, we defy any one to prove that we have yet produced a style that is original and typical. When we see the Parthenon, we see a type like no other style; the same may be said of St. Sophia—it represents a distinct school in form and detail; the same with the Alhambra and the northern Gothic. When we see a building in these styles, we have no hesitation in assigning it to the group to which it belongs. But where is the typical building in the United States that represents a new and distinct class? That it may yet come is not the question here, but the fact that it is not yet here. It must be said, as a plea for our lack of architectural inventiveness, that the types already created are so comprehensive that they practically drive the architects of the present and future to discover new adaptations rather than types. The scope in this direction leaves "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise of taste



and the practice of the underlying principles of architecture. That much may be done in this direction is shown by what Inigo Jones, Wren, and Vanbrugh accomplished when they introduced the bastard school called the Renaissance into England. One of the most genuine examples of real architecture on this continent still is the small Redwood Library at Newport, for which the design was furnished by Vanbrugh.

The most marked feature in our house-building at present is the all but universal movement toward decoration. In some cases, as in the house of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, we see exterior decoration that is at once elaborate and yet massed in an effective way, with clean, simple outlines that leave little to be desired. Interior decoration and furnishing are carried to a degree of richness never before equalled in private dwellings, aided by many forms of art expression in wood-carving, embroidery, metal work, ceramic and glass wares, and leather. While much of our interior decoration is effective and artistic, yet the tendency is toward an indiscriminate display of art riches that cloy rather than pleases. Repose, so essential in art, is not yet sufficiently understood or appreciated either in our architecture or our interior decoration. A favorable example of the system of interior decoration now employed here may be seen in the appointments of the Lyceum Theatre of New York, designed by Mr. Du Fais.

Embroidery has been so extensively produced in America during this period that it may well be considered among our representative arts, while it is difficult to concede to it the merit of originality, excepting in some of Mrs. Wheeler's designs and Mrs. Holmes's attempts at landscape-painting with the needle. The applause accorded to these works, we think, is due rather to the element of surprise that so much could be done with such a medium, rather than the actual achievement of a legitimate success in a department whose limits are so circumscribed. For the rest, the embroidery done here is little more than a repetition of the South Kensington methods, which, in richness of fancy, intricacy of texture, or splendor of color, are not to be mentioned by the side of the embroideries of Asia, or of Europe in the Middle Ages.

There has been a marked improvement in the designing of metal work since the Centennial and the wide diffusion of industrial art schools over the land. We everywhere see evidences of a more correct taste and a real love of beauty in designing, as well as greater

skill in handicraft. The casting of large sculptures in bronze is now done at some of our foundries with great success; witness Ward's "Washington" and Launt Thompson's "General Burnside," as noble examples not only of a robust talent in modelling, but excellence in reproducing the cast in metal. In our decorative iron and brass work the designs too often show lack of thorough artistic skill, the tendency being toward an ineffective overloading of meaningless detail. We have not yet learned the elegant simplicity of ancient metal work; but the signs are hopeful; and we may indicate a notable exception in favor of many of the designs employed by our artisans who work in silver and gold. The vice of all this form of art in the present age, and especially in this country, is that it is inseparable from the taint of trade influences which see in the art not art for art's self, but for money. Of course, occasional unique designs are produced at great expense to meet special orders, in which these points are allowed some influence. But as a rule the principle which controls the product of designs in the precious metals here is one opposed to the untrammelled development of genius.

The same observation applies to our illustrators and wood-engravers, about whose admirable work so much has been justly said that is favorable. We have reason to be proud of the original genius displayed in this department of American art. It is true that composition is not yet thoroughly understood by many of our illustrators, and that we have yet none among us exhibiting the spontaneous facility and fecund imagination of a few leading European designers, like Dürer, Blake, or Doré. But it is useless to deny that within the last decade a number of American artists in black and white have come to the front, who are quite capable of holding their own with the best contemporary designers abroad. What is better yet, they are for the most part artists whose genius and training are wholly native. We may claim almost equal merit for our school of wood-engraving, which came contemporaneously with the illustrators, both owing their first and chief source of encouragement, as it appears to us, to the rivalry already alluded to between *Harper's Monthly* and the *Century Magazine*. We do not care to enter into a discussion here regarding the question of superiority between the merits of recent American wood-engravings and the older style which Bewick, Clennel, and Linton have so effectively illustrated. The aim of our engravers has been different from theirs,

while it must be allowed, even by the opponents of recent methods, that photographing a design on the block necessarily commits the engraver to a somewhat different and more realistic rendering of the drawing than was formerly possible. If we were to distinguish between the two methods, we should say that the old style had more power, the later more refinement. The exquisite work of the American engraver cloys with its richness. The delicate shading of our engravers also evades the daring high lights, the broad massing of lights and darks, that add such force of expression.

The greatest danger to our illustrators and wood-engravers now lies in the very influence which first gave them encouragement. It is the commercial element in our wood-engraving and art of illustration which is in danger of stifling their healthy continuance. We think it is doing no injustice to our enterprising publishers to state that it is not so much the desire to further American art which has led them to give this stimulus to these branches of our art, as to increase thereby the sale of their own publications. Whenever, therefore, an artist or a style has reached a certain degree of excellence, and the public has a right to expect further productions from this artist or engraver, word goes forth in the publication office of Robinson that Jones of the rival magazine has struck a new vein, and there must be an immediate change in the styles now used in Robinson's magazine. If the artists who have done so much to add to Robinson's dividends by their skill and brains are not equal to the emergency, then let them go without delay; but in any event a new style of illustration, a new method of engraving, must be at once made to order, to head off the long line of subscribers whose gold is clicking in the coffers of Jones's magazine. We admit that this is what in the language of trade is called "business," but it is not the way to stimulate a continuance of healthy progress in this or any other branch of art. The artists themselves become mercenary under such a process, and learn to think more of what will "pay" than what is the spontaneous expression of their special ability. We say this in no unfriendly spirit, but simply because we are looking at all sides of this question, and endeavoring to state the facts as they appear.

In American etching, on the other hand, we discover a more encouraging outlook at present. This is an art in which the artist can be less fettered by the dictation of publishers. In an etching the artist may furnish at once his own design and engraving. The pub-

lisher may take it or not, as he likes, but he cannot to the same degree hamper the efforts of hand and brain in the execution of the work. It is an art which, in congenial hands, offers unusual attractions, and the rapidity with which it has been taken up and the excellence it has reached on this side of the Atlantic is one of the most encouraging signs yet exhibited of native art talent. It is a matter of little consequence whether American etchers have yet equalled foreign masters of the art; probably they have not; but what success they have achieved already has won for them a generous recognition abroad, from a public very slow to admit any merit in our art and literature. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that it will not be long before our society of American etchers will force Seymour Hayden, Brunet Debaines, and Jacquemart to look well to their laurels.

The art of water-color painting has also made extraordinary progress in the United States within the last decade. It is scarcely ten years since the American Water-Color Society was established. Up to that period the art had hardly been known here, except as represented by miniatures on ivory, executed in the last century and the early part of this. If we are not yet able to show native works equal to those of Girtin, David Cox, or Turner, or the superb aquarelles of Fortuny and Vibert, we can exhibit examples full of promise, and highly encouraging to those who have faith in the American art of the future. The use of pastel has also taken root here, and numbers of our artists have been able to give effective expression to their ideas in a seemingly easy but really difficult medium.

It goes without saying that technical skill in the handling of oil pigments has kept pace with the progress recently achieved by the sister arts in America. This is due very largely to the influence of those artists who, after mastering technical principles on the continent, have returned and settled here. As with enthusiastic neophytes in any pursuit, the tendency has been to exaggerate the methods they have learned and the relative importance of *technique*. But this is a pardonable error, that a larger experience will eliminate from our schools.

What is of more importance is the fact that we notice, in all the departments of our pictorial art, a growing appreciation of the limitations of art and the fundamental value of direct study from nature. The result has been to give more seriousness to the study and prac-

tice of art, and a more artistic quality to the product of our studios. This has been especially noticeable in the increased study given to the human figure, and the growing attention bestowed on subjects suggested by the great drama of human life. Never before has such a large proportion of genre and historic subjects been displayed in our exhibitions. While many excellent portrait painters have recently appeared among us, it is in genre especially that we note a most encouraging degree of excellence developed; history painting, always requiring a high degree of creative genius and intellectual power, seems yet beyond the grasp of most American painters. It is a significant sign of the national cast which our art is gradually assuming, that we observe an increasing inclination to select native subjects. We see on our exhibition walls fewer Italian and Breton peasants, and more scenes such as any one may see at our own doors. Such imaginative artists as Brush and Farney and Guterz are finding a ready inspiration also in our picturesque frontier life, and are in one sense history painters, for they represent scenes that ere long must be relegated to the past.

Our idealists, such, for example, as Winslow Homer, F. S. Church, and the late George Fuller, are also content to design conceptions that are entirely their own. Whatever merit there is in their paintings we have a right to claim as American, and hence to draw a good augury for the future of our art. Pictures such as these indicate creative ability and reserve power, the first thing in art, although in the present age the rarest. The constant outcry for realism has well-nigh killed idealism and imagination, and it is a happy circumstance if we have artists to whom the ideal is a matter of some consequence. The study of the real is a means to an end; it enables the artist better to convey an impression of his thought and aim, but it is only an inferior grade of art that remains content with success in realism. The thought transcends the method. The true artist excels in each, and knows how to bring them into harmony.

As regards sculpture in the United States in recent years, it may be said that there has been no lack of quantity, but less that is favorable can be said as to the quality. This is due to several causes; one, that those of our sculptors who have studied abroad have found the artists now practising the plastic arts in Europe superior in technical capacity rather than intellectual force. The faultless excellence, the exquisite beauty, of Greek art, the grand, robust creations of the Renaissance, suggest excellencies that are not displayed, and

perhaps not sought, by foreign sculptors of this century, with here and there an exception. The majesty of repose in composition has given place to dramatic sensationalism, or a realism that delights in a careful mechanical reproduction of details which please the eye but appeal neither to the imagination nor the heart. Of course, there are notable exceptions; but this is at present the tendency, and our sculptors are not free from its influence. Another cause may be found in the fact that our sculpture is devoted very largely to portraiture, and the prevailing costume is utterly opposed to grace and picturesqueness when reduced to the severe limitations of realistic sculpture. A number of our sculptors, perhaps, have done as well in this field as was possible; but it is not in this direction that immortality in the plastic arts is won. In point of lofty imagination it would be a mistake to assert that any of our sculptors have achieved success. Some very creditable equestrian statues have been produced; but we know of none that is quite worthy of standing by the side of Schlütter's statue of the Great Elector, or Verrochio's immortal equestrian portrait of Colleone, so broadly treated, so majestic in its action, so matchless in composition, that it stands a model for the sculptors of all time. When one sees a work like that, he feels that the artist had a distinct and vivid picture of it in his mind before ever he placed a model before him from which to correct the details. But with our statues we often feel, on the contrary, that the artist's imagination was guided first by the model, and thus the sacred fire, which alone confers immortality, is wanting. One or two of our portrait sculptors have, however, succeeded in making portraits that, in sturdy realism and grasp of character, are allied to the portraits of emperors and senators modelled by the sculptors of ancient Rome.

Modern sculpture will reach a higher degree of excellence than it has yet done when it once more acknowledges its dependence on architecture, and recognizes its position as one of the decorative arts. Happily there are evidences that our sculptors are beginning to apprehend this truth.

It is evident that the pursuit of art in the United States is in a most healthy and satisfactory condition, offering more promise than at any previous period in our history. But if it be asked, Have we, then, a national school yet? we should reply, Yes and No. In certain branches, such as wood-engraving and stained glass, and certain industrial arts, we may well claim to have developed distinctly

native types to a degree that entitles them to be called national and successful. In the pictorial arts and the higher departments of plastic art we have as yet no school, for no typical style or choice of subject has yet reached that point with us that we can speak of it as when we say, the Venetian school, the school of Bologna, the Dutch school, the Gothic, or the Renaissance.

But while we see the signs approaching that we are to have one or more great schools of art in the United States, they will not come before the arrival of two conditions essential to the success of such a school. The first condition is a sympathetic response on the part of the public that shall meet our struggling artists who are patriotically aiming to develop art in this country. This response must be of a tangible character. The critics who write for our press should be more ready than they have hitherto been to recognize merit when it appears. As human nature is constituted, men are more aided in the struggle of life by the stimulus of judicious approval than by the stings of abuse; no critic should indiscriminately apply the latter except in extreme cases, and then without gall. No true artist expects universal applause or objects to sincere criticism when applied with intelligence and in a friendly spirit.

Another condition essential to the encouragement of our art will be found in the willingness of patrons to purchase American works of art. Whatever may have been formerly the case, there is no question that many of our art patrons pay exorbitant prices at present for inferior foreign works in preference to buying for a less price American works of equal and often superior merit. Pecuniary gain is, of course, not the aim of art any more than of the ministry. But even clergymen require salaries, and artists devoting themselves to a conscientious pursuit of art cannot live on air.

These conditions are essential to the development of American art. But in order that it may reach to heights attained by the schools of other ages, still another condition, and far more important, is essential, one that can be gained neither by fasting and prayer, precept nor volition.

The character of a national art is conditioned on the character, the aspirations, the thought of the people from whom it draws its inspiration. If the people be volatile and superficial, its art will partake of the same traits, however excellent it may be technically. It is all well enough to say that the artist or the writer must lead the

people; he is made of the same stuff as they are, and differs from them only in expressing their thoughts through different channels. This truth is apprehended when we say of such a writer that he is popular, or that he appeals to a limited audience.

Our community is still in a nebulous condition. Out of all the races that have flocked to our shores the national type has not yet been developed. Naturally, we are fickle, optimistic, and constantly reaching for some new toy; we still have the characteristics of children. All this will pass away in due time. When our national manhood comes, we shall have gained the dignity, the thought, the steadiness, and the pessimism of manhood. Pessimism comes of experience, and, in a right sense, means a truer apprehension of the position of the race in this life and a thoughtful consideration of the problems of destiny. Few thinkers can be altogether optimists. The greatest men of all ages have taken serious views of things. We speak of the sunny Greeks and the brightness of their religion and poetry. But Homer and Æschylus were pessimists; it was not the comic side of life that they felt, but its profound mystery, its unexplainable sadness. Dante and Shakspeare leaned in the same direction; Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci, Titans in art, were serious in their thought and expression. Not that we would have all art or literature either serious or profound. But we insist that the highest degrees are only reached by those who are serious, and who see something more in life than a mere raree show, a stage of painted puppets dancing to an ear-tickling reel.

Now, seriousness has not been a characteristic of American art; a few artists like Cole and Vedder, McEntee and Fuller, we have had, in whom this has been a marked trait; but our later art has not been, as a whole, beyond the appreciation of a community which is so volatile that it will not support serious or legitimate drama. This is one reason why our art is still superficial in character. Water does not rise above its source. Clever art we have in abundance, and we shall have more of it; but great art must proceed from a great people, and this we are not yet. Numerous, powerful, energetic, inventive, we are, but greatness implies character, and our national character is yet to come. When that day arrives, with it shall likewise come a great national school of American art.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



## THE THEORY OF PROHIBITION.

THE discussion of this theme falls naturally into two parts, according to its duplex presentation ; first, as civil law, either existing or proposed ; and second, as a moral precept. These two aspects are logically quite distinct, and in some respects are antagonistic. Yet in ordinary discussion, at the hands both of friends and foes, they are constantly confused. One rarely hears or reads an argument against prohibition which keeps clearly in view the distinction between a civil statute and a precept of morals. One rarely hears or reads an argument in its favor which does not confessedly draw its strongest plea from moral considerations. Prohibition comes into religious assemblies and church courts, demanding that it receive their sanction and furtherance, as a thing of almost religious obligation ; in some cases, even seeking ecclesiastical endorsement for a political party having prohibition as its watchword. In some quarters, also, it is broadly charged that every pulpit which fails to champion prohibition is derelict. This state of things shows a most lamentable confusion of ideas, resulting in much illogical and unchristian argumentation.

The only justifying ground for a prohibitory law, if found at all, must be found in the principles, not of morality, but of political economy, or, to use a wider phrase, in the requirements of public policy. The scope of public policy is wide. It considers what is necessary or desirable for the community at large, what best subserves the interests of the State, what will provide for its revenues, develop its resources, and protect it from various dangers. Here is the ground of power to tax for support of the State and for public improvements ; to establish common schools ; to levy duties on imports ; to declare quarantine ; to kill diseased cattle ; to regulate the sale of dangerous articles, such as gunpowder and poisons. Indeed, public policy, the right of the State, may go so far in its demands as to "take the body" of the citizen, enlisting him for war, or even drafting him by force, if he himself is unwilling to fight his country's battles.

Now, it is solely in the exercise of the right which such power

implies, and for reasons of external public policy, that the State has in the past interfered, or can ever be asked to interfere, with the liquor traffic, in all degrees of such interference, from the lowest form of license to the most iron-clad prohibition. The confessed object of all such legislation is the lessening, or the entire suppression, of the evils suffered by society in consequence of that traffic. In the presence of such laws, if any citizen claims the personal right to sell liquor without a license, or if, as against prohibition, the citizen claims the personal right to drink liquor within the bounds of moderation, and hence the right to buy or make it—both of which claims found themselves on the personal liberty of the citizen—the State replies, in effect: “Whatever your right may be in itself, or would be in case others were not damaged by its exercise, yet you and your right do not stand alone. All rights must exist together in harmony, and when discord arises there must ensue a mutual limitation. In the application of this principle, the public good requires that the sale of liquor shall be restricted or suppressed, your individual rights to the contrary notwithstanding.” So saying, the answer of the State is complete, and, if facts shall warrant, its position unassailable.

Thus far it is clear that the essential question is solely one of the public good. The morality of the question is accidental. Of course, modern society universally recognizes, however it may fail at times in applying, the broad principle that open immorality is adverse to the public good. Society is also, happily, beginning to apprehend that the political economy of the future must, for reasons of social prosperity, permit a larger admixture of moral motives in its methods and precepts. And yet, after all, the liquor laws have not been, nor could they be, enacted because the use or abuse of liquor is immoral, but because the abuse of it is injurious to society. If such abuse did not threaten the public peace, and create enormous burdens of taxation for the support of courts, prisons, reformatories, and asylums; if it were not the fruitful mother of crimes; if the immorality of this abuse were unattended by any material, physical, or social ill-consequences, to the jeopardizing of the public good, there would be no ground for interference by the State.

Its laws against various indecencies and moral evils are made and enforced, not for the reason that such things are wicked, but because moral corruption entails social damage. To sell or drink whiskey might be as wicked as the unpardonable sin, but if no social damage

arose therefrom, the civil law could issue no warrant against it. It is, then, the fact that social damage attends the abuse of liquor, that crime and violence are multiplied by it, which furnishes the State with its justifying reason for interference. Such reason, be it noted, would abide, and demand statutory action in the presence of any threatening danger, though the procuring cause or instrument of such danger were destitute of all moral quality.

What, then, the prohibitionist must do, in order to sustain his appeal to civil legislation, is to demonstrate the gravity and extent of the evils inflicted on society by the liquor traffic; to compute the burden of taxation caused by it; to count the crimes; to show the misery of ruined homes, the loss to society and to mankind through the personal degradation and death of the drunkard, and the dangerous allurements of the saloon, by which thoughtless youth are snared, to the ruin of all the hopes which the State should entertain for the service of each citizen. He must demonstrate the prevalence and burden of this evil in such preponderance as quite to outweigh the claims and individual rights that oppose his cause. He cannot deny, if he keeps within the region of facts, that while the absolute number of those who abuse liquor to the result of drunkenness and social damage is absolutely large, yet relatively it is much smaller than the number of those who do not so abuse it, who never are drunken and never damage society, save in the imagination of that argument for "constructive" damage, so familiar in some quarters, which denounces the moderate drinker as the greatest foe to temperance and social order. Whatever may be the moral judgment as to the position of the moderate drinker, it will not do for the prohibitionist, seeking civil legislation, to lose sight of this undeniable disparity of numbers. To deny it, to take for granted that this larger class is depraved, and destitute of any rights which the reformer should respect, is simply to offend the good sense of the community at large, and to react in injury to the very cause which he seeks to further. With this disparity in mind, then, it becomes necessary for the advocate of prohibition to show that the evil resulting from drunkenness is so great as to require the abolishment of all drinking; that because a certain proportion of society is dangerously vicious in its abuse of liquor, the only remedy is to be found in forbidding to the much larger proportion of society any use of it whatever. And this, if he desires a salutary and permanent statute, he must show, not only to the shifting mind of politicians, catching

at public favor and office, not only to a chance legislature which some political combination may have carried into power, but to the good sense of society in general; a good sense and general opinion absolutely essential to the permanence and utility of any statute, however any sudden tide of passing enthusiasm may have procured its enactment. When the general sense of society is agreed that the greatest good of the greatest number requires a prohibitory law, that law will be enacted and enforced as naturally and promptly as are the laws against stealing and smuggling. Until the law is desired and sustained by such general or controlling sentiment, it will be a positive moral damage, the constant cause of lies and evasions, and degrading in the estimation of men to the very conception of law, which should ever be held as among things most sacred.

It is not the purpose of the present article either to make or to antagonize such argument, but solely to define the limits within which the appeal for legal prohibition must be confined. Whether such appeal is warranted by the condition of society to-day, is neither affirmed nor denied by this paper. The purpose in hand is rather, having made the foregoing definitions, to draw attention to the fact that the prohibitionist is out of his place and beside the real question of legal prohibition, when he assumes that as a civil measure it is demanded by morality; when, as a moralist, he propounds such prohibition as a remedy for the moral evil of drunkenness; when, as a preacher, he lays it as a religious obligation on the conscience; or when, as a Christian, he enters a church court and demands for it the religious authority of ecclesiastical commendation.

This introduces the second aspect of prohibition, which the perhaps more frequent argument strives to make the prominent one, in the utterance of which the movement takes to itself pseudo-religious and moral forms, and appeals to the religious and moral consciousness of the Church and Christians. Dropping its only valid argument of social expediency, it assumes the dignity of a moral precept, and declares that the State ought to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor, on strictly moral grounds; that such making and selling are sinful; that the license system is wicked in that it draws a revenue from sin. This idea of moral urgency is spoken or implied in every resort to synods and conferences on the part of prohibition, and to the false principle involved in it many a religious body gives assent, either unwittingly, or unwillingly, for the fear of

being misunderstood or misrepresented. The usual form of such deliverances reasons from the sin of drunkenness and the drinking habit to the necessity of a civil statute to prevent it. Thus, whatever force may be supposed existent in an ecclesiastical enactment to formulate a spiritual law is sought in order to clothe the social expedient of prohibition with the sanctities of a moral precept. It is but a borrowed plumage, not native to the bird which wears it. A moral precept is an instrument for the education and strengthening of the moral man, and as such it may, without hesitation, be affirmed that prohibition has no standing in the court of Christian morality. Urged as a measure of the State, for social reasons, it may be welcomed or tolerated. Preached as a moral dogma, binding on the conscience, it is as reprehensible as the sin which it proposes to abolish. This ought to be self-evident to every mind; and yet, because the mind is oppressed by the enormous evils of intemperance, and at the same time drawn by the good which prohibition promises, the vital distinction here noted is apt to be lost. The truth of this distinction and its importance will appear from the following considerations:

1. The logical support of prohibition as a moral precept necessarily involves the assumption of one of two things, either that all drinking of intoxicants, and consequently the sale of them, is sinful; or that an invariable moral law of total abstinence, to be enforced on all by conscience and both canon and civil law, grows out of their abuse by some. Both of these assumptions are false. As to the former, it hardly needs to be argued to the unbiased mind that both reason and Scripture place the marks of sin at inebriety. To be drunken is a sin. To drink with the certainty or probability of drunkenness is a sin. To drink within the limits of entire self-control is indifferent. This last is true temperance, with which firmly observed, so long as a man's influence is not taken into account, for the man himself it is as innocent to drink as to eat bread. To sell for such use must also be innocent. It is not necessary to consider here the attempt made to turn this position of Scriptural temperance by the modern interpretation which supposes the Bible to make mention of two wines. It needs but to be set aside for a curiosity of exegesis, as grotesque as it is unsupported by the vast preponderance of scholarship and research. It stands true that the Bible calls drunkenness a sin, but not drinking. Hence there is a false premise in the moral plea for prohibition, when it says, as in

the majority of its utterances, "Thou shalt not drink." This even the moral law cannot say. It is still more impossible for the civil law to say it for moral reasons. The civil law, as already shown, may say it for reasons of social expediency, if public sentiment shall demand it.

This brings into view that fundamental distinction, made by the common law and recognized in the Scriptures, between *malum per se* and *malum prohibitum*. The former is wrong because of its intrinsic nature, and nothing can make it right. The latter is wrong only because the law forbids it. The wrong of the former demands that a statute be made to punish it. The wrong of the latter has no existence until the statute is made and the crime created by the law. The former is fundamental in morals. The latter is an expedient for the State. Both the Bible and civil law say, "Thou shalt not steal." It is a sin to steal under any circumstances and to any amount, however small. It would be a sin if the law said nothing about it. The law says, "Thou shalt not smuggle." Morality and the Bible know nothing about the crime of smuggling until the civil law defines and creates it. Then morality and the Bible make conscience of it and say, "Thou must obey the law." By parity of reasoning, the matters of excess and of influence aside, there needs a prohibitory statute to make all use of intoxicants a sin. The moral argument of the prohibitionist puts the cart before the horse, saying, "Prohibit, because it is wrong." In reality, only the statute can make it wrong. No moralist is ever justified in speaking of a statutory evil as though it were an evil *per se*, or, least of all, in arguing for the prohibition of the former on the ground of the latter's intrinsic sinfulness.

The first of the two assumptions is, then, manifestly false. The other can fare no better, though more plausible in its statement. Its ordinary form of statement is of the nature of a conclusion; that, not staying to argue the abstract question of sinfulness, the evils in many cases attendant on the use of liquor are so enormous as to require prohibition, and therefore it is the positive duty of every Christian and moralist to seek such a statute. But this is contrary to the spirit of Christian liberty and the right of private judgment. You may say, in sympathy with Paul, "I will drink no wine because my brother stumbleth." But you may not say to another that he also must abstain. Whatever the civil statute may compel, you cannot make your estimate of moral duty a law to him. He is your equal

in intelligence, general conscientiousness, and Christian earnestness. There is no reason why his opinion on any matter should not be as good as yours. From the same facts he forms a different conclusion from your own, and equally desires the right and true. You have no right morally to bind his conscience, nor to argue for that which will bind from a moral dictum that is only a matter of opinion. However the individual may enact for himself a prohibitory law on the ground of his own moral convictions and Christian expediency, yet there is a gross invasion of Christian liberty when it is asserted that this is an invariable moral law, that every man ought to be bound by it, or that church courts ought to pronounce it the voice of religion. Indeed, the whole argument for prohibition in this moral phase is but the boldest legalism, utterly hostile to the free spirit of the Gospel. Now, this objection, it may be needful to remark, is not directed against the social expediency of prohibition. Such statute, if enacted, the good citizen will welcome, or submit to, as an experiment for the public weal. If not approved, it may at least be tolerated. But this is quite other than the imposition of it as a moral precept, or the preaching of it in such form. As such it is simply monstrous.

2. As further emphasizing the points already made and adding to them, it is to be noted that the real principle involved in prohibition is directly adverse to the spirit, the method, and the aim of Christian morals. Aside from the social benefits, the thing proposed by the moral attitude of the measure is to reduce vice and promote virtue, to rescue and reform the drunkard, and to deliver others from temptation. It may be safely said that Christian morality, while earnestly desirous of such beneficent ends, is opposed to such a method of reaching them. The philosopher will tell you that, as a matter of fact, you cannot make men virtuous by compulsion. To this the Christian moralist will add that you ought not to try, that you should not, if you could. The ideal of Christian manhood is in spiritual and moral power; in inward gracious strength, not external safeguards; in the self-control of manly virtue, not in continuous pupilage to superior restrictive negations; in the victory that overcometh the world, not the safety of the coward who runs away from the battle. The strength of moral manhood says, "I will not, because I ought not." It is a moral child who says, "I will not, because I cannot." This latter speech it is that the moral theory of prohibition seeks to put into men's mouths. Instead of teaching

them to be men—self-poised, self-controlled, strong in grace and virtue and faith, “growing in the measure of every part” of the moral man, “compact by that which every joint supplieth,” it would keep them forever “as children,” whom, lest they “be driven about by every wind of (evil) and cunning craftiness whereby (men) lie in wait to deceive,” it would surround with an iron wall of external circumstance, so that they must be sober whether they will or not. This, indeed, is very far removed from the Scriptural conception of Christian manliness and virtue, which is “strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, (able to) withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and, having done all, to stand.” Such is your Christian soldier, who “endures hardness,” and does not plead for extraneous assistance. According to the moral theory of prohibition there ought to have been a high fence around the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, so that Eve could not reach it. Consider how great misery such a prohibitive statute would have saved the race!

The point of objection, then, is clear. Whatever the benefits of prohibition as a civil measure may be, it is not to be urged by the Church and Christian morality as a remedy for moral ills. We may not teach society that prohibition is required by Christian morals. We may not teach the drunkard that his salvation from the curse of rum is to be found only in prohibition. We may not teach the youth that their best safeguard is to be made by prohibition. We may not teach the world that Christian virtue and manhood require any civil law for either their creation or their preservation. To do this is false to the principles of Christian truth, and is treason to the Lord. But in the predicament of doing just this very thing, this theory of prohibition stands, when urged as a moral precept and enforced with the sanctions of religion. Verily, not on such food as prohibition brings will men grow to the stature of moral manhood. Put your prohibitory enactments on the statute book, make them operative and successful, and then, whatever material benefits may accrue for a season, the world will have taken a step backward in true moral progress; and Christian doctrine and manhood, so far forth as they shall depend thereon, will have receded from their divine ideal.

3. For, in the next place, as a conclusion that is irresistible and a fact beyond denial, it follows that the acceptance by the Church and Christian morality of this moral theory of prohibition, as a necessary means for meeting and subduing moral evil, is a confession of failure and of hopeless weakness on the part of Christianity. Such



failure certainly has been charged by any number of advocates for temperance and prohibition, whose assaults upon the Church have been often more bitter and virulent than upon the rum power. The adoption by the Church of this modern shibboleth of so-called moral reform virtually confesses that this false charge is true. It goes to the root. It declares that Christian methods are too weak; that the Gospel is unequal to saving men from the sin of intemperance, however efficient it may be in coping with other forms of sin; that spiritual power must be supplemented by civil law in order to redeem the world; that the preacher of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" must be attended by the constable, to give to at least one of his doctrines the desired effect. There is no evasion of this conclusion. It is so plain as to be self-evident. Instead of relying on God's spirit, this preacher of a moral prohibition puts his trust in fallible legislators. Instead of using spiritual influence, he resorts to the tricks and treacheries of politicians. Instead of holding up the pure law of God, he seeks to submit to "ordinances; touch not, taste not, handle not; after the doctrines and commandments of man," against which the Holy Ghost has expressly warned. Instead of educating to the stature of perfect manhood in Christ Jesus, he would bind men to soberness by a statute and keep them children for life. Both the method and result of such moral training are alike unchristian. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds—and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." What the Church needs for the successful doing of her work in saving men from the sin of intemperance, as from all other sins, is not a prohibitory statute, but a soul-filling baptism of the Holy Ghost.

4. Still another objection to the theory of prohibition in its moral aspect is, that it is the unphilosophical and unbelieving language of impatience. "He that believeth shall not make haste." The world, under God's rule, is working out its salvation. A steady redemption is going on—slowly, you may say, if you please, and yet steadily. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Undoubtedly, this progress might have been more rapid, had the people of God been more faithful. To-day, were the Church thoroughly to arouse itself to exert all the spiritual energies which lie dormant within it, the godless world would be shaken as by an earthquake and the dawn of a sinless millennium begin to

appear. And yet the entire history of truth and the analogies of faith teach that moral reformation is both inward and gradual, and most emphatically, that it cannot be hastened by external statute. Now, the theory of prohibition grows impatient of this law of moral progress. Alarmed, horrified by the portentous character of the special form of evil which it seeks to combat, it proposes to destroy it at one blow, fondly and foolishly dreaming that such a blow is possible. It may be proper enough to cut a Gordian knot, when the knot is only a tangled mass of cords or thongs. But when it is made of thought and feeling, or impacted by immoral passion, there is no sword of human law that, to the satisfaction of morals or religion, is equal to the cutting. Such instrument may, indeed, if circumstances shall prove propitious, resolve a riddle for society, and minister to its general comfort and safety. But when you get to the real moral problem which in this question faces the Church and the moralist, you find something far more imperative and important than any external and social prosperity—a demand for moral reformation. That knot must be untied, by patient toil and love and faith and prayer. Prohibition is no answer to this moral problem, albeit the radical error made by prohibitionists is in constantly presenting it as an answer. If it is not meant as a moral remedy, it has no more propriety in the pulpit than a discussion of the tariff.

A notable illustration of the point in hand is found in the fact that the tide of so-called temperance effort of the present day sets so prevailingly toward prohibition. The vast majority of temperance speeches and sermons—forgetful that Christian temperance is self-control, and that for sobriety the moral law of abstinence is found in individual liberty—insist on the necessity of an enforced abstinence, not simply as a social expedient, but as a moral requirement. Moral suasion is derided and laid aside. Moral and spiritual forces are considered of no value. What is demanded is a statute and a policeman's club, to convert men out of hand! The Church might as well petition the legislature to abolish sin.

5. Once more, the valid objection lies against this moral theory of prohibition that it either goes too far or does not go far enough. If it is a true moral precept, it should be applied to the abatement of other moral evils than that of intemperance. Society, indeed, is at perfect liberty to single out the liquor traffic for either restraint or suppression, because of its social burdens and dangers. But the

question changes form when the moralist takes it up. In his hand it is held as a corrective, not simply of social burdens, but as well for moral wrong; while his more urgent argument is drawn from the wickedness and moral consequences of the evil he would suppress. Now—why should he apply the remedy only to the evil of the liquor question? The sin of intemperance is not the only sin growing out of the abuse of an innocent thing, in which multitudes go to do evil, and before which the Christian moralist sometimes stands appalled. There is, for example, the sin of impurity—the so-called “social evil.” This represents a more heinous sin than drunkenness, because it degrades the mystery, and poisons the fountain, of life; and a more threatening evil, because the danger it brings is not violence, but moral and physical pollution. Better a drunken nation than one unchaste. It represents also, it is greatly to be feared, a wider spread of evil. Why not apply the moral theory of prohibition to this evil? Is it said, “There are laws against brothels and adultery”? That is true: and so are there laws against drunkenness, so that to this extent the two evils stand in equal condemnation. But the prohibitionist demands that, because intoxicants are abused by some men to drunkenness, therefore there shall be no intoxicants at all. To be consistent—if his theory is correct—he should also demand that, because the sexual instinct is abused by some to the extreme of impurity, therefore all union of the sexes shall be forbidden. This, of course, is absurd, and is almost blasphemy against that marriage which is “an holy ordinance of God and is honorable among all men.” And yet the analogy is complete, the argument, in its moral force, irresistible. The absurdity and blasphemy lie with the prohibitionist, who would foist a temporary social expedient into the seat of Christian morals and make it a principle of morality binding on the conscience. For he would do well to remember—as all sound moralists and teachers must remember, if their doctrines are to bear scrutiny—that morality is general. Its principles are broad, and of equal application to all the subjects of its administration. If, for the sake of destroying one great moral evil, the result of a gigantic abuse, we adapt as a moral measure the abolition of its innocent instrument, then, the logic of truth and moral consistency compels us to apply the same rule of judgment and the same principle of prohibition to every moral evil that arises from the misuse of an innocent instrument. From this dilemma the prohibitionist has no escape save in the assertion that all use of intoxicants is sinful, an assertion

which, though made by some temperance advocates, is worthy only of the contempt deserved by any wretched makeshift.

But this is not the whole of it. If the prohibitionist may appeal to the State for a prohibitory enactment against liquor, on the ground of morals; if his argument for such action is, as generally we find it, drawn from the alleged sinfulness of the use or abuse of liquor, and not from the outward ills which society suffers from its abuse; then he admits a principle which, carried to its logical results, is destructive of both civil and religious liberty. If it is right in this case, it is right in any case to call upon the strong arm of the civil law to enforce a special view of morals or a particular tenet of religion. For such reasons is it objected that this moral theory of prohibition either goes too far or does not go far enough. If the principle is true, then should it sweep the fields of morals and religion. If the principle is false, then is it only a delusion and a snare.

The sum of it, then, is this, that as a remedy for the moral evil of intemperance prohibition is wanting in the first principles of true morality. Its advocacy on moral and religious grounds is pernicious to the last degree; oppressive to the conscience; restrictive of a true liberty of mind; dishonorable to the Christian idea of manhood; and discreditable to the Church that can write its name upon her banners. Prohibition is, or must be, a civil measure, sustained by civil reasons and looking to social ends. Notwithstanding its involvement in, and suggestion by, social conditions which display immoral aspects, it yet stands as a civil measure on the same level as the tariff law, and is as much out of place in the pulpit and church courts as a discussion of the fur-trade would be. Such exclusion, of course, does not bar out the discussion of intemperance or of all moral means for its removal. Intemperance is a sin loudly demanding the animadversions of the Church and her consecrated efforts for its reduction, in which she would have been more successful than she has been, but for those divisive counsels which have thrust so many obstacles in her path.

All this can be said—nay, has been said—with the deepest consciousness that the evil which prohibition seeks to suppress is enormous. No words can describe its baseness, its wretchedness, its tears and ruin. Nor is it to be wondered at that the sometime desperation born of a view of such evil should dispose one to catch at any instrument which holds out the promise of relief, or that every pos-

sible argument should be employed to further its beneficent design. We will not always criticise too closely the skiff which carries us over the rushing tide, or suspect too sharply the oar that impels it onward. So earnest and zealous are the special advocates of such measures that, even when criticism seems demanded, the critic hesitates, lest ardor may induce a total misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Let it, then, be fully stated, in conclusion, that it is not here contended that a prohibitory statute, as a civil measure, is either beyond the province of, or impolitic for, the State, or that for civil reasons it is not desirable. The discussion of that theme demands a different train of thought. Whether the State may, or should, so limit the liberty of the subject can but little affect the present contention, which with all possible earnestness denies the competence of either State or Church to formulate prohibition as a moral law. Be its outward benefits great or small, it is not to be forced upon the conscience, however it may gird about the external action of the citizen. Its adoption by the Christian or the Church as demanded by true morality involves a fundamental error. The moralist and Christian must be careful as to his moral arguments and his admissions in regard to the relations of the moral to the outward life, lest haply, while obtaining for a season a certain definite good, he may sacrifice that which is more precious and enduring; lest he may forge a weapon which, in other hands, shall shatter his dearest treasures.

SANFORD H. COBB.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

THIS work is a true record of French history for over seventy years—three-quarters of the most eventful century through which France and Europe have passed, since the discovery of printing wrought its change in the intellectual habits of the civilized world.

The Duc de Broglie, born in 1785 and dying in 1869, lived, for more than threescore years and ten, in daily contact with the men and things that have produced the France of the present day. Born on the steps of the guillotine, when a boy of ten he was mentally several years in advance of his age. On the eve of his father's execution, a first impression was made upon Victor de Broglie which nothing in after life ever effaced. "My child," had been the father's farewell words, "never allow anything to obscure in your mind the sacred notion of Liberty." And impressions being all mighty in childhood, and indelible, he never once rebelled against the law which was then imprinted upon his nature. Courage was thus the first quality called forth, and its example was manifest to his eyes; but not the noisy, decorative sort of courage that was soon to become fashionable in France—no! the quiet, simple courage of the citizen, which teaches one to look everything steadily in the face, and, in perfect possession of self, to hold fast to public duty. There is nothing theatrical in M. de Broglie; but, with the courage to "endure and shrink not," a firm political faith was given him, of which he never once lost sight—the faith in the might of right; not only in the justice and holiness of freedom, but in its compelling power.

"I am writing *my* history," he states, almost at the outset (1813); "I am not writing 'history' or *for* history"; and, touching events of incontestable interest, this phrase constantly recurs: ". . . Of this fact I have nothing to tell, for I heard of it from others; *I cannot speak of what I did not see with my own eyes.*"

From first to last, this impossibility of swerving from absolute truth holds you captive; you cannot lay down the narrative, because the narrator is not as much recounting what he saw as recalling to you something of which you are already dimly conscious. The di-

rectness of impression produced upon the reader by every line of the book comes from the author's extraordinary capacity for retaining the impressions directly engraven on his own mind. The man of sixty who judges the *coups d'état* of Louis Napoleon does so from the impression of the inviolability of freedom borne in upon him by his father, under the shadow of the scaffold of 1794. There is the oneness, there the spell. Quietly, simply, he is forever faithful to the one behest, and no circumstance ever tempts him to question it.

To appreciate thoroughly the modern—we might almost say the "contemporary"—history of France, it must be divided into three periods: the Revolution (of 1789), the Empire, and the Restoration, of which 1830, 1848, 1851, and 1870—July Monarchy, February Insurrection, Second Empire, and Third Republic—are simply the immediate and unescapable *convolutions*. But to appreciate such apparently contradictory historical aspects, one must possess not only the rarest possible combination of personal qualities, but an extent of experience equally rare. Both meet in Duc Victor, and he fully knows their value, for he founds his claim to public interest on what he recognizes as his quite unusual gift of truth. He forestalls what must be the judgment of every reader by his own judgment on the merit of what he is relating, when in his *avant-propos* he says: "Whatever interest is awakened (if any may be) by this record of the divers circumstances of my life, it can only arise from its simplicity and sincerity; *Je serai vrai.*" And he explains his personal conception of truth and his mode of adherence to it in the following sentence:

"To be *truly true* the intention to be so is not sufficient; a thoroughly good and exact memory is also required; but, above all, must one be free from that terrible *French instinct* ('*l'instinct tout français*') that leads to the desire of *making an effect* and of 'arranging' events pleasantly, when in reality they are 'arranged' otherwise. . . . In a word, my sole merit will be this: '*Je dirai: j'étais là, telle chose m'advint*'—it would perhaps be presumptuous in me to add to the reader: *Vous y croirez être vous-même.*"

The Broglies were, as is well known, of Piedmontese extraction. Duc Victor's mother was of Swedish descent, so that there was a notable admixture of freemen's blood in his veins, and he was to transmit it to his own offspring still purer, through his marriage with the daughter of Mme. de Staël. Sweden, Switzerland, and Piedmont! it would be hard to find surroundings more conducive to what is noblest in the doctrines of genuine Liberalism—a Liberalism

which counts Chatham and his son among its genuine votaries, far more than any of the autocratic anarchists who have within the last thirty years profaned its name.

In the young generation of 1784 the Prince de Broglie was one of the finest incipient reformers; and, with the idealism that characterized the *noblesse* of that period, he was carried away with Lafayette and Rochambeau to America, still full of the *Anglomanie* of the time, it is true, not "loving England less," but "freedom more." In later years Comte de Moutron used to say: "*Que voulez-vous? Ils s'étaient engagés sous les béquilles de Lord Chatham!*"

On his return to France the Prince de Broglie soon became one of the foremost among those bearers of brilliant names who longed for active public life, and made every effort to attain it. He had remained professionally in the army, and achieved promotion. In 1789 he was chosen by the Order of Nobles of the Baillage of Colmar as their deputy to the *constituants*. When the Assemblée Constituante became the Assemblée Législative, M. de Broglie was named Staff Commandant of the Rhine Army, under the orders of Marshal Lückner. His own father, the Maréchal de Broglie, refused after this to hear his son's name mentioned. His brothers emigrated; but he remained in the country, returning thither of his own free will in 1793, after a short absence, during which he had placed his wife and children in temporary safety in London, and invariably refusing, during his frequent periods of imprisonment, the means of escape repeatedly offered him by persons who could insure their execution. At last he was arrested at Gray, his wife being thrown into a separate prison at Vesoul, and the children confined, as so often happened during that strange epoch, to domestic servants, who proved worthy of their trust. Mme. de Broglie found means of managing the linen department of her prison, was treated with a certain degree of leniency, and contrived to escape through the passes of the Jura Mountains to the Swiss frontier.

On the 27th of June, 1794, the Prince de Broglie was beheaded in Paris. Some few days before, his son had been taken to see him in his prison at Gray, and was immediately after conveyed back to St. Remy, a small estate left by his Swedish grandmother, Mme. de Rosen, to his mother, and there, with his sisters, he led a few months of bare existence in a home which consisted only of naked walls. At the "9 Thermidor" matters mended, and Mme. de Broglie was permitted to return to her family and inhabit St.



Remy in peace, the estate now being free from the decree of sequestration.

Duc Victor de Broglie affirms that he never knew, nor could ever discover, for what reason his father was condemned, or under what pretext even he had been arrested; it certainly was for no act of unfaithfulness to his grim masters, for he retained, unimpaired, his hope and belief in the future welfare of the nation; and, however Utopian might have been the political combinations to which he had vouchsafed the support of his name and energy, he held by them to the last.

At fifteen, when Bonaparte—imitating at once both Cromwell and Louis XIV.—swept away the Directoires on the “18 Brumaire,” the boy was already a man of twenty or thirty in maturity of judgment; and, much as he instinctively abhors all violence or despotism, he is now among the few who deal fairly by this one initiatory act.

“No one who did not live at that time can form the faintest notion,” says the Duc de Broglie, “of the utter state of discouragement into which France had fallen during the interval between the 18 Fructidor and the 18 Brumaire. The country was without hope. The frontiers threatened, the Reign of Terror revived, no longer as a frightful but temporary crisis, but as a mode of existence from which more violence was the only escape. The 18 Brumaire was a relief, there can be no doubt—but it was not the remedy required. There had never been a failure of *coups d'état* for the past ten years; what was needed was the definite act that should preclude all future violence; the steady, quiet vigor, the wisdom, the political genius that should make further State crimes useless.”

Instead of this, as posterity has come to know, the 18 Brumaire was the mere starting-point for a career of fierce and selfish aggression, of rapacity and blood-guiltiness, such as the world had never known. And yet the Corsican Cæsar, reckless as he was to prove, seems almost to have hesitated on the verge of his fate—to have recoiled, as it were, from the shadow his coming misdeeds cast before him. Speaking with rare impartiality of the events of the day, our author states deliberately that “the four years following (from the 18 Brumaire to near the end of the Consulate) were, with the ten years of Henri IV., perhaps the best and noblest period of French history.”

But the dream of peace, justice, and wisdom, that might have tempted a genuinely great man, was soon dispelled, and the fatal iniquities, the gratuitous onslaughts upon humanity, which marked every year of the First Empire, began their impious course, culminating in the final defeat of Waterloo, and pointing to the disasters of 1870, provoked by another Napoleon, as a retribution none too stern.

In that year Victor de Broglie, a recently appointed *Auditeur au Conseil d'État*, despatched on a mission to Vienna, where the modern Attila had enthroned himself, takes occasion to note in what disposition he found the most illustrious of Napoleon's captains :

"I met here a vast number of those I had known in Paris—generals, superior officers, etc. *All*—I must add the marshals and great personages I had seen at M. de Bassano's—were ardently longing for peace, but hardly daring to hope for it ; and *all* cursed their master in undertones ('*maudissant tout bas leur maître*'), compared the present army with the army they had once known, and were full of the weightiest apprehensions for the future."

Victor de Broglie is so exclusively a spectator that, without any enthusiasm for victory and with small pity for defeat, he does what hardly any other writer has cared to do: he chronicles simply the feeble condition of the public mind, and the curious indifference with which, at the moment when they happened, the most monstrous iniquities were accepted by the most estimable persons. Two passages in the first volume are extremely remarkable on this point. In 1806, on attaining his twenty-first year, young Broglie was advised by his family to enter on the administrative career, and employ his talents in the civil service of his country. Devoted to the cause of freedom as he was, no one yet saw any reason why he should not serve the Empire.

"My uncle, the Bishop of Acqui," he observes, "undertook to speak to the emperor on the subject"; and he adds: "My uncle had been appointed Chief Almoner of the Imperial Household—and it is a singular proof of the extraordinary state of public opinion that no one felt the smallest surprise at his acceptance of the post, though he himself was a boldly independent character (as he showed in 1811), and though his whole family were just returning with him from emigration, and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien had just been perpetrated."

But another circumstance still more indicative of the universal acquiescence in what seemed the decrees of fate is that related by our author in 1809, when Rome suddenly received, as a "province of the Empire," a French *préfet* !

"My cousin, M. de Tournon, was all at once despatched to Rome as a *préfet*, and I have only to say that this appointment actually caused no astonishment whatever, nor seemed the least extraordinary either to Tournon himself or to any other living creature. The annexation of Rome to the Empire, the captivity of the Pope, appeared quite simple and really devoid of import to the people of that age—it must also be said that no excommunications of any sort touched them in the least, or in any degree troubled them in their administration of the patrimony of St. Peter ! Indifference was the common feeling of every one."

After the hideous confusion and the frightful sufferings consequent upon the excesses of 1792-93, any strong arm to lean upon was a comfort; after the miserable weaknesses of the years between 1794 and 1798 anything in the shape of order was a respite; and when to this was added success almost miraculous out-of-doors, it is not to be wondered at if protection from attack, mere safety of life, limb, and purse, should have been considered sufficient ground for stability. From the legitimate form of the First Consulate, of which even M. de Broglie speaks so highly, to have drifted into the outward magnificence of the Empire could hardly have surprised a nation fashioned to despotism of more than one kind, and too glad to be persuaded that the horrors of the last decade were merely a dream, a nightmare. The universal acquiescence in the First Empire can be well conceived: it was believed in; it was the close of the Revolution; it was final, and it was to be accepted as the manifest work of Providence.

Another period of rule consented to by the nation was the so-called Constitutional Monarchy, founded, as was supposed, for all time by the Bourbons of the older branch. To this we shall return later, but let it be granted that in each case, if duration was offered to the country, and if the excesses of anarchy were apparently stopped by an iron hand, never to be renewed, the return to monarchy after the exterior excesses of the Empire had armed all Europe against it, was, after all, only a natural réversion to a régime which for over a thousand years had given name and significance to France. Each of these might be supposed definite, might be believed in, and faith in stability and duration took away from acquiescence in either case any element of political levity or slavishness. Except on these two occasions, no excuse is to be found for the complicity of the nation in crimes of violence and fraud; for its subserviency to governments in which it did not and could not believe—governments which were the gross imitations of what had once been thought necessary and real. Whether or not the present Republic corresponds to the deliberate choice and will of the French nation remains to be proved, but can only be so when two generations shall have ratified the contract, and a race of republican-minded men and women shall have sprung to life and attested the truth of the republican theory for France.

What is needed for a due comprehension of M. de Broglie's narrative of events between 1789 and Waterloo is to realize the motives

not only of popular submission to a conqueror's implacable sway, but of acquiescence in tyrannical deeds of the past by the *élite* of the nation, men who, both in themselves and by family tradition, were practically honest, conscientious, and independent gentlemen. The firm belief that a definite solution had been found for the incomparable horrors of the recent past can alone explain the acceptance of the First Empire by educated France. It did, as a matter of fact, so explain it, and for a few years it sufficed. In 1812, with the Russian campaign, came the terrible doubt which the unjustifiable invasion of Spain had failed largely to inspire—doubt of the master's sanity—and, with 1813, doubt of his power of retrieval—*of his luck*. The despair brought on by the first dawn of this new terror has seldom been sufficiently described, and by no one so thoroughly, because so simply, as by the Duc de Broglie.

He was a very young man even in 1815, and events were scarcely beginning to teach him the philosophy of history. He served the Empire, as did his compeers; did his duty on all occasions, and, however "hard" might be the "law," was persuaded that the stern period he with others was passing through, *was* the law enforced by fate upon his country. His career as a civil servant took him successively to most of the foreign localities where Napoleon had set up imperial satrapies; he was despatched to Vienna or to Switzerland, to Fiume or to Dresden; had to "organize" frontier villages in Croatia, or draw up reports upon military requisitions in Spain; but everywhere he felt the same unchanging conviction that he, as an individual, was of no account, but simply a small component part of a vast system, and that it was right that it should be so, seeing that upon this condition was anarchy trampled out, the right of civilization protected, and order restored.

The reversion to what had been overthrown by the Revolution seemed so necessary, that the recall of the Bourbons originated, as every one knows, with a politician who was no sentimentalist and no dreamer, but the hardest-headed and most practical of statesmen. Prince Talleyrand, the sometime Bishop of Autun, assuredly had no cause to feel any sympathy for the ex-royal family, or the slightest tendency toward toleration of their innumerable mistakes. But the revival of a sense of security and stability was, as it always must be, the only immediate antidote to the revolutionary spirit; it had to be aimed at, therefore, first of all. The reversion to monarchy presented itself consequently to the mind of

M. de Talleyrand, who knew his countrymen well, as simply inevitable. He felt that a principle must be set up; that upon the overthrow of the imperial fact no other mere fact could avail, and that the past only could afford ground for a practical hope for the future. The Czar, who had gone high and far with Mme. Krüdner and "the angels" on the road to modern mysticism, was astonished when he was called upon to sanction the return to France of the race which was supposed to have been finally swept away. However, Prince Talleyrand had a right to enforce his views in the case of his own country on the sovereigns who had vanquished Napoleon, and they consented; the remnant of what had been the narrowest-minded, most arrogant royalty upon earth was recalled, and the great-grandsons of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. (alas!) came back to govern France.

When one reflects what the frivolity and selfishness, the betrayal of public trust, the sins of commission and omission of the Bourbons had been since the advent of Louis XIV., and when one thinks of the victories with which Napoleon had glutted so vain and ignorant a people as the French, and the spoils he had brought home to them, one can hardly measure, at first, the evil of those deeds of his which reconciled such a community to such successors. But Napoleon had lost the sense of what is due to humanity, and humanity had to be avenged. The man who quietly said to M. de Narbonne, when referring to the unpopularity of the Russian campaign: "Why, after all, what did it cost me? *Not more than three hundred thousand men, and among those a good many were Germans!*"—this man had to be set aside by human law, and, as was quickly shown, he was set aside too leniently.

But at first all was confusion and surprise; none, whether of vanquishers or vanquished, took in completely either their own or their adversaries' achievements. All was too sudden and too enormous, too far beyond the calculations of ordinary men—for most ordinary men they were. They did what they could, and when, on the 31st of March, 1814, they were masters of Paris, and two days later had installed the *branche aînée* in what they were pleased to denominate "power," they none of them guessed what a sadly incomplete task they had fulfilled. Not even Prince Talleyrand realized the flimsiness of the work that he had helped to do.

The moral confusion was such, and so complete on all sides, that it is not too much to say that when, eleven months after, Napoleon

took his eagle flight from "Elba to Nôtre Dame," he was perhaps the only individual in all Europe who behaved logically, for he, at all events, was acting according to the logic of his own fabulous past. All the others were really and truly what is vulgarly expressed as being "out of themselves." If they meant anything, they did not know what they meant, whilst the soldier who had beaten the world in the game of war, and took only war into account, set out to do it again, and, judging by the light of his own former achievements, did not see what was to prevent him. He meant what he did, and was brought to a standstill when he saw that not war, but modern progress, was what confronted him. Of this, of modern progress, he had had as yet no time to learn the workings. It was not so much the principle of hereditary monarchy that seemed the guarantee accepted by the nation against himself (he had seen that destroyed by the Revolution), but it was the authority of words, of ideas, of law upheld by speech, of a civilian régime, invented, enforced by a tribe of *bourgeois* and by those miserable *idéologues* whom he so hated with all his might.

He had often alluded to *Le Corps Législatif* as a last card, if any untoward event should happen to him; but it was as a subject for future consideration, and always with the underlying notion that no assembly of men existed that might not in the end be dragooned into submission. But now, there it was, the obstacle, and he was dismayed at his own impotence. M. de Broglie's description of Napoleon's return to the Tuileries is one of the most striking passages of the *Souvenirs*. After recounting the departure of the king and his court, he says :

"The king's departure was followed immediately by the emperor's arrival; the one was allowed to go, the other allowed to return, and of these two days the second was the sadder. Paris presented a dreary aspect, with its public places of resort all closed, and the stragglers in the streets avoiding meeting as they passed. Everywhere the military element: officers tipsy, soldiers drunk, singing and shouting the 'Marseillaise,' that eternal refrain of the unruly, and forcing at the sabre's point, on nearly every one they met, a tricolor cockade, with an air anything but reverential. . . . But when night closed in, the master came himself; and, if ever the words of the Gospel were true, they were so then: '*He came like a thief in the night.*' He climbed the grand staircase of the Tuileries, surrounded by his generals, his late ministers, and the crowd of his servants, past and present, and on every face was to be read more anxiety than rejoicing."

Royalty itself was on the morrow rolled away *in toto*, and the

death-rattle of the doomed Empire set in, enduring through those wretched hundred days that were brought to a close at Waterloo.

## II.

In 1815 things wore a different aspect. The wild panic was ended; the arch-disturber was caught and disposed of, sent to his ocean rock "*sous bonne garde*"; at last the *raison d'être* of the Restoration was generally understood, and it was hoped that a régime was established that might endure.

The restored Monarchy was believed in—nay, more; had Louis XVIII. lived but ten years longer, it might have endured, and paved the way for such institutions as would have been worth preserving; it might have been strong enough, popular enough, to bear reforms and not provoke revolutions. For once the French had time to test the merits of a Government, to weigh them against its demerits, and they waited with not too much impatience, making, to a certain degree, "the best" of things—at all events not making, according to their usual custom, the "worst." But the Restoration did not begin well. Nor could it. A large infusion of the *émigré* spirit was necessary at the outset; but it was accompanied by what was much more mischievous—the spirit of the Bonapartists of the Revolution, such as Fouché, who would have paid any price to belong to the ranks of the genuine *émigrés*, and to whom the only road to social toleration lay in the vilest subservience to the rancor and vindictiveness of the *ci-devants*. Prince Talleyrand supported him, and the *Terreur blanche* began the series of its acts of repressive violence. But the "finality" theory was again worked, and, even as they had borne the sanguinary aggressions of the Empire, honest men bore the tyranny of the restored Monarchy—and Church—because "*Le Trône et l'Autel*" were reputed to be the magic words by which alone the demon of evil could be exorcised. As a matter of fact, it was a period of lawlessness, for every condemnation, whether military or civil, was obtained by extra-legal means; as in the days of Torquemada, in Spain, the victims were supposed to be comforted by the assurance that the Church was their executioner, and that it was all for the undoubted good of their souls! *Coup d'état* followed *coup d'état*. Proscription on proscription took place, but it was thought not too terrible a price to pay for the continuance in power of two such "great men" as Talleyrand and the ex-Police Minister Duc

d'Otrante. This was accepted as a dogma. The Talleyrand-Fouché Ministry \* was a pledge of safety, and the only pledge. The intelligent and liberal-minded men, of the kind of the Broglies, Laines, Molés, and others, were assured that only such stern measures as those resorted to could control the thirst for reprisals of the *ultra-Royalists!* and thus, as almost always, the name of Liberty was made the pretext for deeds of violence.

"*Tout ceci n'était odieux,*" writes M. de Broglie; but for him, personally, there was worse in store. As the representative of the elder line of his family, he had, in 1815, become a Peer of France, succeeding to his grandfather's honors; and having completed his thirtieth year, he was obliged, on the 4th of December, to take his seat as one of the judges of the unfortunate Marshal Ney! Meantime he had married Mlle. de Staël, had become, at Coppet, under her mother's guidance, and in the midst of souvenirs of all the Necker family, something very like an ardent Swiss citizen; and in the intimacy of the illustrious Englishmen who thronged around Corinne, was already plunging, "with passionate enthusiasm," as he himself expresses it, into the study of English constitutional history, which charmed and absorbed him to the later period of his life. Till the close of 1816, the little *Société d'élite*, that had its life-centre at Coppet, took in reality a deeper interest in Swiss and British politics than in French, and Victor de Broglie played, unofficially, an active part in the ranks of opposition at Geneva, while the so-called *Contre-Révolution* was doing its utmost to make everything impossible in France.

Nothing can be more interesting than, by the light of recent events, to study M. de Broglie's appreciation of parties in France on the eve of what was to develop into a settled and regular state of things. Hesitating to secede from a party to which such solemn sacrifices bound him, he yet cannot blind himself to its defects.

"It was here that nothing had been learned, nothing forgotten. I could not refrain each day from feeling that there could be no link between us; their inspirations were petty, narrow, *routinier*, and—without any bad intentions—they never raised themselves out of the cramping revolutionary groove. They thought it a fine thing to resuscitate the pretensions, the jargon, and the *grands airs* of the assemblies of former days. In all this nothing could in any way suit me; I was then, what I have never ceased to be, an 'orderly innovator' (*un novateur dans l'or-*

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\* "I wish I could hear what those two *lamb*s say when they are together!" exclaimed one day Pozzo di Borgo, on seeing the two ministers enter the same carriage.



*dre*'), devoid of all regret for the past, for any past whatever, and steadily aspiring to the future. '*Pour l'avenir!*' is the device of my character as of my race, and even now, spite of all our reverses and disappointments, I find it difficult to fight against hope. . . . Nevertheless, the more I studied the *constitutive* governments of Great Britain and the United States, the more I became convinced that I could not continue to act with the party that laid claim to the exclusive name of *Liberal*."

It was at this juncture that the group, which for the next quarter of a century played so prominent a part in France, first appeared; the Doctrinaires were the outcome of the opposition of the two opposing parties, the Royalists and the Liberals. Their first chiefs were Royer-Collard, M. de Serre, Camille Jordan, M. Guizot, and M. de Barante. It was to them that M. de Broglie attached himself in the end, "it being impossible," as he states, "to support a Government whose tendency was every day more retrograde." This party of "justice and ponderation," as it claimed to be, had its origin in mere political warfare. It was so truly the reign of *La Politique abstraite*, that, in the fierce conflicts of parties from 1816 to 1829, it may be affirmed that the material interests, the economic conditions of the country, were entirely disregarded.

The young Duc de Broglie could hardly escape becoming a leader of the "Moderates," for, while inheriting the position of his own family in the Chamber of Peers, he was universally regarded as succeeding to the political influence, and as representing the wisely and generously Liberal opinions of Mme. de Staël.

### III.

According to M. de Broglie, during the twelve years that elapsed between the end of 1817 and the beginning of 1830, three distinct political phases are to be observed: from 1818 to 1822, the hearty desire of all honest men on both sides was to reconcile the Revolution with the Restoration, to make peace between the *ancien régime* and modern France; this being very incompletely accomplished, the aim of all far-seeing lovers of their country from 1822 to 1827 was that resistance to the ever-increasing ascendancy of the *Contre-Révolutions*, which is now styled "*la Réaction*." The last period—from 1827 to 1830—witnessed the vain attempts to modify alternately the passionate zeal of either party, and the opening of the first breach in what had been before regarded in France as "*constituted society*." The sufferers by the July Revolution were quite as unconscious as were the

actors of what had really been done; but the movement was as much a social as a political one, as is seen in its ulterior consequences.

The Session of 1818 opened by a victory for the Doctrinaires. M. de Serre was elected President of the Chamber, and his first essay in Parliamentary tactics was to reform the Rules of the House. But the spirit of the Revolution was here too strong for him. The practices of the Assembly reverted to the usage of 1789, and it remains only to note that the first French statesman who desired under the restored Monarchy to introduce Senate regulations into France was an *émigré*, a soldier of the army of Condé, a mere provincial magistrate, but one whose instinct for the public good led him to reach that which escaped his more experienced colleagues. We shall have more to say of M. de Serre, whose part in the first years of the Restoration was, at one time, a very distinguished one; a part too little familiar to the student of political history abroad, but worthy of all attention in connection with the Doctrinaires, and, above all, with Duc Victor de Broglie. As usual, where the mode of election became an object of public speculation, the project of electoral reform soon absorbed the national mind. The Electoral Law had been reputed the chef-d'œuvre of the Doctrinaires, but under the influence of a few Liberal nominations (Manuel, Benjamin Constant, etc.), the Duc de Richelieu had pointed out certain measures of reform. Against this, the men of the Doctinaire group rebelled, and one only has acknowledged that in this they were wrong:

“ . . . Should these pages fall into the hands of my political friends,” writes M. de Broglie, “I shall surely provoke their ill-will; should our adversaries read them, their satisfaction will be great: but truth must be spoken before all. I look upon the conduct of the Liberal Party, and of those who, in it, were most capable and most honest—I look upon our conduct touching the support of the Electoral Law, and the consequent defeat of the Richelieu Ministry, as an indefensible fault.

“All things considered, such a king, such a prime minister, such a minister even, we ought to have preserved as the apple of our eye! . . . We ought to have been lenient to their weaknesses, and have won them over to our creeds. . . . It is true we knew but little in 1819, but I maintain that we knew enough to make our conduct inexcusable in sacrificing the Richelieu Ministry to the desire to uphold the Electoral Law.”

These early years of the Restoration are marked by stirring and dramatic events, both at home and abroad, following in quick succession, and in which both Duc Victor and his beautiful and universally beloved wife took a prominent part. The murder of the Duc de Berry, the risings in Italy, the disturbances in Spain, the

Congress of Verona (and the treacheries of M. de Châteaubriand), the arrest of Manuel, the warnings of Royer-Collard, General Froy, and the Duc de Broglie himself; the Spanish war, the insurrections in Greece, and the death of Louis XVIII., all these events tread quickly on each other's heels. The assassination of the unfortunate Duc de Berry by Louvel was the starting-point for the worst excesses of the ultra-Royalists, the usurpations of the clergy, and the violent denunciations of the Left. The Doctrinaires stood their ground, and manfully fought the battle of true patriotism, the struggle for justice and peace. It is here that we learn to know Mme. de Broglie, and to understand the indelible impression she has left on the hearts of all who ever approached her. From 1818 till 1824, from the moment when her husband actively entered on public life, he completes his own statements by recurrence to her diaries. It is the very romance of politics; and the fervor of conviction, the oneness of aim, the faith of each character in the other, yet the deference of each to the other's individuality, form one of the most admirable pictures of public duty served by mutual love that any period of history presents.

Mme. de Broglie was of the stuff of which the Portias and Rachel Russells are made; of those for whom thoughts are words and unspoken engagements law. She could neither depart from the true, nor descend from the ideal; and if ever a doubt could have existed of the loftiness of nature of Mme. de Staël, it would be dispelled in view of the mental and moral worth she transmitted to her daughter. Mme. de Broglie proved her mother's nobility of mind. Through the mist of more than half a century her spirit shines out over the page on which she traced the record of her life; and, as you read, you have a sensation as of sunlight, warm, bright, and softly strong. Her divination of the real, the hidden, natures of others is sometimes startling, and belongs to the peculiar gifts popularly attributed to those who are destined to die young.

The word "romance of politics" is the proper one, but it was not round the death-bed of the Duc de Berry alone that the tragic element was to be noted. The circumstances of the catastrophe have been too often recounted to make repetition needful. We can hear from a hundred chronicles, and even from still existing witnesses, the mixed horrors of that night when through each opening door the sounds of revelry broke upon the ears of the dying prince. "Truly a scene from Shakspeare!" writes Mme. de Broglie. But beyond that sphere of misery and crime another tragedy is enacted, less historical,

but not less full of anguish, nor perhaps less pregnant with political import: this is the severance of the real Liberals from the Royalist-Liberals, whose weakness and cowardice were to destroy the last hopes of the statesmen who, in their patriotic singleness of heart, had dreamed of the possible union of the old and the new régime. This drama was enacted in the home of Mme. de Broglie, and is indeed a soul's tragedy.

"I know how deeply you grieve over my loss!" said in solemn accents M. de Serre to Mme. de Broglie. "I grieve," replied she, "that you should lose yourself for such a cause—a cause you can never defend save by calumny and violence."

The position was the following: after the overthrow of the Richelieu Cabinet in 1818-19, upon the reform of the Electoral Laws, the groups of the Doctrinaires were virtually supporters of what was till then a Liberal Ministry with the Duc Decazes. Upon the death of the Duc de Berry, the alarm of the Royalists knowing no bounds, the weakest, most fatal measures of repression were forced upon the Government. To the House of Peers (on the 14th of February) they proposed the suppression of all free expression of thought by a Law of Censure; and to the *Chambre* the suspension of personal liberty; at the same time that the Ultras clamored for the accusation of M. Decazes as an accomplice in the assassination of the prince!

The Doctrinaires felt themselves placed between dishonor and retirement. Mme. de Broglie instantaneously wrote to M. de Serre, saying that he would, "of course," resign. But her noble confidence was ill requited. M. de Serre was frightened, and though he did resign later, on the advent of the second Richelieu Ministry and the dismissal of M. Decazes, he resolved to support the Government in its worst and most imprudent acts, and proved himself unworthy of the friends who had valued him so highly.

" . . . M. de Serre supports the new laws," notes Mme. de Broglie. "This is the greatest public grief that could befall me. I had looked upon him as Victor's other self! I put him beside Victor in conscientiousness and truth, and he, too, is about to fail, to be lost! (*Lui aussi va se perdre!*) He is ill, too, dying, it is said. . . . He tries to think he is obeying his conscience! . . . Victor has seen him; he is frightfully changed. . . . Alas! he does not attempt to justify the new laws, but says the present state of things must be made to last. . . . He suffers cruelly, and told M. Guizot so; saying, '*J'en mourrai!*' . . ."

When all had apparently failed, and the chief most relied upon

had not dared to remain equal to himself, the Duchesse de Broglie resolved to make a last effort: she had been the loftiest inspirer of the small band of patriot statesmen—the star to which all had looked up with reverence. To sink in her esteem was considered the last misfortune.

“ . . . I have just seen M. de Serre,” she writes; “ we have talked for two hours. . . . My emotion was extreme; he is certainly ill, but tries to justify his conduct. . . . ‘I once hoped,’ he said, ‘to establish freedom in this country; in your husband alone I found utter disinterestedness, and the love of good for its own sake! . . . I have done my best . . . but the triumph of the *Gauche* would be destruction; the only *expedients* left are these new laws.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘do you think a man can ever *do good* by *betraying his own conscience in upholding what he knows to be wrong?*’ ”

To the everlasting credit of the epoch be it noted, that although Duc Victor and his wife were, in their time, the object of the utmost and most reverential admiration, they aroused no astonishment, were not set apart from their fellows as curious exceptions, nor inspired the kind of awe which is mingled with a positive degree of discomfort. No; the sphere they moved in, the men who surrounded them, found them congenial. They were “comprehended of their time,” and let what will be said of France later, it is to the eternal honor of the French nation to have given birth to the small band of choice spirits of the period we are alluding to, and to have regarded them as no more than ordinary mortals. It helped to prove—the one necessary lesson for our present generation—that the “game of politics,” when played with the passion of self-sacrifice, is, as Arnold thought, the grandest of all occupations for the human kind. But the devotion to high aims must be entire; suffering must be borne, and death not shunned.

The leaders of the time when Victor de Broglie was young were men of this stamp—whole-hearted in their work; and the consequence was a genuine superiority in Parliamentary eloquence that has never been attained by them since. Nothing in the last days of Rome can surpass the foreign policy debates after the Congress of Verona in 1823, on the eve of the Spanish War, when Royer-Collard took up his inevitable position as leader of the then independent *Centre Gauche*. He may be said to have, in those debates, inaugurated a new style of political eloquence; for, though concise to a fault, he dealt his sledge-hammer blows with perfect regard to fitness of expression. His success founded the *Centre Gauche*, and it was the success of pure patriotic conviction.

And to the existence of this dignified liberty of utterance during the reign of Louis XVIII. M. de Broglie gives his testimony also, in the following very remarkable passage :

“ If I recall these fragments of a discourse long ago forgotten, it is not for the sake of *what I said, but for the fact that I could say it.* I think it is well I should show how far a speaker could go, not only under the Restoration, but under the full tide of Royalist reaction, in a chamber composed almost entirely of *émigrés*, court dignitaries, and ecclesiastics.”

It was on this occasion that M. de Broglie spoke the famous words so often quoted, and which have smouldered beneath all the volcanic eruptions that have burst forth since :

“ And when the outrage you contemplate shall have been consummated, when all liberties lie prone, what then? What will be the picture shown us by the Continent of Europe? Spain held in military occupation by France; Italy, by Austria; France herself compelled by all the allies in arms; Germany compelled by Russia. Everywhere the brutality of military rule; everywhere oppression and the despotism of the sword!”

How miserably true was the prediction, all Europe was unfortunately condemned to know; and the last chance for stable government in France was lost with the rupture of peace and the death of the king. In the autumn of 1824 Louis XVIII. died, “leaving,” to repeat M. de Broglie’s words, “all thinking men in the utmost anxiety, and all so-called *good Royalists* in the joy of their souls.”

From 1824 to 1830 M. de Broglie tells the decline of what might have been so fruitful—the most melancholy task that a historian can discharge. And yet, the consciousness of how easy would have been the triumph over all obstacles, how rich were the materials at hand, how much perversity, in short, had to be brought into play to thwart the good-will of fortune—this consciousness encourages and inspirits him in his narration until the advent of the Martignac Ministry, in 1827, gave the French public what appeared a reasonable ground for hope. There still endured that respect for freedom of speech which Duc Victor so emphatically acknowledges during the reign of the late sovereign, and that both court and king and church and *ultras* of all kinds could “take a beating” fairly, was a strong test of political vitality. But with 1830 and the July Monarchy everything changes, everything is overthrown, for nothing remains that can be respected or believed in. The roots are torn up; none are left whence a fresh growth may spring; there is no obvious *raison d’être* for any Government. Henceforth all may or

may not be. All governments are accidental. Why should any be defended? there comes the supreme question. What form of government is so necessary to the common weal that a good citizen should sacrifice himself to its duration?

In truth, the Revolution of July promised no more stability than the Second Empire, planted arbitrarily by the violence of the *coup d'état* of 1851. It is not without importance that other nations should learn this. It accounts for what otherwise must appear unaccountable. The men who were the most prominent actors in the so-called "three glorious days" of 1830 knew nothing of what they did, nor did they particularly care. Vain men like M. Guizot, bustling men like M. Thiers, may have supposed that such a régime could last, but it served their purpose, and made ministers (it could not make statesmen) of them. M. de Lafayette served it as a sort of figurehead before Louis Philippe replaced him, and because it was not in him to resist the allurements of popular orations. The masses, as far as they meant anything, meant the Republic, and the Republic meant the reëstablishment of the *Garde Nationale*, stupidly dissolved by Charles X. on the inconceivably stupid advice of M. de Villèle. The whole was an *escamotage*, and when success came, the successful were as much taken aback as the defeated. Among the victors, each reproached the other with foul play. The "Legitimists" accused Louis Philippe of having deprived the Duc de Bordeaux of his birthright and France of a constitutional monarchy, nor has any one ever cleared him of this accusation. The Republicans accused him of having cheated the nation, and adduced, as a proof, the uncontrollable reversion of the masses to the Republican form, the moment they ever were free to act; he and Lafayette both thoroughly knew that the country's aim was the Republic, and their cheaterly was wittingly carried out. The First Empire put down anarchy, and seized France with a strong hand, with the undoubted consent of the people; the elder Bourbons were brought back to save France from the horrors of war—but neither stole a crown.

#### IV.

Practically, the living interest of these *Souvenirs* ceases with the overthrow of the restored Monarchy. After the dismissal by Charles X. of the Martignac Ministry, the reader follows what is a hopeless endeavor to ward off a catastrophe. It is the catastrophe

that is in the natural order of things, and escape from it seems impossible ; and yet, the "hope against hope" is strong, and the brave spirits that had so earnestly fought for liberty and order, and for the establishment of a healthy constitutional Government for the past fifteen years, could not, and would not, give up to despair.

That they were not as wise as they were sincere and honest, M. de Broglie is the first to chronicle. In their conviction that the blind bigotry of king and court must of necessity stop short of certain limits, they failed to calculate the relative benefits they might have secured. As a matter of fact, they made the duration of the Martignac Ministry impossible by their stiff-necked opposition upon a question of mere precedence of form. They were persuaded that priority of debate ought to be accorded to the bill for reforming the departmental councils over the bill for municipal reforms, both of which introduced the elective principle into French administrative legislation. They may have been right technically, but they took too little heed of the dangers they incurred, and of the wish of the Ultras that they should make some mistake of this kind.

It was clear from the first hour of the new reign that modern thought was the enemy to be overcome ; and that whatever could conduce to the formation and expression of public opinion had to be put down. The famous *ordonnances* were not the sole cause of the July Revolution ; had they stood alone, nothing so radical would have ensued ; but they were the crowning act of a long series of attacks incessantly directed against what had become one of the chief conquests of modern life—against publicity.

With the exception of some few unimportant individuals, the court of the elder Bourbons, even under Charles X., was not fanatical ; all those who had gone through the various phases of the Revolution and the First Empire were tinged with a sort of philosophy and a feeling of the "*laissez-vivre—laissez-faire*" description, which made them incomparably more tolerant than their descendants of the present day. But what seemed to them intolerable, and what they refused to admit, was discussion : the unmeasured and public discussion of themselves, of their merits and demerits, of why they were, whence they came, and what was the reason of their predominance ? They rebelled against the notion that judgment should be passed upon them by the public, by the "vile multitude," as Thiers expressed it, thirty years later. This meant in reality war against the press ; and this was the true meaning of the unceas-



ing fight that was fought from 1825 to 1830, and ended in the advent of the Orleans dynasty. It was the fight against public opinion; against the right to thwart the king, for it is in France always a question of the individual king—*le Roi*—not of the crown, as an abstract power and equal component part of the "Estates of the Realm." This is proved by the famous *Address* of March, 1830—known by the name of "*l'Adresse des 221*" (from the number of the majority that voted it). This was the turning-point; till then, there was a kind of attempt to disguise; each side knew what the other was driving at, but they tried to look as if they did not know, and employed feints and stratagems which deceived no one. The *Address* laid the cards on the table and showed the hand. The word was uttered from which there could be no receding:

"The intervention of the country in the deliberations held on the public interests is consecrated by the charter."

Three months later the elder Bourbons were swept away into exile, and the younger (Orleans) branch provided a makeshift king for a kingdom which was to the end imperfectly defined.

The impression left on the mind of the common crowd that the fall of legitimate royalty in France was due to a *coup d'état* against newspapers, which newspaper editors and writers resented, thus causing successful *émeutes* that swelled into a revolution—this impression is a wholly erroneous one. It was in the first battle for the new principle of modern life that legitimate royalty fell. The stake was the unlimited right of public opinion publicly expressed; the right to judge, to pass sentence, to condemn.

It was granted that "1830" had achieved freedom of speech, freedom of thought, unrestrained. It was the victory of public opinion, and the public expression of it was to know no bounds. Everybody was to be at liberty to say, write, and publish everything. Therefore in 1848 was "publicity" let loose upon society, and a press-rule established such as the world never saw before. Newspapers pattered down like hail upon the community, and from this period begins the downfall of the high-class literature for which France had been famed throughout three centuries. As soon as the masses were persuaded of the possession of rule by the mere fact of superiority of numbers, they clamored no longer for "publicity." What was publicity to them? What the expression of public thought? They had no thoughts to express. They reigned by weight, and had

come to the Irishman's defiance: "Stand up till I fall upon ye!" It was then that France came to the silent reign of the brute, and this reign lasted till the war of 1870.

The first impression produced by these *Souvenirs* remains to the last. M. de Broglie seems, as you read, to present the phenomenon of a man who has lived both before and after his own time. You never with him lose sight of the completeness of things, never look upon the mere "event" as upon an explanation or a criticism. And the character of the writer is as captivating and as satisfactory as the book; it would be impossible to attribute it to any one else. It is his life that expresses itself through every page and every line, and it is the love of life in him that constitutes its charm.

"*J'aime la vie,*" he says in his introductory chapter (Vol. I., p. iii.), "*J'aime la vie et la culture.* In childhood," he continues, "I enjoyed life, and enjoyed it also through youth and riper age. I enjoy it now in advanced years with deepest gratitude; I regret nothing that time has deprived me of; for my firm belief is, that in living long we gain far more than we lose—for *if we live with our time, as the outward man decays by degrees, the inward man is renewed.*"

This constant "*renewal of life*" spreads a serenity over the entire work that makes it superior to any other of its kind. It contains the highest of all lessons to the discontented and querulous "pessimists" of our day, for it is the record of a man whose love of life is righteously joyful, and who accepts it as a treasure given in trust to be transmitted with increase of value to those who come after.

MME. BLAZE DE BURY.

## THE VICISSITUDES OF A PALACE.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-two, when Dickens was a short-hand reporter in the House of Commons, and Thackeray an art student seeking employment for his pencil or his pen; when Scott was vainly nerving his paralyzed hand to grasp the wizard's wand once more, and Lamb was writing his *Last Essays of Elia*; when Coleridge was uttering his oracles in the garden at Highgate, and Carlyle was wrestling with poverty and the devil at Craigenputtock; when Macaulay and Jeffrey were in Parliament, Landor in Italy, holding imaginary conversations with the spirits of the mighty dead, and Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, reclining upon the dry laurels of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets; when Leigh Hunt's poems had been collected and published by private subscription, and "Barry Cornwall's" songs had reached their second edition—in this somewhat barren and uncertain interval of English literature, the poetical reputation of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, undergraduate of the University of Cambridge, was trembling in the balance of Criticism.

Criticism with a large C, you will please to observe; for the day of their mighty Highnesses, the Reviewers, was not yet past. Seated upon their lofty thrones in London and Edinburgh, they weighed the pretensions of all new-comers into their realms with severity if not with impartiality, and measured out praise and blame with a royal hand. Nowadays the aspiring author receives a sort of homœopathic treatment, small doses and much diluted, in many "book notices"—little things which, if they are unfavorable, hardly hurt more than pin-pricks, and if they are favorable, hardly help more than gentle pats upon the head. But in those ruder times it was either the accolade or decapitation. Few years had passed since one young poet had been literally slain by a review article, and though the terrible Gifford had done his last book, there were other men, like Wilson and Croker and Lockhart, who understood the art of speedy despatch. *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* still clothed themselves with Olympian thunder,

"And that two-handed engine at their door,  
Stood ready to smite once and smite no more."

Against their tyrannical sway some few daring spirits ventured to set up standards of revolt; the *Westminster Review*, Leigh Hunt's *Tatler*, the *Athenæum*, and the short-lived *Englishman's Magazine*, these and others were organs of the new school, and at their hands the writer who had endured scorn and buffeting from the conservatives might hope to receive a warm defence. Between these two hostile forces Mr. Alfred Tennyson had made his appearance in 1830 with a slim volume of *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. The *Westminster* hailed him with discretion as a true poet. Leigh Hunt praised the longest of the poems as one which "Crashaw might have written in a moment of scepticism had he possessed vigor enough." Arthur Hallam—bright, prophetic soul—presented his friend to the world as "one of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense." Then came the counterblast. "Christopher North," hardest of all hard hitters, took up the new poet in *Blackwood*, and administered severe castigation. Mingling a little condescending encouragement with his blame, and holding out the hope that if "Alfred" would only reform his style and get rid of his Cockney admirers he might some day accomplish something, the stern magister sets to work in the mean time to demolish the dainty lyrics. Drivel, and more dismal drivel, and even more dismal drivel, is what he calls them; and in concluding his remarks upon "The Owl" he says: "Alfred is the greatest owl; all he wants is to be shot, stuffed, and stuck in a glass case, to be made immortal in a museum."

Boom! said the cannon. Off with his head! Or, at least, let him keep it out of sight until he has changed the cut of his hair and put himself into a shape which is acceptable to the authorities. He has failed in his first attempt; but something is to be forgiven to his youth. Now he is on trial. Alfred, beware!

Six months after this, in December, 1832, Mr. Tennyson put forth his second volume. One hundred and sixty-three pages, thirty poems. I hold the rare little book in my hand now, with Barry Cornwall's autograph on the title-page and his pencil marks running all along the margins.

It was evident at once that the poet had not changed his tune at the command of the reviewer. Deeper and stronger were his notes, more manly and of a wider range; but there were still the same delicacy of imagination, the same lyrical freedom, the same exquisite and unconventional choice of words, and the same peculiar blending of the classic and the romantic, which have become

so familiar that we can hardly realize how fresh and strange they must have seemed to the readers of half a century ago. It was clear that this young man was moving along the same path in which Keats had begun to tread, and might go beyond him, might become to a certain extent the founder of a new school of English poetry. He must be dealt with mildly but firmly. And this time it was not "rusty Christopher," but a more dangerous critic, who undertook the task. Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly*, sometimes called the "scorpion," because of a certain peculiarity in the latter end of his articles, has generally been credited with the authorship of the review of Tennyson's poems which was published in July, 1833.

It is conceived in a spirit of ironical praise. The reviewer begins with an apology for never having seen Mr. Tennyson's first volume, and proposes to repair his unintentional neglect by introducing to the admiration of sequestered readers "a new prodigy of genius, another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." He proceeds to offer what he calls "a tribute of unmingled approbation," and, selecting a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, "to point out now and then the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." This means, in plain words, to hold up the whole performance to ridicule by commending its weakest points in extravagant mock-laudation, and passing over its best points in silence. A method more exasperating and unfair can hardly be imagined; and the worst of it was that the critic's keenness led him to strike with almost unerring accuracy upon the real blemishes of the book. His "unmingled approbation" was a thousand times more severe than old Christopher's blunt and often clumsy condemnation. It was as if one had praised Pope for his amiable temper, or Wordsworth for the brilliancy of his wit.

The effect of this review upon the public we can only conjecture. But if the present scarcity of the volume is any indication, this edition of Tennyson's poems must have been a small one; and it was not until 1835 that John Stuart Mill, in the *Westminster Review*, attempted to create a better estimate of the real value of the book.

But upon the poet himself the effect was clearly marked. For ten years he was almost entirely silent, and when his next book appeared, in 1842, the force of Lockhart's criticisms was acknowledged in the most practical way. Five of the poems which had been most severely ridiculed were dropped altogether; and in the others almost

all of the blemishes which had been pointed out were removed. The miller's *mealy face*,

" Like the moon in an ivytod,"

the *water-rat* plunging into the stream, and the *gummy chestnut-buds* had vanished from the "Miller's Daughter." The grave accent over the *e*, in *charmèd* and similar words, was gone. And in the "Lady of Shalott," *tirra lirra* no longer did duty as a rhyme to *river*.

But the most numerous and the most important changes were made in "The Palace of Art," the longest and, in many respects, the most significant poem in the volume. And I cannot think of any more profitable way to study the development of Tennyson's genius and the growth of his distinctive style, than to trace the vicissitudes of this "Palace" as it appears in its earliest and its later forms.

The poem is an allegory—a vision of spiritual truth. Its meaning is clearly defined in the dedication to an unnamed friend. Its object is to exhibit a gifted but sinful soul, in its endeavors to live in selfish solitude and enjoy the most refined and consummate pleasures this earth can afford, without regard to the interests or the sufferings of the great world of mankind. The lesson which the poet desires to teach is that such a life must be a failure and carry its punishment within itself. It is an æsthetic protest against æstheticism. But it is worthy of notice that, while the dedication in the first edition was addressed to a member of the æsthetic class—

" You are an artist, and will understand  
Its many lesser meanings,"—

in the second edition this line has disappeared. It is as if the poet desired to give a wider range to his lesson; as if he would say, "You are a man, and no matter what your occupation may be, you will feel the truth of this allegory."

This first alteration is characteristic. It shows us the change which had passed upon Tennyson's feelings and purposes during those eventful ten years of silence. He had grown broader and deeper. He was no longer content to write for a small and select circle of readers. His sympathies were larger and more humane. He began to feel that he had a country, and patriotism inspired him to write for England. He began to feel that the lives of common men and women are full of material for poetry, and philanthropy inspired him to speak as a man to his fellow men. This change, coming somewhere in the years when he was feeling the

effects of his first great personal sorrow, the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, transformed Tennyson from the poet of a coterie into a true poet of the people. "The Palace of Art," even in its first form, was a prophecy of this change; but in its subsequent alterations we can trace the power of this broader and more humane spirit to mould the very form of the poet's work and make it more perfect.

The Palace which the poet built for his soul is described as standing on a lofty table-land, secure and inaccessible, for the first object sought was to dwell apart from the world. Then follows, in the original edition, a description of its long-sounding corridors,

"Roofed with thick plates of green and orange glass,  
Ending in stately rooms."

In the second edition the architect's good taste has discarded this conservatory effect and these curiously assorted colors. He inserts instead a plan of the surroundings of the Palace, with its four great courts and its foaming fountains, its smooth lawns and branching cloisters. He draws a gilded parapet around the roof, and shows the distant prospect of the landscape. In following this order he has given reality and dignity to his structure, made it seem less like a picture-gallery, and more like a royal mansion.

Then he leads the soul through the different rooms, and describes the tapestries on the walls. As the poem stood at first these included the Madonna, Venus Anadyomene, St. Cecily, Arthur in the valley of Avilion, Kriemhilt pouring the Nibelungen gold into the Rhine, Europa, with her hand grasping the golden horn of the bull, and Ganymede borne upward by the eagle, together with landscapes of forest and pasture, sea-coast, mountain-glen, and woodlands, interspersed with gardens and vineyards. When the Palace was changed, Venus and Kriemhilt disappeared, and Europa occupied a smaller place. Pictures of Numa and his wise wood-nymphs, Indian Cama seated on his summer throne, and the porch of Mohammed's Paradise thronged with houris, were added. And among the landscapes there were two new scenes, one of cattle feeding by a river, and another of reapers at their sultry toil.

The soul pauses here, in the first edition, and indulges in a little rhapsody on the evolution of the intellect. This disappears in the second edition, and we pass directly from the chambers hung with arras into the great hall, the central apartment of the Palace. Here the architect had gathered, at first, a collection of portraits

of great men which was so catholic in its taste as to be almost motley. Lockhart laughed most derisively when he saw the group. "Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Homer, Michael Angelo, Martin Luther, Francis Bacon, Cervantes, Calderon, King David, the Halicarnassean (quære, which of them ?), Alfred himself (presumably not the poet),

" ' Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,  
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,  
Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphaël,  
And eastern Confutzee.' "

This reminds the critic of a verse in that Doric poem, "The Groves of Blarney," and he wonders whether Mr. Tennyson was not thinking of the Blarney collection—

" Statues growing that noble place in  
Of heathen goddesses most rare ;  
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,  
All standing naked in the open air."

But in the revised Palace all these have been left out, except the first four, and the architect has added a great

" mosaic choicely plann'd  
With cycles of the human tale  
Of this wide world, the times of every land  
So wrought, they will not fail.

" The people here, a beast of burden slow,  
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ;  
Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro  
The heads and crowns of kings ;

" Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind  
All force in bonds that might endure,  
And here once more like some sick man declin'd  
And trusted any cure."

This mosaic covered the floor, and over these symbols of struggling humanity the vainglorious soul trod proudly as she went up to take her throne between the shining windows on which the faces of Plato and Verulam were blazoned. In the first edition there was a gorgeous description of the banquet with which she regaled herself; piles of flavorful fruits, musk-scented blooms, ambrosial pulps and juices, graceful chalices of curious wine, and a service of costly jars and bossed salvers. Thus she feasted in solitary state, and

" ere young night divine  
Crowned dying day with stars,



“ Making sweet close of his delicious toils,  
 She lit white streams of dazzling gas,  
 And soft and fragrant flames of precious oils  
 In moons of purple glass.”

This was written when the use of gas for illuminating purposes was new, and not considered unromantic. When the Palace was remodelled the gas was turned off, and the supper was omitted. The soul was lifted above mere sensual pleasures, and sat listening to her own song and rejoicing in her royal seclusion.

From this point onward, through the swift verses which describe the blight of loneliness and self-loathing which fell upon the mistress of the Palace, her repentance, and her retreat to a cottage in the vale, where she might weep and pray and purge her guilt, there are but few alterations in the poem. But there is one which is very significant. I mean the late addition of those verses (of which there is no trace either in 1833 or in 1842) which describe the contempt and hatred of the soul toward the common people, and her complete separation from all their interests:

“ O God-like isolation which art mine,  
 I can but count thee perfect gain,  
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine  
 That range on yonder plain.

“ In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,  
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep ;  
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,  
 And drives them to the deep.”

These lines are most essential to the understanding of the poem. They touch the very heart of the sin which defiled the Palace and destroyed the soul's happiness. It was not merely that she loved music and beauty and fragrance ; but that in her love for these she lost her moral sense, denied her human duties, and scorned, instead of pitying and helping, those who lived on the plain below her.

Selfish pride is the mother of the worst kind of pessimism, a pessimism which despairs because it despises. This is the unpardonable sin which makes its own hell. And this is the lesson which Tennyson, in the maturity of his powers has wished to emphasize by adding these verses to “ The Palace of Art.”

There are a great many minor alterations scattered through the

poem, which I have not time to notice. Some of them are mere changes of spelling, like Avilion, which becomes Avalon; and Cecily, which is changed to Cicely in 1842, and back again to Cecily in later editions; and sweet Europa's mantle, which at first "blew unclasped," and then lost its motion and got a touch of color, becoming "blue, unclasped," and finally returned to its original form. (Some one has said that a painter would not have been forced to choose between color and motion, for he could have made the mantle at once blue and blowing.) Corrections and re-corrections such as these show how carefully Mr. Tennyson seeks the perfection of language.

But the most interesting change yet to be noted is directly due to Lockhart's sharp criticism; at least, it was he who first pointed out the propriety of it, in his usual sarcastic way. "In this poem," said he, "we first observed a stroke of art which we think very ingenious. No one who has ever written verses but must have felt the pain of erasing some happy line, some striking phrase, which, however excellent in itself, did not exactly suit the place for which it was destined. How curiously does an author mould and remould the plastic verse in order to fit in the favorite thought; and when he finds that he cannot introduce it, as Corporal Trim says, *any how*, with what reluctance does he at last reject the intractable, but still cherished, offspring of his brain. Mr. Tennyson manages this delicate matter in a new and better way. He says, with great candor and simplicity, 'If this poem were not already too long *I should have added the following stanzas*,' and then *he adds them*; or, 'I intended to have added something on statuary, but I found it very difficult; but I have finished the statues of Elijah and Olympias; judge whether I have succeeded;' and then *we have those two statues*. This is certainly the most ingenious device that has ever come under our observation for reconciling the rigor of criticism with the indulgence of parental partiality."

The passages to which Mr. Lockhart alludes in this delicious paragraph are the notes appended to pages 73 and 83 of the original edition. The former of these contains four stanzas on sculptures; the latter gives a description of one of the favorite occupations of the self-indulgent soul, which is too fine to be left unquoted. Above the palace a massive tower was built:

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies  
Were shuddering with silent stars, she clomb,  
And, as with optic glasses, her keen eyes  
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

“Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms  
Of suns, and starry streams.

“She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,  
That marvellous round of milky light  
Below Orion, and those double stars  
Whereof the one more bright

“Is circled by the other.”

But, however admirable these lines may seem, and however much we may regret their loss, there can be no doubt that the manner of their introduction was incongruous and absurd. It was like saying, “This Palace is not to have a hall of statues, but I will simply put on a small wing as a sample of what is not to be done. And there is no room for an observatory, but I will construct one in order that you may see what it would have been like.” The poet himself seems to have recognized that the device was too “ingenious” to be dignified: and in 1842 he restored the symmetry of the Palace by omitting the annex-buildings entirely.

And now let us sum up the changes which have been made in the Palace since it was first constructed. For this purpose it will be better to take Macmillan’s edition of 1884 (which probably represents the poet’s final revision) and lay it beside the edition of 1833.

In 1833 the poem, including the notes, contained eighty-three stanzas; in 1884 it has only seventy-five. Of the original number thirty-one have been entirely omitted—in other words, more than a third of the structure has been pulled down; and, in place of these, twenty-two new stanzas have been added, making a change of fifty-three stanzas. The fifty-two that remain have almost all been retouched and altered, so that very few stand to-day in the same shape which they had at the beginning. I suppose there is no other poem in the language, not even among the writings of Tennyson, which has passed through such vicissitudes as this.

But, after all, it remains the same poem; its plan and purpose are unchanged. And the general result of the alteration is twofold: first, the omission of unnecessary decoration, which is a good rule for the architect: second, the increased clearness and force of the lesson, which is a profitable example for the moralist. The omissions may deprive us of many rich and polished details, beautiful as the carved capitals of Corinthian pillars; but they leave the Palace stand-

ing more plainly and solidly before the inward eye. The additions, almost without exception, are chosen with a wondrous skill, to reveal and intensify the meaning of the allegory. Touch after touch brings out the picture of the self-centred soul: the indifference that hardens into cruel contempt, the pride that verges swiftly toward insanity, the insatiate lust of pleasure that devours all the world can give and then turns to feed upon itself, the empty darkness of the life without love. It seems as if the poet had felt that he must spare no pains to make the picture clear and strong. And indeed, the age has need of it. For the chosen few are saying to their disciples that the world is a failure, humanity a mass of wretchedness, religion an ancient dream—the only refuge for the elect of wealth and culture is in art. Retreat into your places of pleasure. Leave the Philistines. Delight your eyes and ears with all things fair and sweet. So shall it be well with you and your soul shall rejoice itself in fatness.

This is the new gospel of pessimism—nay, its old gospel. Nebuchadnezzar tried it in Babylon, Hadrian tried it in Rome, Solomon tried it in Jerusalem, and from all its palaces of art comes the same voice: *vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas*.

It is not until the soul has learned a better wisdom, learned that the human race is one, and that none can truly rise by treading on his fellow men, learned that art is not the servant of luxury, but the helper of humanity, learned that happiness is born not of the lust to possess and to enjoy, but of the desire to give and to bless—then, and not until then, when she brings others with her, can the soul find true rest in her Palace.

There are signs, not a few, that the light of this lesson is beginning to dawn upon the minds of men as our too-selfish century draws near its end. The growing desire that every human habitation should have its touch of grace and delight, the movement to adorn our public places and redeem the city-Saharas from the curse of desolation, the effort to make our churches more beautiful and more attractive, as the houses of prayer for all people, the splendid gifts which private generosity has bestowed upon our metropolitan galleries—all these are tokens of a better day. They encourage us to hope that art is to be emancipated and humanized, and thus to receive a new inspiration.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

IT is quite aside from the purpose of this paper to compass the comprehensive province of general criticism. This has been done or, at least, attempted by no less a personage than Matthew Arnold; as he boldly declares: "I am bound by my own definition of criticism—a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." This, we submit, is a definition covering not only the ever-widening area of criticism itself, but a vast deal of territory beyond its legitimate domain. We speak, at present, of that particular department of criticism known as literary, wherein the method and subject-matter alike are specifically those of literature as distinct from science, philosophy, or from language itself in its purely linguistic character. Despite Mr. Arnold's all-embracing definition, he is so much a man of letters that most of his statements and conclusions as to the critical art have specially to do with literature, and that in modern European times. Nor is it too much to say, that what might be called the popular idea of criticism refers primarily to literature in some one or other of its manifold forms. In so far as English literary criticism is concerned, its origin is comparatively recent. Mr. Hallam, in common with other literary historians of the earlier epochs of our authorship, calls attention to a kind of criticism and to various schools of critics existing in the age of Elizabeth and immediately succeeding eras. Hence, the names of Gascoigne, Webbe, Puttenham, and Sidney are enumerated, and reference is made to the metaphysical school of Donne as a critical school in the sphere of verse. Later in the history, scores of so-called critics appear, who at the hands of some well-disposed historians receive more than a passing notice, while at the opening of the reign of Anne, and throughout the period of the classical school of letters, English literary criticism may be said to have taken on for the first time something like a specific and systematic form in the pages of Pope and Dryden, Addison and Samuel Johnson. Special critical treatises upon varied literary subjects were prepared and published. Such were Lord Kames' *Elements of Criticism*, Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Tho-

mas Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Alison's *Essay on Taste* and Dr. Blair's *University Lectures on Belles Lettres*—each of these numerous discussions calling emphatic attention to the criticism of authorship as a distinctive department of scholarly effort. It is not to be forgotten that it was in the middle and latter part of this eighteenth century that the literary influence of Germany was especially felt in England through the writings of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Hence, we cannot be at a loss to account, on the one hand, for that general mental awakening of which the British mind at once became the subject, nor, on the other hand, for that distinctively critical impetus that was imparted to our national letters. Just here we are prepared, therefore, for what may be regarded as the exact historical origin of modern English literary criticism—the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1802, in the persons of Jeffrey and his colleagues. The *Review* was pre-eminently critical and always in the definite realm of literary work. It was characteristically a review—its object being to take a scholarly survey of the authorship of the time and pronounce judgment upon it in the light of critical canons as then established. From this date on, such a type of criticism has grown to imposing proportions, keeping even pace with the rapid development of modern English letters and threatening, at times, to distance its natural competitor, and become an end unto itself. The name of our nineteenth century critics has already become legion, from Gifford, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Hallam, and North on to the masterly work of Carlyle and Arnold. Such a conspicuous history of literary art as this cannot be too carefully marked by the literary student. Its characteristic features cannot be too definitely traced and all that is false be sharply distinguished from all that is true.

With the literature of England specially in view, it will be our purpose to discuss and emphasize the essential elements of literary criticism which, being absent, nullify or vitiate its rightful influence, but which, if effectively present, make such criticism one of the most potent factors in the literary development of a people.

It is needless to state, at the outset, that the presence of general intelligence in the person of the critic is postulated. Common information on common topics of intellectual interest is assumed. Such an one must, in a well-understood sense, be conversant with what Mr. Arnold is pleased to phrase "the best that is known and thought in the world." He must, in Baconian speech, be a "full man," so as

not "to need to have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." If, as we are told, criticism means, to all intents and purposes, the "criticism of life," and Mr. Whipple is right in connecting literature and life, then must the critical work of every literary artist evince such an order and such a measure of the knowledge of things in general. It is to this very point that Mr. Arnold is speaking in defence of his comprehensive theory, as he says, "Judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, but the judgment which forms itself along with fresh knowledge is the valuable one." Here the need is emphasized, on the critic's part, of an acquaintanceship with the general area and outlook of things, as if he should aim to be a kind of scholar at large, roaming at will over the vast domain of universal truth. In this respect, Leibnitz and Voltaire must have approximately answered the demands of the English essayist. A question of more than common interest emerges just here. It refers to the necessity of what is termed a liberal education to the fulfilment of the functions of literary criticism. *A priori*, this would seem to be a tenable position. In the light of the history of criticism itself, it receives large endorsement, while, conversely, the exceptions are numerous and valid enough to keep the question still at issue.

This much, however, is to be affirmed and maintained, that a good degree of general knowledge in whatsoever way obtained is essential. Whether in the regular courses of academic study or in some exceptional manner, the "mental stuff," as Bacon terms it, must be possessed as affording a valid basis for anything like large-minded and liberal judgment. Though the acquisitions need not be encyclopedic as were those of Leibnitz, they are to be, in the best sense, comprehensive. We are speaking, however, of an order of knowledge specifically literary, a knowledge of books, and, most of all, of those books whose content, method, style and object are literary as distinct from any other possible character. Literary criticism must be based on a familiarity with literature as a separate province of human thought and effort. Such a critic must be a specialist in letters as the scientific or philological critic must be in his distinct department. Whatever his scholarly attainments may be in this or that branch of learning, or however broad his knowledge may be of men and things, he must be a *littérateur*—a man of letters in the highest meaning of that term. The few great critics of the world in the sphere of literature have been such men—pre-eminently what our First English speech calls *Bôc-Men*—men of books. Such were

Aristotle and Quintilian, of ancient times. Such were the Schlegels of Germany and the wide-minded Goethe, and such, Doctor Johnson and De Quincey of England. It is specifically of this literary knowledge that Addison is speaking in one of his critical papers as so essential to all adequate judgment. "The truth of it is," he writes, "there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic without a good insight into all the parts of learning." His reference, throughout, is to that particular kind of learning which comes from an absorbing intimacy with classical letters. Attention has already been called to the fact that we are living in a day of critical activity. Another fact of equal importance is that ignorant criticism in the qualified sense of literary ignorance is by far too common. Even where much of our modern censorship is competent on the side of general information, it is palpably deficient in the narrower domain of literary art. The fundamental facts of literary history as a definite branch of history are not sufficiently in possession. As to the manifold relations of such history to that which is purely civil or ecclesiastical and as to the vital relations of authors to the times in which they live and write there is too often a manifest lack of knowledge. An accurate acquaintance with all that is meant by Taine in his frequent reference to epoch and environment as affecting literature is not sufficiently conspicuous.

It is this class of critics whom Addison designates "illiterate smatterers." They are the novices and unthinking adventurers in a sphere whose special requirements they are either unwilling to meet or incapable of appreciating. The art of criticism they regard as, at best, a kind of mechanical survey of what purports to be original with authors, and a duty, if duty at all, to be dismissed with as little thoughtfulness and preparation as possible. Modern journalism and the lighter magazine literature of the time open an attractive field in which these experimenters may ply their daily trade. Literary criticism must, therefore, first of all, be competent, an intelligent criticism on the literary side demanding special measures of intelligence with reference to every separate subject presented for examination. Professor Masson in his study of Milton, and Professor Child in his study of Chaucer and Middle English ballads, are living examples of those who in this respect have worthily fulfilled their mission.

Such an order of criticism is as beneficent in its results as it is unyielding in its requirements. It is stimulating and suggestive to all



who come under its influence. It gives what Cardinal Newman would call "a note of dignity" to the entire province of judicial function in letters. As literature widens, it also assumes still broader forms, until, at length, the desired result is secured, that criticism becomes an important part of literature itself, and heartily cooperates therewith toward every worthiest end.

In the face of popular opinion to the contrary, the human heart, as well as the head, has something to do in the field of critical endeavor, while it is in the currency and weight of this erroneous sentiment that the need of giving due emphasis to this principle of considerateness is apparent. The very words—critic, critical, and criticism—have become and still are synonymous with personal indifference; if not, indeed, with positive hostility of feeling and opinion. Mr. Gosse suggestively terms it, "executive severity." The judicial censor of books and writers is rather expected to play the part of an executioner, to have nothing to do with what Mr. Disraeli styles the amenities. To criticise is, of course, to impale the author on the point of the critic's pen, to magnify faults and overlook excellences. Volumes might, indeed, be written on unsympathetic criticism without going beyond the bounds of our own literature. In the days of the English bards and Scotch reviewers it was sufficiently conspicuous. It is just here that the *Dunciad* overreached itself, and in its aim at the humorous entered the province of the captious and cynical. It is here that the formal and fastidious school of classical poetry in the age of Dryden sadly erred, that the imperious Dr. Johnson violated the dictates of propriety, and that such a gifted man as Carlyle vitiated much of his rightful literary influence. What a sorry picture does Poe afford us in his personal vituperation of the authors of his time, who in every particular were his superiors! What a lack of literary courtesy and good-will appears in the haughty depreciation of American poets by the infallible Whitman! Benedix, in Germany, and Voltaire, in France, were such critical cynics in their respective judgments of Shakspeare; nor is Taine, with all his merit, without deserved rebuke in this particular sphere of hypercriticism. If we inquire more specifically as to what is meant by this element, we remark a kindly regard for the feelings, the circumstances, and the purpose of the author under review. Mr. Arnold would call it "urbanity." "A critic," writes Mr. Stedman, "must accept what is best in a

poet and thus become his best encourager," a principle, we may add, as intrinsically true as it is finely illustrated in the author of it. Of all men, the literary critic should be a man of a humane temper of mind, full of a genuine fellow-feeling for those whose intellectual work he is called to examine. It is his duty to take as charitable and catholic a view of authors and authorship as possible, based on a wide survey of those peculiar difficulties that lie along the line of anything like original work in letters. Here we come in contact with a distinct literary principle closely applying to the subject in hand. It maintains that, for the best results in this department of criticism, the critic and the author must be one, confirming thus the couplet of Pope :

" Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
And censure freely who have written well."

The mere critic, in the technical sense of the word, is the least fitted to sit as a censor in any province of original production, and most especially in that of literature, where the most delicate phases of personal character appear and where words are so influential over sensitive natures. In the literature of our vernacular it is suggestive to note the large number of critics who have reached their eminence through individual authorship. One has but to run down the long list of those gifted writers who have in hand the *English Men of Letters* Series to see such a combination most happily exemplified. In such men as Morrison and Masson, Shairp and Hutton, Patterson and Ward, Ainger and Trollope, it would be difficult to say which was the more prominent—their critical acumen or their actual productive power as writers. If we extend this principle to the authors themselves, who are the subjects of criticism, such as Addison, De Quincey, Coleridge, and others, the result is equally striking. Of the nine American poets discussed by Mr. Stedman, the same principle is apparent in the critical work of Lowell and Taylor, much of the secret of whose power is found in the fact of their genial sweetness of temper as induced by a personal knowledge of the author's trials and discouragements. The temptation to unfeeling criticism is far too potent to be ignored. When most stoutly resisted, it will still be present with sufficient efficacy. If once allowed to control the method and spirit of critical work, it will, in the end, but defeat the very purpose of such work, and magnify the personal element above the great interests of literary art. Criticism is one

thing, censoriousness is another. Keats and Henry Kirke White are not the only poets who will rise up in judgment against heartless reviewers. It may be emphasized here that the ever recurring errors of opinion among the wisest critics should be enough to induce in all who are called to such duty a spirit of humility and charity. It is well known in what comparative disesteem England's greatest dramatic poet was held in the seventeenth century, while scores of second-rate versifiers were lauded beyond all claims of merit. Later in our history, Edmund Waller was pronounced "the most celebrated lyric poet that England ever produced." Thomas Warton goes out of his way to compliment Hammond, and Burns must content himself with ploughing and gauging. The mere recital of England's poet laureates from 1660 on to the time of Southey is enough to awaken within us the serio-comic sentiment. Dryden excepted, the roll of honor reads as follows: Davenant, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Warton, Whitehead, and Pye, and these were the masters of literature for a century and a half after the Restoration! Fortunately for our national honor, the list opens with the name of Spencer and closes with that of Tennyson.

Critics apart, however, criticism itself as a literary art must have something of "the milk of human kindness" in it. Even Carlyle, in his essay on Burns, goes so far as to say: "Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business. We are not so sure of this," while in the very essay referred to the captious fault-finder forgets awhile his prevailing methods and is full of benignity. How genial as a literary judge is the kindly Charles Lamb, as he discusses the productions of our earlier English dramatists! Sydney Smith, Christopher North, and the brothers Hare are eminent here, while one of the most attractive elements in that masterly treatise on English Letters now preparing by Henry Morley is that urbanity of temper under whose subduing influence all the rough edges of the critic's work are made to disappear.

Nor are we contending here, as we shall see hereafter, for any such thing as laxity of judgment or a sentimental deference to the character, work, and opinions of authors coming under judicial inspection. We simply maintain with Pope, that the critic and the man are one, that any order of literary judgment which separates itself from the reach and play of human sympathies is thereby devoid of one of the prime conditions of all true literary decision. Diogenes

the cynic has no function in such a sphere. That truly cosmopolitan spirit, so germane to every man of letters, would forever exclude him. It is refreshing to hear the genial Richter, in speaking of Madame de Staël's *Allemagne*, declare, "What chiefly exalts her to be our critic is the feeling she manifests." Richter himself was a notable example of such kindness of spirit, adjusting all differences, subduing all enmity, and, while defending the highest canons of literary art, still applying them with suavity and grace. There is a criticism that disarms criticism. There is such a thing as the humanities in the world of letters, and no man can afford, either for his own sake or for that of literature itself, to take the censor's chair and issue his decisions in any other attitude of mind than that of considerate deference to the feelings of men.

Knowledge and sympathy are one thing and essential in their place. Insight is quite another thing, and in its place even more essential. It is what Mr. Arnold terms "the endeavor to see the object as in itself it really is." The work of the critic is now introspective and subjective, having to do with the innermost content and spirit of whatsoever may be examined.

There is in this included, first of all, that particular order of insight which we may call philosophic. As such, it has primarily to do with the fundamental laws of things, with the genesis of causes and the gradual sequence of effects. It is this phase of critical activity which the ablest critics of all ages have magnified. It is the criticism of ideas, of the essential properties of any mental product quite apart from any specifically external form which it may assume. Even Pope, despite his slavish subjection to the formalities of Augustan art in letters, insists upon this interior insight as one of the prime conditions in those "born to judge." Criticism at this point may be said to rise to the dignity of a philosophic science. All that is meant by the high mental process of generalization, of analysis and synthesis, is practically involved in it. Hence, the increasingly high conception which modern educated opinion is holding as to its character and requirements. More and more is it seen to be something more than a verbal study of authorship, and is taking its place as a substantial art, based on logical and psychological grounds. Nothing more surely confirms this statement than the tendency manifest of late to make the boundary line between literary criticism and creation as narrow as possible. Principal Shairp,

in his *Aspects of Poetry*, dwells on this very subject with characteristic interest. Mr. Carlyle, in all his writings, insists upon the necessity of the inventive as well as the historical element in criticism. Precisely so, Mr. Arnold; while the latest deliverance on this particular topic is from Mr. Stedman; as he quaintly expresses it: "I doubt if creative criticism, and that which is truly critical, differ like the experimental and the analytic chemistries." In plain English, he would say, the difference is incidental and not radical. When he says of Mr. Lowell, "that to read him enjoyably is a point in evidence of a liberal education," he is speaking of his critical ability. There is, indeed, such a thing as the "higher criticism" applied to the products of literary art. It is distinctively intellectual in cast and method, so that its normal result will be seen in the form of mental quickening and expansion. It has to do far more with what De Quincey calls the "Literature of Power," than with the "Literature of Knowledge." The one is inquisitive; the other merely acquisitive. The judicial faculty, in whatever sphere applied, is one of the highest organs of mental energy, and reaches its conclusions largely through the agency of philosophic insight. There is, however, a further form of insight absolutely essential to the criticism of literature. We may call it literary, as distinct from philosophic. Addison speaks of it as "fine taste," born with us, if at all existing, and so essential as by its absence to render all judgments fallacious. We sometimes speak of it correctly as delicacy of perception, that peculiar reach and nicety of discrimination by which the mind comes at once to the clear discernment of what is true and beautiful in authorship. While less distinctively logical than that order of insight already noted, it is even more penetrating and crucial, and, withal, more reliable in its decisions. Unrestricted by any of the formulæ of the schools, and quite devoid of what may be called a systematic procedure, it works with all the spontaneity of instinct, and yet with all the satisfactoriness of established law. It is this that Mr. Arnold may have in mind in one of his favorite words—"lucidity." It is undoubtedly what he means by his reiterated phrase, "a sense of beauty." This is substantially what we mean by literary insight including in its range of vision not only beauty, but all the other and higher qualities of expression. We prefer to call it "the literary sense"—founded, indeed, on literary knowledge and philosophic insight, and yet possessed of a character and territory of its own. This is that special penetration that de-

fects, appreciates, and exhibits all the most delicate features of literary excellence in prose and verse, which peers with the genuine critic's eye, clarified by culture, into all the shades and phases of truth. It is what Hazlitt would call "the refined understanding," a sagacious apprehension of those particular qualities which make any work of art attractive and worthy. At times, as with the Greeks of old, it would seem to have been the possession of an entire people, while even in modern literature the instances are not rare when mere scholarly criticism, devoid of this unstudied perception of the inmost essence of things, has been forced to defer its literary judgments to the intuitive decisions of the general literary public. The existence of such a type and measure of insight is, however, comparatively rare, either in nations or individuals. Hence, those critics in whom this genius of criticism is found are few in number. Longinus, among the Greeks, was such an one. Such, among the Germans, was Goethe, whom Masson calls "the greatest literary critic that ever lived." Such was Sainte-Beuve in France, and such is Mr. Ruskin, of England. The very mention of these names is indicative of a keen, subtle, pervasive insight into character and art. Beyond all knowledge of fact and power of generalization there is the "vision and the faculty divine" as belonging to the critic no less than to the author. Under its searching introspection hidden things are brought to light, and truth and beauty are seen to be one. It is pertinent to note, in this connection, that nothing is more fatal to literary progress than the presence of superficial literary criticism, marked alike by its lack of philosophic and of literary penetration. As already intimated, modern Continental and English Letters are showing decided progress in this particular. Since the opening of the romantic era in England, in the natural art of Burns and Wordsworth, scholars, authors, and readers alike are becoming less and less tolerant of mere verbal structure for structure's sake. Despite the fact that the conventional school of the days of Anne is far too largely reproduced by the leading poets of England, to-day, still the protest against it is so emphatic and continuous that it must perforce be heard and heeded. The gradual supremacy of substantial prose over merely resonant verse, the gradual decadence of polite letters, as the French have loosely used that phrase, and the increasing attention now given to the history, philosophy and purpose of literature, all make their influence felt within the province of criticism itself, and call for something more than mere mechanical technique.

There is an ever more imperative demand among the representative classes of the community to get down below the outer body of literature to the absolute heart of things. Mr. Gosse, in his recently published criticisms—*From Shakespeare to Pope*—has, in some respects, done the literary world an important service in bringing to light undiscovered facts relative to the classical school of English letters. We confess, however, to the untimeliness of the attempt, at this late date in modern letters, to exalt beyond all proper bounds the place and work of such inferior names as Davenant and Waller, and once again to thrust upon the notice of modern critics the methods and results of that “mundane order” of authors. The procedure is devoid of that element of insight so eminently essential to correct conclusions. If, as Mr. Gosse himself finely states it, “literature is the quintessence of good writing,” and not a mere technical obedience to statute, what is needed, above all, is to encourage the tendency of modern criticism in this higher direction. If it is the “quintessence” we are seeking, then must insight both psychologic and æsthetic be applied, and the very soul of literary expression be revealed. In the absence of such insight lies the greatest deficiency of the widely versed Macaulay as a critic of letters, and in its substantial presence the just renown of such men as Coleridge and our American Lowell.

We next touch upon that ever pressing question of the precise relation of literary morality to practical and personal morals, of ethics to æsthetics. Is there such a connection as that of character and scholarship, or is the man of letters one person, and the man of ethical sensibility and aim another? The tendency of modern thinking in the domain of art and letters is undoubtedly toward an ever widening separation of these two departments of human activity. We are told that the *littérateur* has a sphere of his own, as the moralist has his, and that nothing more is demanded of either of them in relation to the other than the observance of common civility. Such a novelist as Ouida, in her unblushing portraiture, cannot express herself too strongly against what she is pleased to call the presence of Puritanism in literature, that revolting “church steeple” authorship which is wont to express its convictions only in view of the temple and the altar. The relation of criticism to conscience becomes, in view of such deliverances as these, one of the questions of special moment. We are using the term conscientiousness in this connection in its most comprehensive sense as including all those elements of charac-

ter that go to make up the man of honor, uprightness, and ethical integrity. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, especially alludes to it.

Mr. Arnold is nowhere more outspoken than just here. He protests against confining the word conscience to the moral sphere, and alludes to its exclusion from the sphere of intellectual endeavor as unscientific. The famous French critic, Sainte-Beuve, speaks in still stronger terms. "The first consideration for us is not whether we are pleased by a work of art. What we seek above all to learn is, whether we were right in being pleased with it." This is certainly high ground for the Gallic mind to assume, as it at once lifts the ethical above the merely æsthetic and gives us therein one of the fundamental elements of all literary criticism, what we style conscientiousness. As far as the present discussion is concerned, it may be said to include three distinct essentials.

There must be in the critic an absolute fidelity to the facts as they exist. The record is to be taken as it reads, as an historical and impersonal record, as a body of data given to hand for reference and use just as it stands. The critic is not to play the legitimate rôle of the novelist, shaping the facts to suit his particular purpose, but must hold himself in honor bound to the facts, regarding any substantial departure therefrom as a breach of literary trust. Whatever liberty may rightfully be accorded him in the special work of the interpretation of facts, the facts themselves must stand as they are. It is here that the wide departments of literary history and biography take on a new importance as related to literary criticism, in that they serve to furnish the data obtainable from no other sources, whereby literary work itself may be the more correctly judged.

Into the next essential, that of impartiality, enters the quality of courage, an undaunted estimate of merit and demerit as they stand revealed to the critic's discerning eye. Dr. Johnson's latest biographer has this in mind as he says, "Whoever thinks for himself, and says plainly what he thinks, has some merit as a critic." We may term it disinterestedness, a dispassionate, judicial regard to the thing in itself as quite unconnected with any ulterior end that might be subserved by it. Mr. Arnold would probably call it justness of spirit. When Mr. Stedman speaks of Lowell as "a safe and independent critic," he must refer to this impartial attitude of mind. Mr. Froude, in his honest statements concerning Carlyle, is a good example of this heroic order of critic, while Carlyle himself, though



often erring on the side of undue severity, must be classed among those few men of letters who have had the courage of their convictions and been bold to announce them in the face of all opposition. Nor is there any necessary conflict here between what we have called literary sympathy and literary courage of decision. The tenderest deference to the feelings of authors and the fullest appreciation of their discouragements may have proper place and yet the high demands of literary justice be fully met. If in some exceptional emergency an apparent conflict arises and a sacrifice must be made at some point along the line, there can be no question whatever but that an inflexible justice should prevail and conscience remain supreme over the affections. Nothing is more needed in modern literature than this unbiassed order of judgment, a positiveness of opinion and expression that leaves no room for debate. The very word criticism means decision. It is more than a mere discernment of truth and error, correctness and incorrectness. It is the specific deliverance of a conclusion without hesitation or evasion. Much of the practical helpfulness of criticism is found in such a fearless and final verdict as this. It tells us where we are, and affords us a basis for further procedure on intelligent methods. Better by far to err on the side of dogmatism with such open-faced censors as Arnold and Carlyle, than on the side of vacillating timidity with so many of the time-serving flatterers of the day. Pride of opinion, so it be candid and honest, is far more commendable in criticism than a craven deference to the supposed preferences of others. The surrender of one's personality is as unliterary and uncritical as it is unconscientious.

Conscientiousness in criticism assumes its most distinctive character as an ethical quality, an essential quality of high moral aim. By this is meant, in general, a controlling regard to the demands of truth as truth. In the special department of literary criticism it means that, above all possible considerations of personal advantage, or the advantage of authors themselves, the great interests of literature should be uppermost. What will best subserve its deepening and broadening; what will purify and elevate its tone, and give it wider usefulness as a national educator; how, in fine, it can be made what it ought to be, an essential factor in all intellectual and social progress—these are questions with which the conscientious critic is bound to deal, lest, indeed, the very end of his art be missed. The final purpose of literary criticism is what Lessing

would have styled the search after truth, first of all, as expressed in literature itself, and then through it as a medium in all related domains of thought. Such a purpose is eminently ethical and serves to co-ordinate the work of the critic with that of the educator and moralist. It is in this particular province of criticism that danger is the most imminent. Manifestly so in Continental Europe, and most especially, in the modern French school of art, it is far too apparent on the English side of the channel, and is even working its way across the Atlantic. Mr. Gibbon has grievously sinned as a critic just here, as has Mr. Buckle, in his survey of European civilization. Mallock and Lecky are not without faults in this respect, while even such critics as John Morley and Leslie Stephen have more than once yielded to the growing tendency whereby the pursuit of truth for truth's sake has been made the secondary end. In most of the recent estimates of the character of George Eliot, it is humiliating to mark the deliberate evasion of fact and truth on behalf of a questionable morality in a woman of letters, nor is it at all possible to see just what can be gained by that exorbitant and unjustifiable laudation of the school of Whitman which at present is so prevalent among us.

Accuracy, impartiality, and moral aim positively forbid it. It is, in every true sense, unconscientious.

We speak and speak rightly of the superiority of that criticism which is constructive over that which is simply destructive and negative, while it is pertinent to emphasize the principle just here that such an order of positive, progressive, and organizing criticism is possible only on the basis of a method and purpose controllingly ethical. Knowledge, sympathy, and insight are fundamental requisites, but that species of criticism that is grounded in these only apart from the presence of moral aims as primary is sure in the end to return upon itself and further every other interest but the interests of truth.

A question of lively moment arises as we close this discussion—to what extent American literary criticism is fulfilling or aiming to fulfil these essential conditions. It is this very question that Mr. Stedman seems to have in mind as he writes in the opening chapter of his *American Poets* :

“There is little doubt that our poetry has suffered from the lack of those high and exquisite standards of criticism which have been established in older lands. Only of late have we begun to look for criticism which applies both knowledge

and self-knowledge to the test, which enters into the soul and purpose of a work and considers every factor that makes it what it is. Such criticism is now essayed, but often too much occupied with foreign subjects to search out and foster what is of worth among ourselves."

The favorite theory of recent English critics that all genuine creative epochs in literature must be preceded by critical eras would seem to be having a partial illustration in the present status of our native authorship. The purely inventive era of Bryant and Longfellow, and even of Holmes and Lowell, may be said to have given way to the existing era of criticism, while it in turn is preparing the way for that highly original period of American prose and verse to which the most sanguine among us are confidently looking. Be this as it may, as in England so at home, the present drift is rather toward the reflective examination of literary product already at hand than toward the awakening of every energy to the increasing of such product. While it is still held by some who have a right to be heard that even yet the main business of our American writers is to develop the national literature along the highest lines of its possible progress, there is in the country such a substantial amount of accomplished literary work as the basis of artistic criticism that such criticism will accept its opportunity and specially emphasize the questions of method, form, and external feature. For so young a people as the Americans are, and so necessarily devoted hitherto to the establishment of political and industrial life, not a little of worthy work has been done in this direction, and worthier results are promised. It is too true, indeed, that untutored and conscienceless novices insist upon experimenting within the sacred precincts of this high calling, and that American secular journalism offers too tempting a sphere for superficial and cynical judgments of men and authors. Despite this, however, it is pleasing to note that since the critical prose of Taylor and Lowell has established by example the necessity of those essentials we have aimed to discuss, there has been a more honest desire to illustrate in criticism these same essentials of knowledge, sympathy, insight, and conscience. With such names before us as Ticknor and Tuckerman, Fields and Channing, Reed and White, this hopeful spirit may find encouragement. If to this list we add those American authors who as editors of the *American Men of Letters* series, and *American Statesmen* series, may be said to be doing a high form of specifically critical work, the hopefulness is increased, while two such able critics as Mr. Whipple and

Mr. Stedman are enough in themselves to inspire confidence as to our future. Nor must the liberal institutions of the land be omitted in this general estimate. Their distinctive title is that of *literary* institutions. Whatever their defects have been as to high literary tone and critical competency, it is more and more apparent that in these particulars worthier views are obtaining and the colleges of the country are fast becoming accepted standards of literary judgment. The question propounded of late, whether a national academy of letters would be best in America, is, after all, subordinate to the further question as to the possibility of founding numerous centres of literary influence among us. As Mr. Howells recently suggests, what is needed in America is not that this or that city should be an acknowledged primate in the Republic of American authorship, but that we have "a literary centre scattered all over the country in keeping thus with the spirit of federal nationality." There is here, we submit, a possible result open to our liberal institutions in the realization of which all that has hitherto been done will appear insignificant. If we need and are to have in this country an order of criticism worthy of the name, then must our literary schools of learning become indeed literary, the sources of continuous literary product, the accepted centres the country over of all that is worthy in æsthetic art and culture.

We are full of hope in this particular. American letters are to become a substantial power in the land. Literary progress is to rank among us as second to no other form of progress. The colleges of our future are to be as never before the homes of high taste. Criticism is to mean, most especially, literary criticism, while from these multiplied seats of literary activity, as of scientific and philosophic, there will ever go forth an influence so potent and pervasive that the remotest frontiers of our national domain will feel it. Perchance the American greed for gold and civic preferment will, under such an influence, give way at length to an equally intense and expressive passion for generous and lofty culture.

This in itself will make our literature and our criticism competent, catholic, discriminating, and conscientious. It will, also, serve to place us as a people fairly in line with our "kin beyond the sea," who, even yet, with all their decline from earlier standards, continue to hold among the nations of modern times the enviable place of literary leadership.

T. W. HUNT.

## THE MINISTER'S FACTOTUM.

HE stood, to use the phrase of the countryside, six feet seven inches and three-quarters in his hand-knit, ribbed stockings of gray wool, taken from the backs of his own mountain sheep. Round the chest he measured full fifty-three inches; and his strong, well-shaped neck, which was almost ever bared to the winds, and was as hairy as the skins put on smooth-fleshed Jacob by his lying mother to cheat her old blind man, carried a finely shaped head, massive and round as a cannon-ball. His hands gripped like a machinist's vice, but his soft blue eyes smiled on you like a gentle spring sky. Ready to laugh at all fun, he was as ready to take away the heavy bundle from the tottering old woman and console the crying child by tossing him up on his brawny shoulder for a ride across the moor. When he shouted, the storm-blast on the hillside was lost for the moment; and when he sang in the Sunday-school "The Lord's my Shepherd," his tones were low and tender and humble as a child's. Farmer, horse-dealer (and honest at even that trying business), carrier for the district, general trader, liveryman, chairman of school committee, superintendent, unpaid relief officer, elder, and minister's factotum—everything and anything to make fair gains or to do a kindness to every one who wanted a service, whether the applicant was "gentle or simple"; without him the parish would have been nothing, and the minister crippled beyond recovery. A big man physically, metaphysically, morally, and in all dimensions, was my factotum.

Not always, by any means, had he been the help of the minister; nay, rather, his horror. But a few years ago he was the first in the fray and the last to cry, "Hold, enough!" His old oaken staff, which he had hung up in his bedroom with this verse under it, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," would have reminded any boy reading the *Aeneid* of the Cyclops' pine, and was dark-stained all round. The parish firesides were often stirred to hear the tales of the giant's mad doings when he and "John Barleycorn" were partners, and there were men who wrought nobly beside him in all good deeds carrying to their graves the scars he had left on their faces and forms. All that had passed from his life. But it never passed from his memory or from his prayers, or from his new zeal

and new service. He was, as even the young scoffers of the parish, who didn't believe in anything, confessed, undeniably and wholly another from what he had been. In his case "the fruits were meet for repentance." His fresh life did not, indeed, lie inside, and was not spent in piously applied and upturned hands, in eyes high-rolled till nothing but white could be seen, in whining tones and canting phrases; he was just his own old, natural, unaffected self, but he was a good man, and not bad, drunken, and quarrelsome.

His big head carried a big and closely convoluted brain. That brain must have wasted a vast amount of phosphorus. It did hard work and constant, as its owner tried to make up for almost no education. He had made largely a language for himself, to express most original thinking. The words were of no tongue I knew, nor any of my philological friends could affiliate; but they always set straight out before me the man's meaning, though often the question was how they should be spelled and in what characters. He made a new mental field for himself, and lived his own peculiar mental life and fought his own mental battles, economic, philosophical, ethical, and theological. He was always pondering some problem. Often, as I was riding homeward to my manse, would I hear a billowy voice and see a form like Polyphemus striding with five-foot stretches across the fresh-ploughed lea, and as the dike was stepped over as though it were but a big field-stone, out would come some question, plumbing down toward the depths of politics or morals or dogma; the words all *bizarre* and grotesque and self-minted, but stating a vital matter and demanding, at least, a manly and honest answer, though often defying an offhand reply that was either satisfactory or exhaustive. And what a will the great fellow had, as big and strong as his frame! Not one letter in the alphabet did he know when he faced right about to the light and to the right. Yet he resolved at once to gather the poorest village children and the bairns of some squatters and outcast women into a Sunday-school, and he learned to read by making these unkempt urchins "say their letters and their a-b abs" to him; and he taught himself "to figger" by making the older ones teach the younger, while he sat by, forsooth, to keep order! though at first he did not know whether the figures were upside down or not.

He was a stern and steadfast churchman of the Presbyterian order. The Shorter and the Larger Catechisms, which had been committed by his listening to their continual recitals in his school,

gave him, as he put it, his "cud for chewing"; and as he ruminated he extracted the pith and nutriment. His illustrations were often striking and original. "You laddies in the corner, stand up! What is the question the day?" With one voice they make answer: "Sin." "Na, na; that's nae question; naethin' but a word. What's the question? tell me it richt noo." Then it came, straight as a chain-shot: "What is sin?" After the answer had been given by each, and had been "cut into all its pairts" to the satisfaction of the catechetical anatomist, the illustration began after this fashion: "'Conformity unto the law of God!' Mark that, my laddies, and do not forget it, for there are fowk wha'll tell ye breaking awa' is the hale thing. Noo, let's see. Come awa' wi' me to the train: ye see the twa tracks; why, if yon big, guldherin' body of iron disna ever conform to the law of the twa tracks (and ye ken, lads, that the Scripthers teach twa things—your duty till God and till man), why, the hale big, strong, gran' thing will be spatthered into a thoosand whamjiflies." Then we were brought face to face with "the transgression of the law" after this fashion: "Trawnsgression—that's a lang-nebbed word; weel, it just means gangin' ower whaur ye always ought to keep inside. Now jist look at poor wee Tam here afore me. I tell't him last ploughin' time no to gang ower the quarry-fence, but he did it, and he had sore pain for a when o' months and will be a lameter a' his life. Boys, dinna gang ower any of the Loard's fences, that is, his laws, or ye'll be a lameter like mysel' a' your days."

He loved men to be honest in their faith-life, and had no patience with any sort of lax discipline in church-rule. One church there was which was always ready to open its doors to any comer. "Well, I suppose there must always be a slopbowl around for the dirty water ye throw out! But, man, I dinna like to see any kirk like my hopper yondher, that can mak' nae scatterment atween the fushionless chaff and bread-makin' grain, atween the deil's dirty husks and the Maister's clean wheat!" The "five points of Calvinism" were to him as sure as his own identity—yes, more so; for, as he put it once, "I could easily fancy mysel' anither; and at times I think I'm a legion, and often wish I were only dear old Molly M.: but I canna fancy God's word wrang." And for him there was but the Bible and his own strong-framed and firm-fixed faith on the one side and what he called "the ooter dairkness and the roarin' lion" on the other.

The men and women of all Scotch parishes that I have ever

known are nothing if they be not theological, and can only be truly seen in their own every-day light and on their own sod as theological disputants. Theology was a most favorite and very frequent theme with my factotum; and this was so, first, because everybody around talked and discussed its grave certainties and its dread possibilities; but, secondly and chiefly, because this strength-taxing field, with its stiff hills and deep hollows, its dazzling lights and thick clouds, exactly suited this sturdy student of mysteries in the homespun, with his big brain and his iron will. He had here as elsewhere his own points of vision, and they showed new views or threw old scenes out with fresh lights. Ian Mohr—so my huge helper shall be called—had one special antagonist, "Weaver Tam"; who, thrown again and again, and often badly, on by no means soft places, would always most gamely renew the combat. Weaver Tam was ever the assailant. A curiosity he was every way. He was a "Methody boady" in the stiffest of Calvinistic quarters; though I could never find out clearly how he had got his hold on grand old Wesley: Ian explained it to me once on the principle of the "general thrawnness of the boady," which meant his constant twistedness, or, as some in our land would call it, "cussedness." And Tam was every way twisted. His odd, pinched, pock-marked, weazened face, with its mummy-like skin, was twisted; his little, peering, deep-set, "fussy" eyes were twisted, for one was higher up than its fellow, and the upper orb studied you in a green light and the under orb regarded you in a gray; his body was twisted, for the left shoulder hitched up to his ear and the right seemed to be falling off behind; and his legs were twisted, like the old-fashioned bandy-legged tongs, one limb making due east and its twin-brother direct west; and his ways of looking at things were twisted, yes, the most twisted of all.

Constantly was I overtaking these two cronies—for though they ever fought like dog and cat, they were cronies; and it was a delightful relief, after a hard and wearing day through my vast parish with its hundred responsibilities, pastoral and magisterial and medical, to "pick them up," and, as I drove them homeward, listen to their unceasing debates and their most quaint tales. The richest and rarest of old and new parish stories would be told me, which I would gladly rehearse to you; but they must be told in their own terse, fresh, and vigorous "Doric" or not at all, for translation spoils them, and alas! translation for my hearers would be absolutely need-



ful. Dean Ramsay never retailed more witty sayings and stories more redolent of the heather, and true to the fast-dying type of the unmixed and ever unique Lowland farmer, grazier, weaver, minister, doctor, and "natural," than Weaver Tam and Big Ian were wont to tell as they came home, both sober, from the linen-market or the fair. And how the debates and discussions went on fast and furious all the way, with constant appeals to the clerical umpire, who was often deemed by the Calvinist champion as "unco bailedanced in his opeenions regairdin' taingled skeins"; till the minister's trap was pulled up at Tam's cottage, with its well-thatched roof. Then out would come his kindly old wife, of the sweet mother-face and the laughing blue eye, to say "Hoot awa, Tam! at it again, deafenin' the minister with your haeverings as Ian and you dairken coonsil wi' words wi'oot knowledge."

And thus they would be at it; the subject is "falling from grace." Tam has dealt his foe some pretty neat blows in his own unlooked-for style; and has given me good reason honestly to score some points to his credit. The weaver has been denouncing the idea of a man "makin' the A'michty dae all the haird wark o' carrying him surely hame while the mon daes all the sinfu' kickin' against the Loard's commands": and he has just turned sharp round with one of his queer twists upon the farmer, "Man alive! can ye no see that your child o' grace is a poor, wakely thing, scarce weel born? but jist like the wee birdie within its shell, no able even to give one good scraich of itsel', jist leevin' and nae mair behind the shell; there's nae willin' and daein' yondher, let alane warking oot your ain salvaation!" All the while this hot fusillade was being rained on him, the big man was watching a huge black horse coming with a wild rush down a pretty steep hill of the "old quarry-road," yet speeding on without stumble or halt, for on his back was far and away the finest and most daring rider of the whole countryside, easy in his seat, yet as firm as a rock, sweeping the keen eyes of youth over the wide stretch of rolling land, but watching his horse with all a huntsman's care, lifting him as only fox-hunters know how at each huge stride, and steadying him by the skilfully tightened reins that held but never hampered. For me the sight of my young parishioner and his black steed was ever as good as a long breath of sea air; there was always freshness and freedom and dash there. "Jist noo mairk ye that laddie! Hoo the chiel maks yon auld *ramnolossus* spread himsel' over the grun! I never

see that vast carcass o' horse-flesh I dinna think o' an ellyfant wi' the legs o' a deer and the wind o' a greyhun'; wish, hoo he scoors on!" Thus soliloquized Ian after his own fashion as "Master Wullie" came up, greeted us merrily, and sped on.

A short pause followed, which I may fill up by explaining "ram-nolossus," Ian's name for the big black horse just disappearing over the crest of the hill. This word puzzled me for many a day. At last I found the solution. My friend and factotum had been away to the "big toun"; and while in London had gone to see the "wild beasts." He had been especially struck "wi' thawt moanster o' a baste which carries its hoarn on its snoot instead o' properly ahint its ears," and he had heard the keeper use the word "colossal," so he wrought up in his own way a knew word out of rhinoceros and colossal which passed over to Master Willie's black charger!

But now it immediately came out that the big Calvinist had shrewdly kept his straight-seeing blue eyes on the horse and his rider for the sake of his argument with Tam and for the defence of the faith in himself. Thus it came. "Tam! did ye watch, man, yon auld brute? Did ye mairk hoo Maisther Wullie never took his eyes aff him and never slacked the rein?" "Ech, man! I'm no sae blin' as no aften to have mairked all thawt!" "Weel! yon brute has eyesicht, has power (plenty o' it), and will; ay, man, as much will as wad be far mair than enough for a dizzen bastes, ye would say if ye had to shoe him." "Weel, Ian! what o' all that?" "Oh, jist this! what for does Maisther Wullie hold him so tight?" "Why, to keep him straicht on the road an' no let him stumble." "Ezzactly! and he has never yet broken his knees, e'en when he dashes in yon gallopadin' way down the steepest brae; the big horse alway has 'parsevered' on his richt maunner o' traivel jist because of the shairp eye and the stiff hand. Man! we need the eye and the bit and the bridle jist as muckle as yon stout horse; and what I undherstan' by ony saint's parsevairance is jist that the Loard—wha never slummers nor sleeps and never is weary—never takes his eyes nor his hands off his own, down hill or up brae!" There was silence—for Tam and I saw the big, bronzed, hairy, scarred hand steal stealthily across the blue eyes that had grown very moist; and I knew the humble soul was looking back at many a bad stumble ere he yielded to the Eye and Hand, and began his new way of not wearying in well-doing.

"CRAIGQUORN."

## SEVASTOPOL IN MAY.\*

ON the boulevard of the besieged city of Sevastopol, not far from the pavilion, the regimental band was playing, and throngs of military men and of women moved gayly through the paths. The brilliant sun of spring had risen in the morning over the works of the English, had passed over the bastions, then over the city, over the Nikolaevsky barracks, and, illuminating all with equal cheer, had now sunk into the blue and distant sea, which was lighted with a silvery gleam, as it heaved in peace.

A tall, rather bent infantry officer, who was drawing upon his hand a glove which was clean, if not entirely white, came out of one of the small naval huts, built on the left side of the Morskoi Street, and, staring thoughtfully at the ground, took his way up the slope to the boulevard. The expression of this officer's homely countenance did not indicate any great mental capacity, but rather simplicity, judgment, honor, and a tendency to solid worth. He was badly built and constrained in his movements. He was dressed in a small worn cap, a cloak of a rather peculiar shade of lilac, from beneath the edge of which a gold watch-chain was visible; in trousers, with straps, and brilliantly polished calf-skin boots. As he ascended the boulevard at the present moment, he was meditating upon a letter which he had just received from a former comrade, now a retired land owner.

"When our *Invalid* arrives, Pupka [this was the name by which the retired Uhlan called his wife] rushes headlong into the vestibule, seizes the paper, and runs with it to the seat in the drawing-room (in which, if you remember, you and I passed such delightful winter evenings, when the regiment was stationed in our town), and reads your heroic deeds with such ardor as it is impossible for you to imagine. She often speaks of you. 'There is Mikhailoff,' she says, 'he's such a *love of a man*. I am ready to kiss him when I see him. He fights on the bastions, and he will surely receive the Cross of St. George, and he will be talked about in the newspapers . . . ' and so on and so on . . . so that I am really beginning to be jealous of you.

"The papers reach us frightfully late, and although there is plenty of news conveyed by word of mouth, not all of it can be trusted. For instance, the *young ladies with the music*, acquaintances of yours, were saying yesterday, that Napoleon was already captured by our Cossacks, and that he had been sent to

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\* This sketch has been somewhat shortened, to meet the requirements of space.—*Trans.*

Petersburg ; but you will comprehend how much I believe of this. Moreover, a traveller from Petersburg told us (he had been sent on special business by the minister, is a very agreeable person, and now that there is no one in town, is more of a *resource* to us than you can well imagine)—well, he declares it to be a fact, that our troops have taken Eupatoria, *so that the French have no communication whatever with Balaklava*, and that in this engagement two hundred of ours were killed, but that the French lost fifteen thousand. My wife was in such raptures that she declares her instinct tells her that you certainly took part and distinguished yourself.”

In spite of the expressions which I have purposely put in italics, and the whole tone of the letter, Captain Mikhailoff recalled with inexpressibly sad delight the friendship of these two people for himself ; all these faces, with their surroundings, flitted before his mind's eye, in a wonderfully sweet, cheerfully rosy light, and, smiling at his reminiscences, he placed his hand on the pocket which contained the letter so dear to him.

From reminiscences, Captain Mikhailoff involuntarily proceeded to dreams and hopes. “And what will be the joy and amazement of Natasha,” he thought, as he paced along the narrow lane, “when she suddenly reads in the *Invalid* a description of how I was the first to climb upon the cannon, and that I have received the George ! I shall certainly be promoted to a full captaincy, by virtue of seniority. Then it is quite possible that I may get the grade of major in the line, this very year, because many of our brothers have already been killed, and many more will be in this campaign. And after that there will be more affairs on hand, and a regiment will be intrusted to me, since I am an experienced man—lieutenant-colonel—the Order of St. Anna on my neck—colonel.” And he was already a general, granting an interview to Natasha, the widow of his comrade, who would have died by that time, when the sounds of the music on the boulevard penetrated more distinctly to his ears, the crowds of people caught his eye, and he found himself on the boulevard a staff-captain as before.

When later the staff-captain crossed the threshold of his quarters, entirely different thoughts entered his mind. He looked around his little chamber, with its uneven earthen floor, and saw the windows all awry, pasted over with paper, his old bed, with a rug nailed over it, upon which was depicted a lady on horseback, and over which hung two Tula pistols, the dirty couch of a cadet who lived with him, and which was covered with a chintz coverlet ; he saw his Nikita, who, with untidy, tallowed hair, rose from the floor, in the

act of scratching his head ; he saw his ancient cloak, his extra pair of boots, and a little bundle, from which peeped a bit of cheese and the neck of a porter bottle, filled with vodka, which had been prepared for his use on the bastion, and all at once he remembered that he was obliged to go with his company that day to the fortifications.

"It is certainly foreordained that I am to be killed to-day," thought the captain. "I feel it, and the principal point is, that I need not have gone, but that I offered myself ; and the man who thrusts himself forward is always killed. And what's the matter with that accursed Nepshisetzky ? It is quite possible that he is not sick at all ; and they will kill another man for his sake ; they will infallibly kill him. However, if they don't kill me, I shall probably be promoted. I saw how delighted the regimental commander was when I asked him to allow me to go, in case Lieutenant Nepshisetzky was ill. If I don't turn out a major, then I shall certainly get the Vladimir cross. This is the thirteenth time that I have been to the bastion. Ah, the thirteenth is an unlucky number. They will surely kill me. I feel that I shall be killed ; but some one had to go, it was impossible for the corps to go with the ensign. And whatever happens, the honor of the regiment, the honor of the army depends on it. It was my *duty* to go—yes, my sacred duty. But I have a foreboding."

The captain forgot that this was not the first time that a similar foreboding had assailed him in a greater or less degree, when it had been necessary to go to the bastion, and he did not know that every one who sets out on an affair experiences this foreboding with more or less force. Having calmed himself with this conception of duty, which was especially and strongly developed in the staff-captain, he seated himself at the table and began to write a farewell letter to his father. Ten minutes later, having finished his letter, he rose from the table, his eyes wet with tears, and, mentally reciting all the prayers he knew, set about dressing. His coarse, drunken servant indolently handed him his new coat (the old one, which the captain generally wore when going to the bastion, was not mended).

"Why is not my coat mended ? You never do anything but sleep, you good-for-nothing !" said Mikhailoff, angrily.

"Sleep !" grumbled Nikita, "you run like a dog all day long ; perhaps you stop—but you must not sleep, even then !"

"You are drunk again, I see."

"I didn't get drunk on your money, so you needn't scold."

"Hold your tongue, blockhead !" shouted the captain, who was

ready to strike the man; he had been absent-minded at first, but now he was at last out of patience, and embittered by the incivility of Nikita, whom he loved, even spoiled, and who had lived with him for twelve years.

"Blockhead? blockhead?" repeated the servant, "Why do you call me a blockhead, sir? Is this a time for that sort of thing? It is not good to curse."

Mikhailoff recalled whither he was on the point of going, and felt ashamed of himself.

"You are enough to put a saint out of patience, Nikita!" he said in a gentle voice. "Leave that letter to my father on the table, don't touch it," he added, turning red.

"Yes, sir," said Nikita, melting under the influence of the wine which he had drunk, as he had said, "at his own expense," and winking his eyes with a visible desire to weep.

But when the captain said: "Good-by, Nikita!" on the porch, Nikita suddenly broke down into constrained cries, and ran to kiss his master's hand. "Farewell, master!" he exclaimed, sobbing.

"But perhaps I shall only be wounded," meditated the captain, as he marched through the twilight to the bastion with his company. "But where? How? Here or here?" he thought, mentally indicating his belly and his breast. "If it should be here (he thought of the upper portion of his leg), it might run around. Well, but if it were here, and by a splinter—that would finish me!"

The captain reached the fortifications safely through the trenches, set his men to work, with the assistance of an officer of sappers, in the darkness, which was complete, and seated himself in a pit behind the breastworks. There was not much firing; only once in a while the lightning flashed from our batteries, then from *his*,\* and the brilliant fuse of a bomb traced an arc of flame against the dark, starry heavens. But all the bombs fell far in the rear and to the right of the rifle-pit in which the captain sat. He drank his vodka, ate his cheese, lit his cigarette, and after saying his prayers, tried to get a little sleep.

Prince Galitzin, Lieutenant-Colonel Neferdoff and Praskukhin, whom no one had invited, to whom no one spoke, but who never left them, all went to drink tea with Adjutant Kalugin.

"Well, you did not finish telling me about Vaska Mendel," said

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\* The Russians called the French *le*.

Kalugin, as he took off his cloak, seated himself by the window in a soft lounging chair, and unbuttoned the collar of his fresh, stiffly starched cambric shirt. "How did he come to marry?"

"That's a joke, my dear fellow! There was a time, I assure you, when nothing else was talked of in P.," said Prince Galitzin with a laugh, as he sprang up from the piano, and seated himself on the window beside Kalugin; "it is simply ludicrous, and I know all the details of the affair."

And he began to relate in a merry, wise, and skilful manner, a love story which we will omit, because it possesses no interest for us. But it is worthy of note, that not only Prince Galitzin but all the gentlemen who had placed themselves, one on the window-sill, another with his legs coiled up under him, a third at the piano, seemed totally different persons from what they were when on the boulevard; there was nothing of that absurd arrogance and haughtiness which they and their kind exhibit in public to the infantry officers; here they were among their own set, and natural, especially Kalugin and Prince Galitzin, and were like very good, amiable, and merry children. The conversation turned on their companions in the service in Petersburg, and on their acquaintances.

"What of Maslovsky?"

"Which? the Ulan of the body-guard or of the horse-guard?"

"I know both of them. The one in the horse-guard was with me when he was a little boy, and had only just left school. What is the elder one, a captain of cavalry?"

"O yes, long ago!"

And so forth and so forth, in the same strain.

Then Prince Galitzin seated himself at the piano and sang a gypsy song in magnificent style. Praskukhin began to sing a second, although no one had asked him, and he did it so well that they requested him to accompany the Prince again, which he gladly consented to do.

The servant came in with the tea, cream, and cracknels on a silver salver.

"Serve the Prince," said Kalugin.

"Really, it is strange to think," said Galitzin, taking a glass and walking to the window, "that we are in a beleaguered city; tea with cream, and such quarters as I should be only too happy to get in Petersburg."

"Yes, if it were not for that," said the old lieutenant-colonel,

who was dissatisfied with everything, "this constant waiting for something would be simply unendurable, and to see how men are killed, killed every day—and there is no end to it; and under such circumstances it would not be comfortable to live in the mud."

"And how about our infantry officers?" said Kalugin; "they live in the bastions with the soldiers in the casemates, and eat beet soup with the soldiers—how about them?"

"How about them? They don't change their linen for ten days at a time, and they are heroes—wonderful men."

At this moment an officer of infantry entered the room.

"I—I was ordered—may I present myself to the gen—to his excellency from General N.?" he inquired, bowing with an air of embarrassment.

Kalugin rose, but without returning the officer's salute, asked him with insulting courtesy and strained official smile, whether he would not wait for *them*,\* and without inviting him to be seated, or paying any further attention to him, he turned to Prince Galitzin and began to speak in French, so that the unhappy officer, who remained standing in the middle of the room, absolutely did not know what to do with himself.

"It is on very important business, sir," said the officer, after a momentary pause.

"Ah! very well then," said Kalugin, putting on his cloak and accompanying him to the door.

"Eh bien, messieurs, I think there will be hot work to-night," said Kalugin in French, on his return from the general's.

"Hey, what, a sortie?" they all began to question him.

"I don't know yet—you will see for yourselves," replied Kalugin with a mysterious smile.

"And my commander is on the bastion—of course I shall have to go," said Praskukhin, buckling on his sword.

But no one answered him; he must know for himself whether he had to go or not.

Praskukhin and Neferdoff went off, in order to betake themselves to their posts. "Farewell, gentlemen." "*Au revoir*, gentlemen, we shall meet again to-night," shouted Kalugin from the window, as Praskukhin and Neferdoff trotted down the street, bending over the bows of their Cossack saddles. The trampling of their Cossack horses soon died away in the dusky street.

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\* A polite way of referring to the general in the plural.



"No, tell me, is something really going to take place to-night?" said Galitzin in French, as he leaned with Kalugin on the window-sill, and gazed at the bombs which were flying over the bastions.

"I can tell you, you see—you have been on the bastions, of course." Galitzin made a sign of assent, although he had been only once to the fourth bastion. "Well, there was a trench opposite our lunette;" and Kalugin, who was not a specialist, although he considered his judgment on military affairs particularly accurate, began to explain the position of our troops and of the enemy's works, and the plan of the proposed affair, mixing up the technical terms of fortification a good deal in the process.

"But they are beginning to hammer away at our casemates. Oho! was that ours or *his*? There, it has burst," they said as they lay on the window-sill, gazing at the fiery lines of the bombs which exploded in the air, at the lightning of the discharges, at the dark blue sky, momentarily illuminated, and at the white smoke of the powder, and listened to the sounds of the firing, which grew louder and louder.

"What a charming sight, is it not?" said Kalugin in French, directing the attention of his guest to the really beautiful spectacle. "Do you know, you cannot distinguish the stars from the bombs at times?"

"Yes, I was just thinking that that was a star; but it darted down—there, it has burst now. And that big star yonder—what is it called? It is just exactly like a bomb."

"Do you know, I have grown so used to these bombs that I am convinced that a starlight night in Russia will always seem to me to be all bombs; one gets so accustomed to them."

"But am not I to go on this sortie?" inquired Galitzin, after a momentary silence.

"Enough of that, brother, don't think of such a thing; I won't let you go," replied Kalugin. "Your turn will come, brother."

"Seriously. So you think that it is not necessary to go? Hey!"

At that moment a frightful crash of rifles was heard in the direction in which these gentlemen were looking, above the roar of the cannon, and thousands of small fires flaring up without intermission, flashed along the entire line.

"That's it, when the real work has begun!" said Kalugin. "That is the sound of the rifles, and I cannot hear it in cold blood; it

takes a sort of hold on your soul, you know. And there is the *hurrah!*" he added, listening to the prolonged and distant roar of hundreds of voices: "A-a-aa!" which reached him from the bastion.

"Whose is this hurrah, theirs or ours?"

"I don't know; but it has come to a hand-to-hand fight, for the firing has ceased."

At that moment an officer, followed by his Cossack, galloped up to the porch, and slipped down from his horse.

"Where from?"

"From the bastion. The general is wanted."

"Let us go. Well now, what is it?"

"They have attacked the lodgements—have taken them—the French have brought up their heavy reserves—they have attacked our forces—there were only two battalions," said the panting officer, who was the same that had come in the evening, drawing his breath with difficulty, but stepping to the door with perfect unconcern.

"Well, have they retreated?" inquired Galitzin.

"No," answered the officer, angrily. "The battalion came up and beat them back; but the commander of the regiment is killed, and many officers, and I have been ordered to ask for reënforcements."

And with these words he and Kalugin went off to the general, whither we will not follow them.

Five minutes later Kalugin was mounted on the Cossack's horse (and with that peculiar quasi-Cossack seat, in which, as I have observed, all adjutants see something especially captivating, for some reason or other), and rode at a trot to the bastion, in order to give some orders, and to await the news of the final result of the affair, and Prince Galitzin, under the influence of that oppressive emotion which the signs of a battle near at hand usually produce on a spectator who takes no part in it, went out into the street and began to pace up and down there without any object.

The soldiers were bearing the wounded on stretchers and supporting them by their arms. It was completely dark in the streets; now and then a light flashed in the hospital, or from the spot where the officers were seated. The same thunder of cannon and exchange of rifle-shots was borne from the bastions, and the same fires flashed against the dark heavens. Now and then you could hear the trampling hoofs of an orderly's horse, the groan of a

wounded man, the footsteps and voices of the stretcher-bearers, or the conversation of some of the frightened female inhabitants, who had come out on their porches to view the cannonade.

Prince Galitzin met more and more wounded men in stretchers and on foot, supporting each other, and talking loudly.

"When they rushed up, brothers," said one tall soldier who had two guns on his shoulder, in a bass voice, "when they rushed up and shouted, 'Allah, Allah!'<sup>\*</sup> they pressed each other on. You kill one and others take his place—you can do nothing. You never saw such numbers as there were of them. . . ."

But at this point in his story Galitzin interrupted him.

"You come from the bastion?"

"Just so, your honor."

"Well, what has been going on there? Tell me."

"Why, what has been going on? They attacked in force, your honor, they climbed over the wall, and that's the end of it. They conquered completely, your honor."

"How conquered? You repulsed them, surely?"

"How could we repulse them when *he* came up with his whole force? He killed all our men, and there was no succor given us."

The soldier was mistaken, for the trenches were behind our forces; but this is a peculiar thing, which any one may observe: a soldier who has been wounded in an engagement always thinks that the day has been lost, and that the encounter has been a frightfully bloody one.

"Then what did they mean by telling me that you had repulsed them?" said Galitzin, with irritation. "Perhaps the enemy was repulsed after you left? Is it long since you came away?"

"I have this instant come from there, your honor," replied the soldier. "It is hardly possible, the trenches remained in his hands . . . *he* won a complete victory."

"Well, and are you not ashamed to have surrendered the trenches? This is horrible!" said Galitzin, angered by such indifference.

"What, when *he* was there in force?" growled the soldier.

"And, your honor," said a soldier on a stretcher, who had just come up with them, "how could we help surrendering when nearly all of us had been killed? If we had been in force, we would only have

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<sup>\*</sup> The Russians, during their wars with the Turks, had become so accustomed to this cry from the enemy, that they now always affirm that the French also shout, "Allah!"

surrendered with our lives. But what was there to do? I ran one man through, and then I was struck . . . o-oh! softly, brothers, steady, brothers, go more steadily . . . o-oh!" groaned the wounded man.

"There really seem to be a great many extra men coming this way," said Galitzin, again stopping the tall soldier with the two rifles. "Why are you walking off? Hey, there, you, stop!"

The soldier halted, and removed his cap with his left hand.

"Whither are you going, and why?" he shouted at him, sternly. "He . . ."

But approaching the soldier very closely at that moment, he perceived that the latter's right arm was bandaged and covered with blood far above the elbow.

"I am wounded, your honor."

"Wounded, how?"

"It must have been a bullet here," said the soldier, pointing to his arm, "but I cannot tell yet; my head has been broken by something;" and, bending over, he showed the hair upon the back of it all clotted together with blood.

"And whose gun is that second one you have?"

"A choice French one, your honor! I captured it; and I should not have come away if it had not been to accompany this soldier; he might fall down," he added, pointing at the soldier, who was walking a little in front, leaning upon his gun, and dragging his left foot heavily after him.

Prince Galitzin became all at once frightfully ashamed of his unjust suspicions. He felt that he was growing crimson, and turned away without questioning the wounded men further, and, without looking after them, he went to the place where the injured men were being cared for.

Having forced his way with difficulty through the wounded men who had come on foot and the stretcher-bearers who were entering with the wounded and emerging with the dead, Galitzin entered the first room, glanced round, and immediately and involuntarily turned back and ran into the street: it was too terrible!

The vast, dark, lofty hall, lighted only by the four or five candles which the doctors were carrying about to inspect the wounded, was literally full. The stretcher-bearers brought in the wounded, ranged them one beside the other on the floor, which was already so crowded that the unfortunate wretches hustled each other and sprinkled each

other with their blood, and then went forth for more. The pools of blood, which were visible on the unoccupied places, the hot breaths of several hundred men, and the steam which rose from those who were toiling with the stretchers, produced a certain peculiar, heavy, offensive atmosphere, in which the candles burned dimly in the different parts of the room. The dull murmur of diverse groans, sighs, death-rattles, broken now and again by a shriek, was borne throughout the apartment. Sisters, with tranquil faces and with an expression not of empty, feminine, tearfully sickly compassion but of active practical sympathy, flitted hither and thither among the blood-stained cloaks and shirts, stepping over the wounded with medicine, water, bandages, lint. Doctors, with their sleeves rolled up, knelt by the wounded, beside whom the student-assistant held the candles, inspecting, feeling, and probing the wounds in spite of the terrible groans and entreaties of the sufferers. One of the doctors was seated at a small table by the door, and at the moment when Galitzin entered the room he was just writing down number 532.

"Ivan Bogaeff, common soldier, third company, of the S. Regiment, *fractura femoris complicata!*" called another from the extremity of the hall, as he felt of the crushed leg. "Turn him over."

"O-oi, my fathers, you are our good fathers!" shrieked the soldier, beseeching them not to touch him.

"*Perforatio capitis.*"

"Semyon Neferdoff, Lieutenant-Colonel of the N. Regiment of infantry. Have a little patience, Colonel; you cannot be attended to like this; I will let you alone," said a third, picking away at the head of the unfortunate colonel with some sort of a hook.

"Ai! stop! Oi! for God's sake, quick, quick, for the sake a-a-a-a! . . ."

"*Perforatio pectoris* . . . Sevastvyan Sereda, common soldier . . . of what regiment? However, you need not write that: *moritur*. Carry him away," said the doctor, abandoning the soldier, who was rolling his eyes, and already emitting the death-rattle.

Forty stretcher-bearers stood at the door awaiting the task of transporting the men who had been treated to the hospital and the dead to the chapel, and gazed at this picture in silence, only uttering a heavy sigh from time to time. . . .

On his way to the bastion Kalugin met numerous wounded men,

but, knowing from experience that such a spectacle has a bad effect on the spirits of a man on the verge of an action, he not only did not pause to interrogate them, but, on the contrary, tried not to pay any heed to them. At the foot of the hill he encountered an orderly, who was galloping from the bastion at full speed.

“Zobkin! Zobkin! stop a minute!”

“Well, what is it?”

“Whence come you?”

“From the lodgements.”

“Well, how are things there? Hot?”

“Ah, frightfully!”

And the orderly galloped on.

In fact, although there was not much firing from the rifles, the cannonade had begun with fresh vigor and greater heat than ever.

“Ah, that’s bad!” thought Kalugin, experiencing a rather unpleasant sensation, and there came to him, also, a presentiment, that is to say, a very usual thought—the thought of death. But Kalugin was an egoist and gifted with nerves of wood—in a word, he was what is called brave. He did not yield to his first sensation and began to rouse his courage. He called to mind a certain adjutant of Napoleon, who, after having given the command to advance, galloped up to Napoleon, his head all covered with blood.

“You are wounded!” said Napoleon to him.

“I beg your pardon, Sire, I am dead;” and the adjutant fell from his horse and died on the spot.

This seemed to him very fine, and he fancied that he somewhat resembled this adjutant.

Splinters whizzed near him and struck in the trenches. Another bomb rose in front of him and seemed to be flying straight at him. All of a sudden he felt terrified; he ran off five paces at full speed and lay down on the ground. But when the bomb burst, and at a distance from him, he grew dreadfully vexed at himself, and glanced about as he rose, to see whether any one had perceived him in his fall; but there was no one about.

When fear has once made its way into the mind, it does not speedily give way to another feeling. He, who had always boasted that he would never bend, hastened along the trench with accelerated speed, and almost on his hands and knees. “Ah! this is very bad!” he thought, as he stumbled, “I shall certainly be killed;” and, conscious of how difficult it was for him to breathe, and that the

perspiration was breaking out all over his body, he was amazed at himself, but he no longer strove to conquer his feelings.

All at once steps became audible in advance of him. He quickly straightened himself up, raised his head, and boldly clanking his sword, began to proceed at a slower pace than before. He did not know himself. When he joined the officer of sappers and the sailor who were coming to meet him, and the former called to him: "Lie down!" pointing to the bright speck of a bomb, which, growing ever brighter and brighter, swifter and swifter as it approached, crashed down in the vicinity of the trench, he only bent his head a very little and involuntarily, under the influence of the terrified shout, and went his way.

"Whew, what a brave man!" ejaculated the sailor, who had calmly watched the exploding bomb, and with practised glance at once calculated that its splinters could not strike inside the trench "—and he would not lie down."

Only a few steps remained to be taken across an open space before Kalugin would reach the casemate of the commander of the bastion, when he was again attacked by dimness of vision and that stupid sensation of fear; his heart began to beat more violently, the blood rushed to his head, and he was obliged to exert some self-command in order to reach the casemate.

"Why are you so flushed?" inquired the general, when Kalugin had communicated to him his orders.

"I have been walking very fast, your Excellency."

"Will you not take a glass of wine?"

Kalugin drank the wine and lighted a cigarette. The engagement had already come to an end, only the heavy cannonade continued on both sides. In the casemate sat General N., the commander of the bastion and six other officers, among whom was Praskukhin, discussing various details of the conflict. As he sat in this comfortable apartment, with blue hangings, with a sofa, a bed, a table, on which lay papers, a wall clock, and the holy pictures before which burned a lamp, gazing upon the signs of habitation and at the beams, an arshin (twenty-eight inches) thick, which formed the ceiling and listening to the shots which seemed weak in the casemate, Kalugin positively could not understand how he had twice permitted himself to be overcome with such unpardonable weakness. He was angry with himself, and longed for danger in order that he might subject himself to another trial.

"I am glad that you are here, Captain," he said to a naval officer with a large moustache and the cross of St. George, who entered the casemate at that moment, and asked the general to give him some men that he might repair the two embrasures on his battery which had been demolished. "The General ordered me to inquire," continued Kalugin, when the commander of the battery ceased to address the general, "whether your guns can fire grape-shot into the trenches?"

"Only one of my guns will do that," replied the captain, gruffly.

"Let us go and see, all the same."

The captain frowned and grunted angrily.

"I have already passed the whole night there, and I came here to try and get a little rest," said he; "cannot you go alone? My assistant, Lieutenant Kartz, is there, and he will show you everything."

The captain had now been, for six months, in command of this, one of the most dangerous of the batteries; and even when there were no casemates, he had lived, without relief, in the bastion, from the beginning of the siege; and among the sailors he bore a reputation for bravery. Therefore his refusal struck and amazed Kalugin particularly. "That's what reputation is worth!" he thought.

"Well, then, I will go alone if you will permit it," Kalugin said, in a somewhat bantering tone to the captain, who, however, paid not the slightest heed to his words.

But Kalugin did not reflect that he had passed, in all, at different times, perhaps fifty hours on the bastion, while the captain had lived there for six months. Kalugin was actuated, moreover, by vanity, by a desire to shine, by the hope of reward, of reputation, and by the charm of risk; but the captain had already gone through all that; he had been vain at first, he had displayed valor, he had risked his life, he had hoped for fame and guerdon, and had even obtained them; but these actuating motives had already lost their power over him; and he regarded the matter in another light: he fulfilled his duty with punctuality, understanding quite well, however, how small were the chances for his life which were left him; after a six months' residence in the bastion, he no longer risked these casualties, except in case of stern necessity, so that the young lieutenant, who had entered the battery a week previous to this time, and who was now showing it to Kalugin, in company with whom he took turns in thrusting himself out of the embrasure, or



climbing out on the banquette, seemed ten times as brave as the captain.

After inspecting the battery, Kalugin returned to the casemate and ran against the general in the dark, as the latter was ascending to the watch-tower with his ordnance officers.

"Captain Praskukhin!" said the general, "please to go to the first lodgement and say to the second battalion of the M. Regiment, which is at work there, that they are to abandon their work, to evacuate the place without making any noise, and to join their regiment, which is standing at the foot of the hill in the reserve. . . . Do you understand? Conduct them to their regiment yourself."

"Yes, sir."

And Praskukhin set out for the lodgement on a run. The firing was growing more infrequent.

"Is this the second battalion of the M. Regiment?" asked Praskukhin, hastening up to the spot, and running against the soldiers who were carrying earth in sacks.

"Exactly so."

"Where is the commander?"

Mikhailoff, supposing that the inquiry was for the commander of the corps, crawled out of his pit, and taking Praskukhin for the colonel, he stepped up to him with his hand at his visor.

"The general has given orders . . . that you . . . are to be so good as to go . . . as quickly as possible . . . and, in particular, as quietly as possible . . . not to the rear exactly, but to the reserve," said Praskukhin, glancing askance at the enemy's fires.

On recognizing Praskukhin and discovering the state of things, Mikhailoff dropped his hand, gave his orders, and the battalion started into motion, gathered up their guns, put on their cloaks, and set out.

No one who has not experienced it can imagine the delight which a man feels when he takes his departure after a three hours' bombardment from such a dangerous post as the lodgements. Several times, in the course of those three hours, Mikhailoff had, not without reason, considered his end as inevitable, and had grown accustomed to the conviction that he should infallibly be killed, and that he no longer belonged to this world. In spite of this, however, he had great difficulty in keeping his feet from running away with him

when he issued from the lodgements at the head of his corps, in company with Praskukhin. "*Au revoir*," said the major, the commander of another battalion, who was to remain there, and with whom he had shared his cheese as they sat in the pit behind the breastworks—"a pleasant journey to you."

"And may your stay here be pleasant. Things seem to have quieted down now."

But no sooner had he said this than the enemy, who must have observed the movement, began to fire faster and faster. Our guns began to reply to him, and again a heavy cannonade commenced. The stars were gleaming high, but not brilliantly, in the sky. The night was dark—you could hardly see your hand before you; only the flashes of the discharges and the explosions of the bombs illuminated objects for a moment. The soldiers marched on rapidly in silence, involuntarily treading close on each other's heels; all that was audible through the incessant discharges, was the measured sound of their footsteps on the dry road, the noise of their bayonets as they came in contact, or the sigh and prayer of some young soldier: "Lord, Lord! what is this?" Now and then the groan of a wounded man arose, and the shout: "Stretcher!" [In the company commanded by Mikhailoff, twenty-six men were killed in one night by the fire of the artillery alone.] The lightning flashed against the distant horizon, the sentry in the bastion shouted, "Can-non!" and the ball, shrieking over the heads of the corps, tore up the earth and sent the stones flying.

"Deuce take it! how slowly they march," thought Praskukhin, glancing back continually, as he walked beside Mikhailoff. "Really, it will be better for me to run on in front; I have already given the order. . . . But no; it might be said later on that I was a coward. What will be, will be; I will march with them."

"Now, why is he walking behind me?" thought Mikhailoff, on his side; "so far as I have observed, he always brings ill-luck. There it comes flying straight for us, apparently."

After traversing several hundred paces, they encountered Kalugin, who was going to the casemates, clanking his sword boldly as he walked, in order to learn, by the general's command, how the work was progressing there. But on meeting Mikhailoff, it occurred to him that, instead of going thither under that terrible fire, which he was not ordered to do, he could make minute inquiries of the officer who had been there. And, in fact, Mikhailoff furnished him with a

detailed account of the work. After walking a short distance with them, Kalugin turned into the trench which led to the casemates.

"Well, what news is there?" inquired the officer, who was seated alone at the table and eating his supper.

"Oh, nothing, apparently, except that there will not be any further conflict."

"How so? On the contrary, the general has but just gone up to the top of the works again. A regiment has already arrived. Yes, there it is . . . do you hear? The firing has begun again. Don't go. Why should you?" added the officer, perceiving the movement made by Kalugin.

"But I must be there without fail in the present instance," thought Kalugin, "but I have already subjected myself to a good deal of danger to-day; the firing is terrible."

"Well, after all, I had better wait for him here," he said.

In fact, the general returned twenty minutes later, accompanied by the officers who had been with him; among their number was the cadet, Baron Pesth, but Praskukhin was not with them. The lodgements had been captured and occupied by our forces.

After receiving a full account of the engagement, Kalugin and Pesth went out of the casemates.

"There is blood on your cloak; have you been having a hand-to-hand fight?" Kalugin asked him.

"Ah! 'tis frightful! Can you imagine? . . ."

And Pesth began to relate how he had led his company, how the commander of the company had been killed, how he had spitted a Frenchman, and how, if it had not been for him, the battle would have been lost.

The foundations for this tale that the company commander had been killed, and that Pesth had killed a Frenchman, were correct; but in giving the details the cadet had invented facts and bragged.

He bragged involuntarily, because, during the whole engagement, he had been in a kind of mist, and had forgotten himself to such a degree that everything which happened seemed to him to have happened to himself, somewhere, sometime, and with some one, and very naturally he had endeavored to bring out these details in a light which should be favorable to himself. But what had really taken place was this:

The battalion to which the cadet had been ordered for the

sortie had stood under fire for two hours near a wall; then the commander of the battalion had said something at the head, the company commanders had made a move, the battalion had got under way, had issued forth from behind the breastworks, had marched forward a hundred paces, and had come to a halt in columns. Pesth had been ordered to take his stand on the right flank of the second company.

The *yunker* (cadet) stood his ground, absolutely without knowing where he was, or why he was there, and with breath involuntarily restrained and a cold chill running down his spine, stared stupidly straight ahead into the dark beyond in the expectation of something terrible. But since there was no firing in progress, he did not feel so much terrified, but queer and strange at finding himself outside the fortress in the open plain. Again the battalion commander ahead said something. Again the officers conversed in whispers as they communicated the orders, and the black wall of the first company disappeared. They had been ordered to lie down. The second company lay down also, and Pesth, in the act, pricked his hand on something sharp. The only man who did not lie down was the commander of the second company. His short form with the naked sword, which he was flourishing, talking incessantly the while, moved about in front of the troop.

"Children! my lads, look at me! Don't fire at them, but have at them with your bayonets, the dogs! When I shout, 'Hurrah!' follow me close. The chief thing is to be as close together as possible. Let us show what we are made of; do not let us cover ourselves with shame; shall we, hey, my children? For our father the Czar!"

"What is our company commander's surname?" Pesth inquired of a *yunker* who was lying beside him. "What a brave fellow he is!"

"Yes, he's always that way in a fight," answered the *yunker*. "His name is Lisinkovsky."

At that moment a flame flashed up in front of the company, there was a crash which deafened them all, stones and splinters flew high in the air [fifty seconds, at least, later a stone fell from above and crushed the foot of a soldier]. This was a bomb from an elevated platform, and the fact that it fell in the midst of the company proved that the French had caught sight of the column.

"So they are sending bombs! Just let us get at you, and you

shall feel the bayonet of a three-sided Russian—curse you!” shouted the commander of the company in so loud a tone that the battalion commander was forced to order him to hold his peace and not to make so much noise.

After this, the first company rose to their feet, and after it the second. They were ordered to fix bayonets, and the battalion advanced. Pesth was so terrified that he absolutely could not recollect whether they advanced far, or whither, or who did what. He walked like a drunken man. But all at once millions of fires flashed from all sides, there was a whistling and a crashing. He shrieked and ran off somewhere because they were all shrieking and running. Then he stumbled and fell upon something. This was the company commander [who had been wounded at the head of his men, and who, taking the *yunker* for a Frenchman, seized him by the leg]. Then when he had freed his leg and risen to his feet, some man bounded against his back in the dark and almost knocked him down again; another man shouted: “Run him through! What are you staring at!”

Then some one seized a gun and ran the bayonet into something soft. “Ah, Dieu!” exclaimed some one else in a terribly piercing voice, and then only did Pesth discover that he had transfixed a Frenchman. The cold sweat started out all over his body, he shook as though in a fever, and flung away the gun. But this lasted only a moment; it immediately occurred to him that he was a hero. He seized the gun again, and, shouting “Hurrah!” with the crowd, he rushed away from the dead Frenchman. After having traversed about twenty paces, he came to the trench. There he found our men and the company commander.

“I have run one man through!” he said to the commander.

“You’re a brave fellow, Baron!”

“But do you know Praskukhin has been killed?” said Pesth, accompanying Kalugin, who had stepped up to him.

“It cannot be!”

“But it can; I saw him myself.”

“Farewell; I am in a hurry.”

“I am well content,” thought Kalugin as he returned home; “I have had luck for the first time when on duty. That was a capital engagement, and I am alive and whole; there will be some fine presentations and I shall certainly get a golden sword. And I deserve it, too.”

After reporting to the general all that was necessary, he went to his room, in which sat Prince Galitzin, who had returned long before, and who was reading a book which he had found on Kalugin's table while waiting for him.

It was with a wonderful sense of enjoyment that Kalugin found himself at home again out of all danger; and having donned his night-shirt and lain down on the sofa, he began to relate to Galitzin the particulars of the affair, communicating them, naturally, from that point of view from which these details proved that he, Kalugin, was a very active and valiant officer; to which, in my opinion, it was superfluous to refer, seeing that every one knew it and that no one had any right to doubt it, with the exception, perhaps, of the deceased Captain Praskukhin, who, in spite of the fact that he had considered it a stroke of luck to walk arm in arm with Kalugin, had told a friend, only the evening before, in private, that Kalugin was a very fine man, but that, between you and me, he was terribly averse to going to the bastion.

No sooner had Praskukhin, who had been walking beside Mikhailoff, taken leave of Kalugin, and, betaking himself to a safer place, had begun to recover his spirits somewhat than he caught sight of a flash of lightning flaring up vividly behind him, heard the shout of the sentinel: "Mor-tar!" and the words of the soldiers who were marching behind: "It's flying straight at the bastion!"

Mikhailoff glanced round. The brilliant point of the bomb seemed to be suspended directly in the zenith, in such a position that it was absolutely impossible to determine its course. But this lasted only for a second; the bomb came faster and faster, nearer and nearer, so that some of the sparks of the fuse were already visible and the fateful whistle audible, and descended straight in the middle of the battalion.

"Lie down!" shouted a voice.

Mikhailoff and Praskukhin threw themselves on the ground. Praskukhin shut his eyes and only heard the bomb crash against the hard earth somewhere in the vicinity. A second passed, which seemed an hour—and the bomb had not burst. Praskukhin was alarmed; had he felt cowardly for nothing? Perhaps the bomb had fallen at a distance and it merely seemed to him that the fuse was hissing somewhere. He opened his eyes and saw with satisfaction that Mikhailoff was lying motionless on the earth at his very feet. But then his eyes encountered for a moment the glowing fuse

of the bomb, which was twisting about at a distance of an arshin from him.

A cold horror, which excluded every other thought and feeling, took possession of his whole being. He covered his face with his hands.

Another second passed—a second in which a whole world of thoughts, feelings, hopes and memories flashed through his mind.

“Which will it kill, Mikhailoff or me, or both together? And if it is I, where will it strike? If in the head, then all is over with me; but if in the leg, they will cut it off, and I shall ask them to be sure and give me chloroform, and I may still remain among the living. But perhaps no one but Mikhailoff will be killed; then I will relate how we were walking along together, and how he was killed and his blood spurted over me. No. It is nearer to me. It will kill me!”

Then he remembered the twenty rubles which he owed Mikhailoff, and recalled another debt in Petersburg which ought to have been paid long ago; the gypsy air which he had sung the previous evening recurred to him. The woman whom he loved appeared to his imagination in a cap with lilac ribbons. A man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had not paid off for his insult, came to his mind, though inextricably interwoven with these and with a thousand other memories the feeling of the moment—the fear of death—never deserted him for an instant. “But perhaps it will not burst!” he thought, and with the decision of despair he tried to open his eyes. But at that instant, through the crevice of his eyelids, his eyes were smitten with a red flash, and something struck him in the centre of the breast with a frightful crash. He ran off, he knew not whither, stumbled over his sword, which had got between his legs, and fell over on his side.

“Thank God, I am only bruised!” was his first thought, and he tried to touch his breast with his hands, but his arms seemed fettered, and pincers were pressing his head. The soldiers flitted before his eyes, and he unconsciously counted them. “One, two, three soldiers, and there is an officer wrapped up in his cloak,” he thought. Then a flash passed before his eyes, and he thought that something had been fired off. Was it the mortars or the cannon? It must have been the cannon. And there was still another shot, and there were more soldiers—five, six, seven soldiers were passing by him. Then suddenly he felt afraid that they would crush him. He

wanted to shout to them that he was bruised, but his mouth was so dry that his tongue clove to his palate, and he was tortured by a frightful thirst. He felt that he was wet about the breast. This sensation of dampness reminded him of water, and he even wanted to drink this, whatever it was. "It must have brought the blood when I fell," he thought, and beginning to give way more and more to terror lest the soldiers who passed should crush him, he collected all his strength, and tried to cry, "Take me with you!" But instead of this he groaned so terribly that it frightened him to hear himself. Then some more red fires flashed in his eyes, and it seemed to him as though the soldiers were laying stones upon him, the fires danced more and more rarely, the stones which they piled on him oppressed him more and more. He exerted all his strength in order to cast off the stones. He stretched himself out, and no longer saw, or heard, or thought, or felt anything. He had been killed on the spot by a splinter in the middle of the breast.

Mikhailoff, on catching sight of the bomb, fell to the earth, and, like Praskukhin, he went over, in thought and feeling, an incredible amount in those two seconds while the bomb lay there unexploded. He prayed to God mentally, and kept repeating, "Thy will be done!" "And why did I enter the military service?" he thought at the same time, "and why, again, did I exchange into the infantry in order to take part in this campaign? Would it not have been better for me to have remained in the regiment of Uhlans, in the town of T——, and to have passed the time with my friend Natasha? And now this is what has come of it." And he began to count: "One, two, three, four," guessing that if it burst on the even number he would live, but if on the uneven number, then he should be killed. "All is over; killed," he thought, when the bomb burst (he did not remember whether it was on the even or the uneven number), and he felt a blow and a sharp pain in his head. "Lord, forgive my sins," he murmured, folding his hands, then rose and fell back senseless.

His first sensation, when he came to himself, was the blood which was flowing from his nose, and a pain in his head, which had become less powerful. "It is my soul departing," he thought. "What will it be like *there*? Lord, receive my soul in peace. But one thing is strange," he thought, "and that is, that, though dying, I can still hear so plainly the footsteps of the soldiers and the reports of the shots."



"Send some bearers! Hey, there! The captain is killed!" shouted a voice over his head which he unconsciously recognized as the voice of his drummer, Ignatieff.

Some one grasped him by the shoulders. He made an effort to open his eyes, and saw overhead the dark blue heavens, the clusters of stars, and two bombs, which were flying over him, one after the other; he saw Ignatieff, the soldiers with the stretcher, the guns, the walls of the trench, and all at once he became convinced that he was not yet in the other world.

He had been slightly wounded in the head with a stone. His very first impression was one resembling regret. He had so beautifully and so calmly prepared himself for transit *thither*, that a return to reality, with its bombs, its trenches and its blood, produced a disagreeable effect on him. His second impression was an involuntary joy that he was alive, and the third, a desire to leave the bastion as speedily as possible. The drummer bound up his commander's head with his handkerchief, and, taking him under the arm, led him to the place where the bandaging was going on.

"But whither am I going, and why?" thought the staff-captain, when he recovered his senses a little. "It is my duty to remain with my men, and not to go on in advance; the more so as they will soon be out of range of the fire," some voice whispered to him.

"Never mind, brother," he said, pulling his arm away from the obliging drummer. "I will not go to the bandaging place. I will remain with my men."

And he turned back.

"You had better have your wound properly attended to, your honor," said Ignatieff. "In the heat of the moment it seems as if it were a trifle; but it will be the worse if not attended to. There is some inflammation rising there; really now, your honor."

Mikhailoff paused for a moment in indecision, and would have followed Ignatieff's advice, in all probability, had he not called to mind how many severely wounded men there must needs be at the bandaging place. "Perhaps the doctor will smile at my scratch," thought the staff-captain, and he returned with decision to his men, wholly regardless of the drummer's admonitions.

"And where is Ordnance Officer Praskukhin, who was walking with me?" he asked the ensign, who was leading the corps when they met.

"I don't know; killed, apparently," replied the ensign, reluctantly.

"How is it that you do not know whether he was killed or wounded? He was walking with us. And why have you not carried him with you?"

"How could it be done, brother, when the place was so hot for us?"

"Ah, how could you do such a thing, Mikhail Ivanitch?" said Mikhailoff, angrily. "How could you abandon him if he was alive? And if he was dead, you should still have brought away his body."

"How could he be alive when, as I tell you, I went up to him and saw?" returned the ensign. "As you like, however. Only his own men might carry him off. Here, you dogs! The cannonade has abated," he added.

Mikhailoff sat down and clasped his head, which the motion caused to pain him terribly.

"Yes, I must go and get him without fail. Perhaps he is still alive," said Mikhailoff. "It is our *duty*, Mikhail Ivanitch."

Mikhail Ivanitch made no reply.

"He did not take him at the time, and now the soldiers must be sent alone, and how can they be sent? Their lives may be sacrificed in vain under that hot fire," thought Mikhailoff.

"Children, we must go back and get the officer who was wounded there in the ditch," he said, in not too loud and commanding a tone, for he felt how unpleasant it would be to the soldiers to obey his order; and, in fact, as he did not address any one in particular by name, no one set out to fulfil it.

"It is quite possible that he is already dead, and it is *not worth while* to subject the men to unnecessary danger. I alone am to blame for not having seen to it. I will go myself and learn whether he is alive. It is my *duty*," said Mikhailoff to himself.

"Mikhail Ivanitch, do you lead the men forward and I will overtake you," he said, and, pulling up his cloak with one hand, and with the other constantly touching the image of Saint Mitrofan, in which he cherished a special faith, he set off on a run along the trench.

Having convinced himself that Praskukhin was dead, he dragged himself back, panting and supporting with his hand the loosened bandage and his head, which began to pain him severely. The battalion had already reached the foot of the hill and a place almost

out of range of shots, when Mikhailoff overtook it. I say *almost* out of range, because some stray bombs struck here and there.

"At all events, I must go to the hospital to-morrow and put down my name," thought the staff-captain, as the medical student assisting the doctors bound his wound.

Hundreds of bodies freshly smeared with blood, of men who, two hours previous, had been filled with divers lofty or petty hopes and desires, now lay with stiffened limbs in the dewy, flowery valley which separated the bastion from the trench and on the level floor of the chapel for the dead in Sevastopol; hundreds of men crawled, twisted, and groaned with curses and prayers on their parched lips, some amid the corpses in the flower-strewn vale, others on stretchers, on cots, and on the blood-stained floor of the hospital; and still, as on the days preceding, the red dawn burned over Mount Sapun, the twinkling stars paled, the white mist spread abroad from the dark, sounding sea, the red glow illuminated the east, long crimson cloudlets darted across the bright blue horizon; and still, as on days preceding, the powerful, all-beautiful sun rose up, giving promise of joy, love, and happiness to all who dwell in the world.

On the following evening the band of the chasseurs was playing again on the boulevard, and again officers, cadets, soldiers, and young women were promenading in festive guise about the pavilion and through the low-hanging alleys of fragrant white acacias in bloom.

Kalugin, Prince Galitzin, and some colonel or other, were walking arm in arm near the pavilion, and discussing the engagement of the day before. As always happens in such cases, the chief governing thread of the conversation was not the engagement itself, but the part which those who were narrating the story of the affair had taken in it.

Their faces and the sound of their voices had a serious, almost melancholy expression, as though the loss of the preceding day had touched and saddened them deeply; but, to tell the truth, as none of them had lost any one very near to him, this expression of sorrow was an official expression, which they merely felt it to be their duty to exhibit. On the contrary, Kalugin and the colonel, notwithstanding the fact that they were very fine fellows, were ready to see an engagement of the same sort every day, provided that they might receive a gold sword, or the rank of major-general. I like it when any warrior who destroys millions to gratify his ambition is called a

monster. Only question any Ensign Petrushkoff, Sub-lieutenant Antonoff, and so on, on their word of honor, and every one of us is a petty Napoleon, a petty monster, and ready to bring on a battle on the instant, to murder a hundred men, merely for the sake of receiving an extra cross or an increase of a third in his pay.

"No; excuse me," said the colonel, "it began first on the left flank. *I was there myself.*"

"Possibly," answered Kalugin. "*I was more on the right; I went thither twice. Once I was in search of the general, and the second time I went merely to inspect the lodgements. It was a hot place.*"

"Yes; of course Kalugin knows," said Prince Galitzin to the colonel. "You know that B—— told *me* to-day that you were a brave fellow."

"But the losses—the losses were terrible," said the colonel. "*I lost four hundred men from my regiment. It's a wonder that I escaped from there alive.*"

At this moment the figure of Mikhailoff, with his head bandaged, appeared at the other extremity of the boulevard, coming to meet these gentlemen.

"What! are you wounded, captain?" said Kalugin.

"Yes, slightly, with a stone," replied Mikhailoff.

"Has the flag been lowered yet?" inquired Prince Galitzin, in French, gazing over the staff-captain's cap, and addressing himself to no one in particular.

"No, not yet," answered Mikhailoff, who wished to show that he understood and spoke French.

"Is the truce still in force?" said Galitzin, addressing him courteously in Russian, and thereby intimating—so it seemed to the captain—"It must be difficult for you to speak French, so why is it not better to talk in your own tongue simply? . . ." And with this the adjutants left him. The staff-captain again felt lonely, as on the preceding evening, and, exchanging salutes with various gentlemen—some he did not care, and others he did not dare, to join—he seated himself near Kazarsky's monument and lighted a cigarette.

Baron Pesth also had come to the boulevard. He had been telling how he had gone over to arrange the truce, and had conversed with the French officers, and he declared that one French officer had said to him: "If daylight had not lasted for another half hour these ambushes would have been retaken," and that he had replied:

"Sir! I refrain from saying no, in order not to give you the lie," and how well he had said it, and so on.

But, in reality, although he had had a hand in the truce, he had not dared to say anything very particular there, although he had been very desirous of talking with the French (for it is terribly jolly to talk with Frenchmen). *Yunker* Baron Pesth had marched up and down the line for a long time, incessantly inquiring of the Frenchmen who were near him: "To what regiment do you belong?" They answered him, and that was the end of it. When he walked too far along the line, the French sentry, not suspecting that this soldier understood French, cursed him over a third person's shoulders. "He has come to spy out our works, the cursed ——," said he; and, in consequence, *yunker* Baron Pesth, taking no further interest in the truce, went home, and thought out on the way thither those French phrases which he had now repeated. Captain Zoboff was also on the boulevard, talking loudly, and Captain Obzhogoff in a very dishevelled condition, and an artillery captain, who courted no one and was happy in the love of the *yunkers*, and all the faces which had been there on the day before, and all still actuated by the same motives. No one was missing except Praskukhin, Neferdoff, and some others whom hardly any one remembered or thought of now, though their bodies were not yet washed, laid out, and interred in the earth.

White flags had been hung out from our bastion and from the trenches of the French, and in the blooming valley between them lay disfigured corpses, shoeless, in garments of gray and blue, which laborers were engaged in carrying off and heaping upon carts. The odor of the dead bodies filled the air. Throngs of people had poured out of Sevastopol and from the French camp to gaze upon this spectacle, and they pressed, one after the other, with eager and benevolent curiosity.

The flowery vale is filled with dead bodies, the splendid sun sinks into the blue sea, and the blue sea undulates and glitters in the golden rays of the sun. Thousands of people congregate, gaze, talk, and smile at each other. And why do not Christian people, who profess the one great law of love and self-sacrifice, when they behold what they have wrought, fall in repentance upon their knees before Him who, when He gave them life, implanted in the soul of each of them, together with a fear of death, a love of the good and the

beautiful, and with tears of joy and happiness embrace each other like brothers? No! But it is a comfort to think that it was not we who began this war, that we are only defending our own country, our fatherland. The white flags have been hauled in, and again the weapons of death and suffering are shrieking, again innocent blood is shed and groans and curses are audible.

I have now said all that I wish to say at this time. But a heavy thought overmasters me. Perhaps it should not have been said, perhaps what I have said belongs to one of those evil truths which, unconsciously concealed in the soul of each man, should not be uttered, lest they become pernicious: as a cask of wine should not be shaken lest it be thereby spoiled.

Where is the expression of evil which should be avoided; where is the expression of good which should be imitated, in this sketch? Who is the villain, who the hero? All are good and all are evil.

Neither Kalugin, with his brilliant bravery—*bravoure de gentil-homme*—and his vanity, the instigator of all his deeds; nor Praskukhin, the empty-headed, harmless man, though he fell in battle for the faith, the throne, and his native land; nor Mikhailoff, with his shyness; nor Pesth, a child with no firm convictions or principles, can be either the heroes or the villains of the tale.

The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful, is—the truth.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.\*

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\* Translated from the Russian by I. F. Haggood.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### EARLY AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

THE first magazine of any note in this country was "*The American Museum*; A Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, &c., Prose and Poetical. Printed at Philadelphia by Matthew Carey. 1786." Carey himself was a "fugitive piece" of Irish dynamite, a born newspaper man, who started a journal almost as soon as he touched our shores, and continued it till he was wounded in a duel with a rival editor. During the six years in which he edited it the *Museum* was full of life and interest, but afterward grew intolerably heavy, and deservedly perished in its tenth year. In his preface to the second volume he admitted that public opinion had been against the enterprise at the beginning, so that he had only twenty subscribers for his first number, but claimed that results had vindicated his judgment as to the need of such a storehouse for the winnowed contents of the newspapers. An idea of the scope of this collection may be gained from the fact that the earlier volumes contain Paine's "Common Sense," "The Federalist," Washington's "Farewell Address," Trumbull's epic poem, "McFingal," "Remarks on the Late Insinuations against Gen. Washington," "A Receipt for the Cure of Scurvy," and "On Preserving Parsnips and Turnips." The second volume begins with an involuntary symposium on paper money, by Dr. Franklin and others. Franklin's writings constantly appear. A curious little estimate is made of the "Value of Various Estates in Europe," the Duke of Orleans heading the list with £300,000, followed by a Russian nobleman with £170,000, and Sir Watkin Wynn bringing up the rear with £35,000. What would the writer have said could his eyes have foreseen this day of the Vanderbilts and Rothschilds and the California "kings"?

The printed list of subscribers to this second volume is a striking one. It includes General Washington and "J. Madison, Esq.," of Virginia; "His Excellency Benj. Franklin, Esq.," United States Senator Robert Morris, and "Mr. Albert Gallatin," of Pennsylvania; Gov. William Livingston, Elias Boudinot, Esq., and the Whig and Cliosophic Societies of Princeton College, from New Jersey; and of New York, Col. Aaron Burr, "Hon. A. Hamilton," His Excellency John Jay, Chancellor Livingston, and "Noah Webster, Jr., Esq." (who was just then plunging himself into debt by his one year's experiment with *The American Magazine*). But we fear that there was more glitter than gold in good Matthew Carey's subscription list. In

the prefatory note alluded to he says, with some naïveté: "After careful examination of the various shoals on which periodical publications have been wrecked, I am in dread of only one, which I am almost ashamed to intimate. The shoal, the danger which I deprecate, is the want of due punctuality in paying the subscriptions."

The first American magazine to take much root was Joseph Dennie's *Portfolio*, begun in Philadelphia in 1801, conducted by him till his death eleven years afterward, and then "declining and falling off" till it also died, in 1827. It began as a weekly, but soon expanded into a monthly, and its price was \$6 a year. It was strongly patriotic, giving a great deal of attention to American history, and presenting rude portraits of distinguished Americans, particularly from the army and navy. It made a specialty of noticing current literature—in fact, toward the end it became little more than "Book Notices." It was distinctly Addisonian in style and flavor and in the pseudonyms of the writers, such as "Oliver Oldschool," "Peter Pendulum," and "Samuel Saunter." Dennie was perhaps the raciest writer of his day. He was always devising new methods of serving his literary dishes. He would appear as the "Lay Preacher," "The Rural Wanderer," "The Hermit," and even as "The Wandering Jew"; or he would write "The Farrago," or hail from the firm of "Colon & Spade," or from "The Desk of Beri Hesden." His "Answers to Correspondents" was an entertaining feature of the magazine, but whether the correspondents were all actual persons may well be doubted, as, like every other periodical of the day, pecuniary recompense was a thing unheard of, and the editor usually did most of the "contributing" himself, at starvation wages.

In 1803 appeared "*The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, containing Sketches and Reports of Philosophy, Religion, History, Art, and Manners. Edited by Per-se." Its fanciful title and its high-flown preface prepare one to find its first contents consisting of the regulation moral essays, written in modulated and balanced periods, and in a painfully fastidious style, which seems incapable of calling a spade a spade. Its prose is modelled after Addison and Johnson. Its poetry echoes of Thomson, Beattie, and Aken-side, and is full of "zephyrs" and "groves" and "cots." Its birds always "warble," and its poets (or "bards") compete with the birds in being known as "minstrels." The poetic mind was being perpetually "ravished" or "rapt." Corydon and Strephon and Phyllis were passing away, but Edward and Eliza and Rodolpho were still regnant in the realm of romance and rural verse. The fiction of the period was a feeble imitation of *Rasselas*, and the like thinly disguised moral essays. Sentimentality, platitude, and long-windedness were the order of the day, but not without protest from "the reading public." The editor complains of being censured for a "want of amusing anecdotes and wonderful stories," and disdains to insult his readers with a "gallimanfry" of "witless jests, silly puns, and nonsensical sonnets." And yet we are told that *The Anthology* numbered among its contributors such men as President Kirkland, John Quincy Adams, Buck-



minster, and George Ticknor. The trouble was a financial inability to be independent as to contributors, or even to secure unity and responsibility in the editorship—or, as the editor expresses it, in having to depend upon “the unpaid and unregulated contributions of a few literary men.” He also alleges as an excuse for “the paucity of original contributions,” that “American literature is a kind of half-cleared and half-cultivated country, where you may travel till you are out of breath without starting any new game !”

The lighter literature of our country found its chief outlet prior to 1850 in *The Mirror*, *Graham's Magazine*, and *The Knickerbocker*. George P. Morris and N. P. Willis were the Damon and Pythias of journalism. From 1830, when Willis joined the fortunes of his *American Monthly* with those of Morris's seven-year-old *N. Y. Mirror*, they were in almost Siamese relations in this respect until the death of General Morris in 1867, after having conducted successively *The Mirror*, *The Evening Mirror*, *The New Mirror*, and *The Home Journal*. Though only the first was a monthly, these publications were all distinctly literary. They were mostly as light as whipped syllabub, but it was the foam from which the ultimate Venus of the American magazine was to spring. Willis was very open-eyed and hospitable to budding merit, and an extraordinary number of our best writers first saw their literary faces in these *Mirrors*. An essential link would have been missing in our periodical development if this firm had not existed. Their publications were level with the literary taste and culture of the time, and were a more educating influence than if they had struck higher. And even now we turn with relief to their delightfully rambling and sentimental pages, from the fund of useful information and fine-spun serials which characterize the typical magazine of to-day.

Among the contributors to *The Mirror* were Bryant, Halleck, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Epes Sargent. But the vitality and tone, the inimitable sparkle and *bouquet*, were imparted by Willis. Probably no man of equal powers ever so distilled his intellectual essence into merely ephemeral forms. The very titles under which he wrote indicate his own consciousness of this self-frittering—such as “The Rag Bag,” “Hurrygraphs,” “Loiterings of Travel,” “Fun Jottings ; or, Laughs I have taken a Pen to.” Two of his best and most enduring series, “Pencilings by the Way” and “Letters from under a Bridge,” were contributed to *The Mirror*, besides some of his best poetry.

*Graham's*, which flourished from 1840 to the new era inaugurated by *Putnam's Magazine*, was of a higher order, though gotten up too much after the similitude of the Ladies' Books of the day. Its success was undoubtedly due to the fact that, for the first time in the history of American periodicals, the proprietor paid for articles with some approach to a remuneration, and thus could command the best of the market. And yet poor Willis speaks of it as a great stroke of fortune to have received from Graham \$50 for one of his longest and best stories. Our own chief recollection of the mag-

azine is of a rather characterless cover, which it bore in common with most of the periodicals of that time, weak in color, and traced over with aimless flourishes and vines.

William E. Burton, the actor, tried his hand about this time in a short-lived *Gentleman's Magazine*, but seems to have been as much mistaken about his genius in this case as when he made his theatrical début as a tragedian, and was laughed and jeered into low comedy.

*The Dial* came next. We approach this marvellous and unique publication with awe, and leave it with hasty feet. It was the preliminary explosion of gas which the long-smouldering literary spirit of the New World threw off in clearing itself for its brilliant work of the last fifty years. *The Dial* was too sublimated for "human nature's (quarterly) food." Carlyle described it to Emerson as "spirit-like, aëriiform, aurora-borealis-like," and queried: "Will no angel body himself out of that, no stalwart Yankee *man* with color in the cheeks of him and a coat on his back?" Was not this anxious inquiry satisfactorily answered in the work which Emerson, Thoreau, Ripley, Hedge, Dwight, Lowell, Freeman Clarke, and others have since done and set others to doing for an American literature? After four years of existence, which brought it a great many more kicks than half-pence, and which nearly wore out poor Margaret Fuller with unpaid editorial toil and responsibility, "this little aspiring starveling" lay down and died—of lack of porridge rather than of breath to blow it.

The dear old *Knickerbocker*! Was there ever a magazine, unless "Old Ebony" itself, which so won the hearts of its constituency? The secret of this was not in its contributors, but in the "Editor's Table" and "Gossip with Readers and Correspondents." Lewis Gaylord Clark was the prince of gossips. He had not the slightest conception of the editor as a "Great Unknown," or of his chair as anything more dignified than a *tête-à-tête* or an office stool. His appetite for jokes was insatiable, and his manner of retailing them irresistible. He was an incorrigible punster, and delighted in nothing more than to play "cup and ball" with words. We fear, however, that the genial old egotist in his latter days often joked on an empty stomach, and that his list of subscribers dwindled before the new era like that now extinct human dodo, the Knickerbocker himself.

It was an immense step forward when *Putnam's Magazine* appeared, January, 1853. Have we had any real advance in literary form or quality since? It was, of course, a development from the long preparation and struggle of the past, but only as the slowly growing plant suddenly bursts into bloom and flower.

The plan of the work was laid out at a dinner-party in Sixteenth Street, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), the future editor, Parke Godwin, George Sumner, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and George William Curtis. Mr. Godwin became associate editor. Few first numbers of a periodical have been so brilliant. There were no names appended to the articles, but we discover Longfellow's "Warden

of the Cinque Ports," essays by Thoreau and Curtis, and contributions by Dr. F. L. Hawks and Fitz James O'Brien. An interesting series on "Our Young Authors" was begun, the first relating to Donald G. Mitchell, whose *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* had suffused the American youth of that period in a golden haze of sentiment. There is an article on "Homes of American Authors," which concludes with an allusion to the "vacant and silent halls of Marshfield," haunted with "sad and thoughtful memories of Webster," who had just died. Still another speaks of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published "on the twentieth of last March," as "the Iliad of the blacks," and as "a miracle of popularity," having already sold to the extent of a million copies. The fall elections, however, had "certainly not offered any reason to believe that the minds of our countrymen have been influenced by Mrs. Stowe's enchantments." *Putnam's*, by the way, was the first magazine which introduced the independent and literary discussion of politics. The rapid evolution of the anti-slavery movement is attested by the fact that, notwithstanding the above rather dubious reference, a distinct call is made in the number of September, 1854, for an organization on the principles which were then crystallizing into the Republican Party.

Other early numbers contain Bayard Taylor's "Hasheesh Eater," and two letters with bits of original poetry, signed "Paripedemus," by Arthur Hugh Clough; "Thackeray in America"—the great novelist being engaged in delivering at that time his lectures on *The English Humorists*; and "The Pacific Railroad, and How it is to be Built," opposing the plan of Government intervention. It will give an idea of these five years of *Putnam*, to say that the following were among the books made up from its contents: Lowell's *Fireside Travels*, Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, Grant White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, Edmund Quincy's *Wensley*, and Cozzens's *Sparrowgrass Papers*. The stimulus given to native talent may be judged from the announcement at the close of the first six months, that "four hundred and eighty-nine *voluntary* contributions had been received, from every State and Territory except Deseret" (Utah). This was largely due to the additional fact that every one used had been paid for at what the writers considered "liberal" terms. There were several serial novels, but the "short story" was still comparatively an unfound art. The great hit of this magazine, however, was the controversy excited by an article in the second number, entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" The writer, a clergyman named Hanson, contended with great plausibility and array of proof that the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Indians, was no less a person than the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. We remember seeing Williams, and hearing him preach. He certainly looked the part to perfection, and was every inch a Bourbon in appearance. Better yet, he was admittedly an honest and excellent gentleman, and has doubtless inherited a far better and more enduring crown than could have come to him from that ill-starred race.

The editorial department of the first number of *Putnam's* occupied fif-

teen pages, and related to the literature of all lands, to science, music, and the fine arts. The extinction of the American Art Union by the courts, as a lottery, is lamented. Sontag and Alboni, who were both in this country, were contrasted, in favor of the latter. Jullien was giving monster concerts, and Madame Anna Bishop was having a great success in English opera. *Bleak House* and *Henry Esmond* had just appeared, and the latter had been "variously received"—the story was "not over interesting." The criticism on Tennyson's "Ode on Wellington" was the same which has almost uniformly greeted everything which he has written—that he was "not equal to himself." Layard's "great work on Babylon" is announced. J. Payne Collier's "Corrected Folio of 1630" was creating a furious sensation among Shaksperians. The death of "Kit North" is recorded in black columns, as of "the greatest of our tribe . . . the Hierarch of Magazinists . . . who did most to render popular and to elevate magazine literature."

No interval was allowed to occur when *Putnam's* stopped, in 1857—*The Atlantic Monthly* taking the vacant place and transferring the "literary centre" to Boston. Its first publishers were Phillips, Sampson & Co. The articles were anonymous, the authorship not being acknowledged even in the index till the tenth volume. It was not until the twenty-sixth volume, in 1870, that the names of writers began to be appended to their contributions. This was the more strange because *The Atlantic* from the beginning could boast of the most famous literary names in America. In the very first number we find Emerson's essay on "Illusions," and two poems—"Days" and "Brahma." How well we remember the universal chorus of ridicule which greeted "Brahma," and the endless travesties, which would have destroyed any poem not destined for immortality. It had also a poem by Longfellow, "Santa Filomena," and the beginning of an exquisite series of "Florentine Mosaics," which old readers of *The Atlantic* can hardly have forgotten. By the way, is it an accidental coincidence that Mr. Howells's title of a recent series of articles in *The Century* was the same? But what insured the success of *The Atlantic* was that "The Autocrat" took his seat at "the Breakfast-Table" in the very first number, reigning ever since like an American Addison, Sterne and Lamb all in one. The rest of this number was not particularly noteworthy. The new books reviewed were Henry Rogers's *Greyson Letters*, Peter Bayne's *Essays*, and Charles Reade's *White Lies*.

But with *The Atlantic* we reach what may be termed the contemporary period of our magazine literature. *Harper's* had been already founded in 1850, and at the close of the first volume had announced the publication of two illustrated articles. *Putnam's* had also given cuts of some of its leading contributors; and ground had been broken for the great illustrated monthlies of to-day. The beginnings and the transition era of American magazines were alike over—the modern period had commenced.

## I AND ME.

WHEN Richard Steele, in Addison's *Spectator* for May 30, 1711, attempted to set some bounds to the usurpation of "the Jack Sprat *that*," he succeeded, as is well known, far beyond what could have been his own fondest hope. The obnoxious word had so far supplanted its sisters *who* and *which* as to imperil the continuance of these important words in the language; but Steele, by his *Humble Petition of Who and Which*, secured not only the relegation of *that* to its own province, but a formal definition of the difference between *who* and *which*, so carefully drawn that the confusion of these words, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father *which* art in heaven," was wholly remedied. Since 1711, as all our grammarians tell us, *who* has referred to persons and *which* to things, while *that* is a sort of free lance, lending variety to the oft-recurring relative clause, and especially serving to introduce relative *modifiers* of the antecedent.

And yet, though a popular writer in 1711, though he contributed to the most famous journal of his day, and though he succeeded, Sir Richard must have earned no little ill-will, and perhaps some hard words, from his contemporaries. No one, not even a person of education, enjoys being caught in an error of speech; for few people are aware how liable persons of education—even of the highest education—are to such blunders, and the average company, therefore, visits upon their perpetrators not a little unpleasant raillery. Besides, there has always existed among the English-speaking peoples, especially in England and in the last century, a certain intellectual *Philistinism*, a sort of Will Honeycomb idea that to be able to spell well ill befits the character of a gentleman. As Armado, the Spanish gallant in *Love's Labor's Lost*, thought that no one but a tapster could be good at "reckoning," so these intellectual Philistines are indifferent to questions of grammatical purity, of correctness in diction, of accuracy in expression. They sympathize with the emperors in Max Müller's famous stories. The Roman Emperor Tiberius, says Max Müller, had made a mistake in speaking, and had been corrected by an honest grammarian, Marcellus. At once Capito, more courtier than scholar, averred that anything said by the Emperor either was good Latin or soon would be. Again, when a German monk told Sigismund, at the Council of Constance, that *schismam* was not correct Latin, the Emperor himself replied testily that he presumed the word of the Emperor of Rome was as good as that of a monk. Or, to come nearer home for an illustration, is it not true that for every once due credit has been given Grant White for his unselfish efforts to improve American speech and writing, censure has been ten times visited on him as a literary prig or snob?

The Malherbes of society, then, attempt both a difficult and an ungracious task. At the same time, occasions will arise when even Malherbe must have a successor—occasions when one's pen, though blunt-nosed, not sharp-nibbed, like Malherbe's, must be dipped for the judgment of vulgar

error or to raise the alarm against threatening evil. Such an occasion seems to exist now. Such an error—certainly such an impending mischief to our language—seems to need comment. And, though at a greater risk than Richard Steele or Grant White incurred, it shall have it.

No one who has listened attentively to our most recent speech, or who has read with any thought for such things our most recent literature, can have failed to note the growing use of *myself* for *I* or *me*, of *yourself* for *you*, of *himself* for *he* or *him*, etc. "Mr. L. and *myself* have both examined the records ;" "*Yourself* and friends are invited ;" a cab takes the hero of a well-known recent novel with his luggage to the station—it is said to take "*himself* and his luggage ;" Professor Drummond, in the preface to his remarkable book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, says, certain questions "have answered themselves to *myself*," and repeats the construction three times in three pages. One's *self* is coming to be as little a part of one's own subjective existence as one's dog or one's horse. In all current writing and speaking, especially in that fine writing and speaking which may be said to have its dress suit on, *I* and *me* and *you* and *he*, and all the other simpler, more friendly (in two senses) members of the pronominal group, are fast falling into desuetude. The fact may be deplorable, but can it be denied ?

And yet, unless such a scholarly writer as Professor Whitney, of Yale College, is all wrong in his *Essentials of English Grammar*, only two uses of the pronouns in *-self* are English ; 1st, the *Reflexive*, as in "You cannot present *yourself* to the Queen ;" 2d, the *Intensive*, as in "You must go *yourself*, you need not send." Nay, these two uses of the compound personal pronouns are the only ones known to any of our grammarians ; for all our authorities are agreed on the point. As certainly, the pronouns italicized in the examples just cited as faulty are not intensive ; they surely are not used for emphasis. Neither are they reflexive ; for, in at least two of the four cases, they are subjects, while the reflexive pronoun is always an object. The apologist for the censured use must adduce some other argument than any he can find in our English grammars.

But this is not all. A worse charge than that of being ungrammatical rests against this use of the pronouns in *-self*. They are pretentious words, when thus dragged into unnecessary prominence, and (like many other pretentious things) are the children of ignorance. Surely there is nothing gained of simplicity or of unconsciousness of self in saying, "Besides W. Arnold, there were only T. Arnold, E. Arnold, and *myself*." Why is not *I* in this sentence as modest, as non-egotistical as *myself* ? Even knowing that Principal Shairp wrote the sentence, may we not venture the (uncharitable ?) supposition that, in the chronic difficulty over *I* and *me*—a difficulty that even some very learned people have not completely surmounted—the Scotch critic "dodged," and wrote *myself* because it is the same in both the nominative and the objective case ? Is there any truer courtesy in "*Yourself* and friends," than in "*You* and *your* friends," or is it simply a vulgar brevity-mongering that leads our age to strike out such monstrosities ? What can

Hawthorne have gained by writing "When Hilda and *himself* [*he*] turned away," or "He knew not how to obtain an interview with either *herself* [*her*] or Donatello"? Was it one of the high-minded sisters of Cinderella that the Prince married; or was the bride Cinderella herself, whom the sisters judged worthy of no higher station in life than that of maid of all work? The English language, we have been flattering ourselves, is, both in respect of its ancestry and by virtue of its wide applicability, the noblest—certainly, one of the noblest—on earth. Well, *noblesse oblige*. Is it the woman of rank and good breeding, or one from the *parvenu* class, who flashes her jewels in the face of the crowded street, or shows herself radiant in many colors?

Unfortunately, as already suggested, much good use can be cited in support of the employment of *myself*, etc., here exemplified; but against this citation can be set the entire history of the words in older English, the genius of the language, and such an overwhelming predilection for the simpler words, even on the part of those authors who have allowed themselves the questionable usage, that the *weight* of good use is really on the side of *I* and *me* and their equivalents in the other persons. Granted that even De Quincey and Charles Lamb have "nodded": for every once that they write *myself* amiss, they write plain *I* or *me* a thousand times correctly.

We have said that the entire history of the words in older English declares against the personal use of *myself*, etc. Let us see (in briefest summary) how much this statement means.

*First*, in Anglo-Saxon, *self*, though an independent word, was an adjective, and, when joined to the personal pronouns, changed these words into intensives or reflexives only. *Ic self*, I myself; *mê selfum*, to me myself; *Ic mê self*, the "Celtic" English *I meself*.

*Secondly*, in Chaucer, though *self* is commonly an adjective, "in the *selve* [same] moment" (C. T. 2586), yet *myselven* [myself] also occurs (C. T. 9334), and once, at least, *my self*, meaning *I* (C. T. 546):

"There was also a Reeve and a Mellere,  
A Maunciple and *my self*."

*Thirdly*, by Shakspeare's time the adjective use of *self* had died out. An occasional use of the word as a noun may be discovered, as in Sonnet 10, 13: "Make thee another *self*"; both our modern uses had become fully established; while, in rare cases, *myself*, etc., stand for *I*, etc., as in *As You Like It*, I. iii. 23, "O, they take the part of a better wrestler than *myself*." Shakspeare's authority, however, like that of every other good author, is overwhelmingly in favor of *I* or *me* in such cases; as, surely, is the whole history of our pronouns, here so briefly sketched.

The little pronouns, then, sue humbly, as their cousins the relatives sued a century and three-quarters ago, for their rightful place in our spoken and written language. Shall their prayer be granted? Or are we so wholly given over to pretence and sham, are we so out and out Philistine, that we

can either consciously prefer the tawdry substitute for the "yea, yea," "nay, nay," of language, or remain quite indifferent to the future of our tongue, while shiftlessness and ignorance betray us into sacrificing what is now a beautiful as well as delicate distinction?

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CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOETHE AND CARLYLE.\*

WHEN one looks through the miscellaneous essays of Carlyle, it is found that nearly three-fourths of them are concerned with the introduction of German authors into England, and that the chief among these is Goethe himself. The other essays are valuable, but it was the principal duty of Carlyle, in his early essays in the quarterly reviews, to give the Germans a hearing among Englishmen. These papers, with the fulness of treatment since it became the fashion to read German, lose something by being compared with our later knowledge of the great Teutonic authors, but they are remarkable still as pieces of English criticism, and are among the best specimens of vigorous style to be found in Carlyle's entire works. Knowing his attitude toward these writers as the makers of a national literature, and looking at the friendship existing between the master and the disciple, the correspondence between these two, Goethe and Carlyle, though essentially different from that between Emerson and Carlyle, has a close relation to the lives of both. It is the relation of an older man of genius to his younger brother. Goethe had reached that age at the time Carlyle sent his notable confession of admiration, when he felt anxious to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to see himself in what he called the light of world-literature. Carlyle, in the translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, anticipated Goethe's wishes and gave him a foretaste of the fame which Mr. Arnold has summed up in calling him "our greatest modern man." The author of *Sartor Resartus* was not given to many admirations, but for the author of *Faust* he had no reserves, and there is a significance in the attitude of Carlyle in his first appearance as hero-worshipper, which is truly inspiring, and reveals some of the most beautiful traits of his character. It is not so much what passed between them as the fine spirit in which it is said that attracts attention to these letters. The disparity of age was too great for the free exchange of views which constitutes the charm of the correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, but there is something in the loyalty and tenderness of the younger for the older man which sends a thrill of emotion through the mind. It is an illustration of the reverence for genius which dwells deep down in the hearts of those who are themselves endowed with genius, but are as yet unconscious of it. Carlyle, during the five or six years covered by these letters, was living, for the most part, at

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\* *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle.* Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, pp. xx., 361.



Craigenputtock, in solitary grandeur among the Scotch mountains, and resolutely refusing to sell his brains for money; matching Goethe's own invincible spirit in refusing to be controlled by mercenary considerations, and sustaining a princely intellectual life on oatmeal, during what may be called the honeymoon of his married life, if not of his whole existence. Widely different as the two were in age and in the rewards of fame, and profoundly respectful as was the young Scotchman to his greatest friend, the response to the longings of his own soul which Carlyle found in Goethe's writings revealed the kinship which existed between the two minds; and those most familiar with the writings of both will not fail to trace the influence of Goethe upon the ripening thought of his ardent admirer. This is seen especially in the two essays on "Goethe" and the "Death of Goethe," and in the later literary essays. There is a passage in one of these letters in which Carlyle expressly pours out into his friend's ears the response of his nature to the religious convictions entertained by the great German, though his reticence on these subjects, save as they came naturally in the way of his thought, was not unlike that of the master. Here the thought is like Goethe's, but the expression belongs peculiarly to the disciple: "When I look at the wonderful chaos within me, full of natural supernaturalism, and all manner of antediluvian fragments; and how the universe is daily growing more mysterious as well as more august, and the influences from without more heterogeneous and perplexing; I see not well what is to come of it all, and only conjecture from the violence of the fermentation that something strange may come. As you feel a fatherly concern in my spiritual progress, which you know well for all true disciples of yours to be the one thing needful, I lay these details before you with the less reluctance."

The letters are so much confined to the agreeable courtesies of literary exchange and fervent admiration that there is little space for the expression of opinions on either side, but a few passages will bear quotation, and admirably illustrate Carlyle's spirit at the outset of his career as an author. Here is a glimpse of the home where Emerson found him in 1833. He says: "This is one of the most solitary spots in Britain, being six miles from any individual of the formally visiting class. It might have suited Rousseau almost as well as his island of St. Pierre; indeed, I find that most of my city friends impute to me a motive similar to his in coming hither, and predict no good from it. But I came hither purely for this one reason; that I might not have to write for bread, might not be tempted to tell lies for money." It was a proud and happy moment in his life when Goethe sent him the translation of his *Life of Schiller*, to which he had prefixed an introduction, reporting who and what Carlyle was to the German people. He writes to Goethe: "That I should see myself before all the world, set forth as the friend of Goethe, is an honor of which, some few years ago, I could not, in my wildest flights, have dreamed; of which I should still desire no better happiness than to feel myself worthy." Much space in Carlyle's letters is occupied with statements about a *History of German Literature*

on which he was then engaged, and which he, in fact, undertook at Goethe's suggestion. Goethe's letters are full of the kindly sentiments which an old man feels for a youthful admirer, but there is a certain reserve about them, as if the master would still keep his disciple in awe of himself. He was deeply interested in the translation of his own and the writings of other German authors into English, and thoroughly believed that the growth of a world-literature, which has largely been realized since his time, would greatly assist in conveying from one nation to another the special culture which each one possessed. He wrote: "Every translator is to be regarded as a middle-man in this universal spiritual commerce, and as making it his business to promote this exchange; for, say what we may of the insufficiency of translation, yet the work is, and always will be, one of the weightiest and worthiest affairs in the general concerns of the world." There are solid nuggets scattered through these pages, where Goethe breathes out his feelings or experience in sentiments which are worth remembering. Here is one: "For my part, I find it a special test of myself, when I again set before me a book read long ago, or, rather, put myself before it; for I cannot but observe that it, indeed, has remained in its place, while I, on the other hand, have taken up a different position towards it, perhaps nearer or farther from it, or even on another side." Here is an expression of personal feeling: "Contentedly enjoy the composure and consistency which have been granted to you; my life, though indeed there is little outward agitation in it, must appear, if a vision of it should ever cross your mind, a veritable witches' circle of tumult in comparison." Again he refers to his works, which were then passing through the press, and specially to his *Metamorphoses of Plants*, of which he says: "The happiest time of my life was when I was eagerly at work on the works of nature, and now in these last days it has been extremely delightful to me to resume those researches. There is, after all, a feeling of exultation in once again throwing light on any part of the impenetrable." These passages might be multiplied, but a sufficient number have been quoted to indicate the value of the correspondence of both parties.

The volume, as a whole, gives phases of the lives of Goethe and Carlyle which are a substantial addition to our knowledge of both. The young author and the old poet are at least truthful in their relations, and they give a delightful impression of a genuine literary friendship which continued till the venerable Goethe passed on beyond through the eternal gates. Mr. Norton, who has edited this volume with the instincts which belong to a genuine scholar, contributes a graceful introduction, in which he expresses exactly the relation these men sustained to one another in the way of help: "The stimulus and encouragement of Goethe's sympathy and regard, expressed as they were in simple, cordial, and delightful modes, were invaluable to Carlyle. They came to him when he had as yet received no real recognition from his own people, whose acknowledgment of his worth was slowly and grudgingly given. For this neglect Goethe's appreciation and friendship

made amends. They confirmed the young writer's faith in himself. Goethe's discriminating eye had discerned what no other had discovered—that here was a man who rested on an original foundation and had the capacity to develop in himself the essentials of what was good and beautiful.”

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#### CURTIS'S CREATION OR EVOLUTION.\*

OF the making of many books on evolution there seems to be no end, and the writers, as a rule, spend their labor for that which satisfieth not. Mr. Curtis's book is, however, an honorable exception, being one of the best that has appeared in recent years.

Mr. Curtis writes as a jurist rather than a philosopher, and his work may be styled a critique of the evidence on which the theory of evolution rests. He charges the partisans of evolution with laxity of reasoning, and with a disposition to draw on the scientific imagination for the facts necessary to support their hypothesis. In order to check such vagaries, he proposes to bring the case into court and to sift the testimony by the ordinary rules of evidence in the sphere of criminal jurisprudence, a fine summary of which is given in the first chapter of his book.

Most readers of Mr. Curtis, whether they accept his conclusions or not, will concede the ability and importance of his discussion. Theories like evolution exercise a fascination over the imagination, which the soberest judgment finds it difficult to resist. The degree of assent they command is apt, therefore, to be far more than commensurate with the evidence adduced in their support. In most cases the admission, when made, that the proof is not demonstrative, and that the theories in question are still on trial, is a species of lip-service which abates little of the pretensions of their supporters. A great many intelligent and liberal-minded persons are repelled by the dogmatism of evolution, to whom the theory itself is not repugnant. Many more decline to accept it, not on account of prejudice, as evolutionists are fond of charging, but because they have not been convinced of the sufficiency of the grounds on which it rests. To these persons Mr. Curtis brings aid and comfort, exposing, as he does, many of the gaps in the chain of evidence, and the consequent disproportion that exists between the proofs of the theory and the faith of some of its adherents. His book will doubtless have the salutary effect of checking the pretensions of the extreme evolutionists and of inducing in them a degree of familiarity with the virtue of modesty. It is also to be commended for the emphasis which it places on the insufficiency of any form of the theory to account for the origin of things without the agency of an Intelligent Creator.

Something is detracted from the value of Mr. Curtis's book by what we conceive to be a defect in its method. A writer on evolution, in order to

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\* *Creation or Evolution.* George Ticknor Curtis. Pp. xxii., 504. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1887.

handle his theme with due discrimination, should not fail to distinguish between what may be styled the scientific and the speculative aspects of the theory. Scientific evolution aims, so far as practicable, to extend the domain of natural law by giving a natural explanation to natural phenomena. This is perfectly legitimate, and there is no apparent reason why any class of facts or any process falling within the scope of observation should be regarded as exceptional. Speculative evolution, on the other hand, may take either one of two forms. It may proceed, by sweeping generalizations from inadequate facts and a liberal use of the scientific imagination, to construct a quasi-scientific work like Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Biology*; or, it may set up frankly as a metaphysical theory, and claim to settle the question as to the origin of things. It is obvious that criticisms which would be valid against these speculative aspects of the theory might have little point if laid at the door of scientific evolution.

It is also incumbent, we think, on a critic of evolution to distinguish among the different spheres of its scientific application. Evolution may be weak in one direction and strong in another. It is conceded to be much more applicable to physical than to mental facts. And among physical facts those of biology yield most readily to its requirements. To this cause it is no doubt due that the theory has won most of its triumphs in the domain of living organisms. There are few naturalists of any repute who do not hold some form of the theory, and many of the soberest thinkers, who reject its sweeping claims, consider its validity as a law of the development of species pretty well established. It is, to say the least, a strategic blunder to attack evolution indiscriminately in all its forms, as Mr. Curtis has done. Much of the natural force which his reasoning might otherwise have possessed has been lost, and the author has exposed himself to the charge of being blind to certain facts and distinctions which a critic might reasonably be expected not to overlook.

We entertain, moreover, a serious doubt as to either the necessity or the expediency of setting up creation and evolution as antagonistic alternatives. Evolution, as a law of natural phenomena, is no more in necessary conflict with theism than the law of gravitation. As a natural law, evolution simply formulates a natural process. It does not dispense with, but rather presupposes a Creator of the world. From the theistic point of view evolution is the Creator's method of developing and perfecting his creation. The fact that this method is conceived to be under the control of natural laws is no exception to the general economy of things. We do not suppose that Mr. Curtis meant to assert the existence of any necessary conflict between God's creative function and scientific evolution, but the title of his book and many of his utterances tend to leave that impression on the reader's mind.

The theory of special creation may, it is true, be so construed as to exclude evolution along with other theories of natural causation; but the propriety of this is very questionable. Mr. Curtis does not so construe it. His

definition of special creation as "the employment of means to produce a thing that was both designed and preferred," simply formulates the ordinary conception of natural theology. It does not preclude development or the operation of natural law, but rather chance and blind force. That an Intelligent Creator is necessary, to account not only for the origin of things, but also for their present condition, and that the existing system of things has been "both designed and preferred," are elements of a faith which the theistic evolutionist holds in common with all religious thinkers.

We have no disposition, however, to overlook the many admirable features of Mr. Curtis's book. It is an important and weighty contribution to the literature of a burning question. It deserves to be widely read. Its strictures lay bare many serious flaws in the evolution armor, and ought to provoke a salutary exercise of sober second thought. Its protest against the anti-religious and materialistic tendencies of certain phases of the theory of evolution is both impressive and timely. The literary qualities of the book, it is needless to say, are of the highest order. It is worthy, in this respect, to be taken as a model by writers on philosophical subjects.

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#### NEW BOOKS.

No two books could be more unlike than those of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Adams. Mr. Roberts\* has given us a very clear and minute account of the wonderful growth of the Empire State; Mr. Adams† has given us a counter-irritant to the received notions of early Massachusetts history. The latter will attract most attention. It is not historically accurate; it goes as far beyond the truth as current Massachusetts history stops short of it; it is not novel to those who have read Oliver and Backus; but it will undoubtedly startle the general public to find how much religious restriction there was in early Massachusetts. A more valuable work than either is Dr. Hitchcock's address on the growth of American State Constitutions:‡ one of the first attempts to analyze philosophically the forces and methods by which our State Constitutions have taken their present shapes.

Economic science is well represented among the newer books. Dr. Heber Newton§ unhappily obscures a great many interesting facts by a hopeless confusion of economic and ethical conclusions. On the contrary, the best

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\* *New York* (American Commonwealth Series). By Ellis H. Roberts. In 2 volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

† *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*. By Brooks Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

‡ *American State Constitutions*. By Henry Hitchcock, LL.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

§ *Social Studies*. By R. Heber Newton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

point in President Bascom's volume \* is its close analysis and clear distinction between customs, law, economics, ethics, and religion : a careful reader will end a perusal of it with a clearer notion of human society than he can easily get from other books on the subject, and a very fair preparation for dealing with modern social problems. Such a study of this chapter on "Government" ought to precede the reading of Professor Ely's volume ; † for his work, while it is most valuable in giving the closest details of the organization and work of the present American labor associations, fails to see clearly the paths by which so many of these associations cross and interfere with the functions which are legitimately and exclusively those of Government. Professor Clark ‡ chooses a different field. His purpose is to controvert the notion of the old political economy that competition is the fundamental force in economics, and to show that "in the last analysis, the sense of right in man is a supreme motive, in the market, as elsewhere." Under the first head, his success is complete ; under the second, it is very doubtful. One's mind may meet "*the* supreme" motive, or "*a* powerful" motive, intelligently : but who can say just what is meant by "*a* supreme motive" ? All four books are well worth reading.

Mr. Dos Passos § has done a good work in his little treatise on the Inter-State Commerce Act. It is only a breaking of ground, to be sure, for the judicial interpretation and application of the Act is yet to come ; but it does well all that can be done at present. The text of the Act is in an appendix. The best part of the work is its discussions of "reasonable and just" rates, of "unjust discriminations," and of the "long and short hauls," and in its treatment of that of which neither the general public nor the corporations seem to have as yet any complete idea—the manner in which the Act practically abrogates a multitude of franchises and privileges which have been granted to corporations by the States. The unfortunate limitation on all present discussion of the Act is the impossibility of knowing by experience how far railway and water transportation are to conflict with one another, and thus make suspensions of the Act inevitable. Our own impression is, that this is just the rock on which the Act, in its present form, must split ; that, in a country like ours, in which lakes and rivers form a net-work of internal navigation, competing with railways at almost every point, the Inter-State Commerce Commission would most wisely fulfil its functions by publishing a general suspension of the Act at once. In all this, however, we must look to that best of all teachers—experience ; and, until the arrival of that instructor, Mr. Dos Passos's treatise will doubtless be the best that we can get.

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\* *Sociology*. By John Bascom. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

† *The Labor Movement in America*. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D. New York ; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.

‡ *The Philosophy of Wealth*. By John B. Clark, A. M. Boston : Ginn & Co. 1886.

§ *The Inter-State Commerce Act : An Analysis of its Provisions*. By John R. Dos Passos. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

## RECENT SEISMOLOGY.

IN the several countries of Europe, as well as in America, the record of current earthquake shocks has been kept up. Dr. C. W. C. Fuchs, of Meran, Austria, has published, in Von Tschermak's *Mineralog. und petrograph. Mittheilungen*, his Twenty-first Annual Report, which deals with the earthquakes of 1885, and includes 230 items. They are scattered over the whole world, but naturally the lists are most full for Europe, and only 7 items relate to America. This deficiency in American news is supplied, for 1884, in an appendix to this paper, containing 121 items, of which 46 are American. C. Detaille, of Paris, in *L'Astronomie* for June, 1886, published his third earthquake catalogue. Like Fuchs, his field is the world, but he is better supplied with American correspondents, having 35 American items out of a total of 246. These, however, are mostly from South America, only 6 of the 35 being contained in Rockwood's lists, which are next to be mentioned. Prof. C. G. Rockwood, of Princeton, in the *American Journal of Science*, continues his record of American shocks, this being the fifteenth paper of his series. His attention is confined entirely to this continent, and mostly to North America, only 5 out of a total of 71 items relating to places south of the Isthmus of Panama. Nearly one-half of the items relate to localities on the coast of the Pacific, the most shaky place being San Francisco, which was within the area of five distinct earthquakes during 1885. The tenth volume of the *Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan*, recently received, contains a list of 482 earthquakes felt in Japan in 1885, and other local lists from 1881 to 1885, together with the continued record of the Gray-Milne seismograph at the Imperial Observatory in Tokio. The list of shocks for 1885 is discussed by Sekiya.

In addition to these general or special lists for 1885, the Croatian Earthquake Commission has published their report for 1883; and a noted Norwegian savant has appealed to the public for better seismic observations in *that* region, with a view to preserving a record of the shocks, being assisted therein by the Government allowing free transmission of the reports through the mails.

Besides these statistical records for 1885, the year 1886 saw the compilation by Dr. Fuchs into one list of the material contained in his several annual *Berichte* for twenty years. It bears the title *Statistik der Erdbeben, 1865-1885*, and forms a volume of over four hundred pages, published in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy. It is arranged according to countries, so that the statistics for any particular locality for the whole twenty years are now easily accessible. It forms another chapter in the series of earthquake catalogues begun by Mallet, continued for later years by Perrey, and now brought down to 1885 by this publication—catalogues which have proved such a mine of facts for theoretical investigators.

These lists of Mallet, Perrey, and Fuchs, just referred to, have formed

the principal basis for a catalogue of European earthquakes, by J. P. O'Reilly, of Dublin, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*. This catalogue aims to give for each of the localities, arranged in alphabetical order, the number of recorded shocks, with their dates, and condensed indications of the area affected. It is intended to afford the data for an earthquake map of Europe, which shall represent the number of shocks recorded in each locality by different depths of shading, in a manner similar to that employed in an earthquake map of Great Britain, published in 1884, by the same author.

In the study of seismological questions, both theoretical and experimental, as distinct from the simple recording of natural phenomena, the world of science has also not been idle.

The members of the Commission of the French Academy which investigated the Spanish earthquakes of December, 1884, presented elaborate reports of their work, including an extended geological examination of the region, and received therefor, in 1886, the award of the Vaillant Prize of the Academy. The Academy also awarded an "encouragement" of 1,000 francs to M. de Montessus, for a valuable paper on Central American earthquakes.

A prize offered by the Royal Dutch Institution of Engineers for a question relating to the theoretical methods and calculations to be employed in making deductions from earthquake observations, was awarded to Prof. John Milne, of Japan.

Dr. H. J. Johnston-Lavis has published a monograph on the earthquakes of Ischia, and Verbeek's two volumes on Krakatoa have been translated into French, the text having been published in Batavia and the album of plates in Brussels.

In England the work of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society is reported to be nearly ready for publication; and in our own country the work of the Geological Survey, in their study of the Charleston earthquake, is so far advanced that Captain Dutton and Mr. Hayden gave an account of it before the National Academy at its recent meeting in Washington.

In the experimental study of earth vibrations, Japan, with its active Seismological Society, still leads, with investigations by Milne and Sekiya; but in France also MM. Fouqué and Levy have taken up a similar line of work in connection with their investigation of the Spanish earthquake. The advance of seismology as an experimental science is evinced also by the fact that two English makers of scientific instruments, the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company and the Messrs. White of Glasgow, now advertise to make seismographs for the public, after designs by Ewing and by Gray & Milne respectively, and that several such sets of instruments have been already made or ordered for such institutions as the Ben Nevis Observatory, in Scotland, the Lick Observatory, in California, and the Imperial Observatory, in Tokio.

The growth of seismology and its kindred branch, vulcanology, in the



popular interest is indicated again by the delivery, in March, 1887, of a lecture on "Vesuvius and Ischia, a Volcano and an Earthquake," in the course of Penny Lectures at the Royal Victoria Hall, London; and the fact that two of the lectures delivered in Washington about the same time, under the auspices of the scientific societies there, were on the Charleston earthquake, by Dutton and McGee. The interest which the world of science has felt in these branches may be inferred somewhat from the extent of the literature on the subject. The number of titles contained in the bibliography prepared for the Smithsonian Report exceeds 200, and the list is no doubt still incomplete.

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#### THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

THE announcement that the Evangelical Alliance is entering on a new and broader field of work meets with general and most hearty approval.

The rapid settlement of the West, and the supreme importance of placing a Christian stamp upon its beginnings, the incoming of a foreign population greater in a single year than that of any State in New England, save only Massachusetts, and the need of most of these immigrants to be evangelized, the drift of the working men away from the churches, the over-crowded condition of our cities, in which population has outrun church provision, together with the fact that the most dangerous foes of our Christian civilization are thoroughly organized—these and other facts constitute a demand on the churches of the United States and a crisis in their history which are wholly unprecedented.

To meet this demand there should be the wisest possible distribution of forces. This cannot be accomplished without the mutual understanding and coöperation of the various denominations. Such coöperation, it is hoped, will be secured through the Evangelical Alliance.

The National Alliance proposes to organize branches throughout the country, which shall undertake the evangelization of the community, shall study Christian sociology, and make a practical exhibition of applied Christianity.

It will hold annual conventions to consult concerning methods of Christian and reformatory work, and for the purpose of arousing the churches to greater activity.

It also proposes a bureau of information, which shall constitute a point of contact and medium of interchange between its branches, shall give the public information concerning practical Christian activity and shall thus help to educate and consolidate Christian public opinion.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY.** An Introduction to Philosophy. Being a Brief Treatise on *Intellect, Feeling, and Will*. By E. JAMES, A. M. Revised Edition. New York: Baker & Taylor, 9 Bond Street. 12mo, pp. v., 295.

A distinguished teacher has said that a text-book, to be of value, should be either very good or very bad; very good, in order that it may be inculcated as a whole; or very bad, in order to serve as a foil, against which the true doctrine may the more clearly be contrasted. Tried by this standard, Mr. James's *Human Psychology* is not destined to attain complete success, for its undeniable excellences are balanced by other qualities which can only be considered as defects. On the one hand, it is refreshing to notice the proof which it brings, in common with other recent volumes, that the study of psychology in America is making continued progress. It is evident that we are fast emerging from the stage in which a more or less abstract discussion of psychological theory with specific reference to a given metaphysical system usurped the place of right due to the scientific investigation of

mental phenomena; when, in technical language, empirical psychology was so far neglected that rational psychology was allowed almost completely to absorb it. In contrast to this, Mr. James writes with a full knowledge of his subject, in all its various phases, and subordinates theory to investigation; though he does not fail to emphasize what he considers sound psychological doctrine, which will, also, for the most part, be accepted as such by other conservative thinkers. But, on the other hand, he has not taken the second step in advance, and emancipated himself from the practice of combining psychology with philosophical introduction. Here it is impossible to accept his method. The forced union of the two is an error only less serious than the old one of making the latter predominant. Psychology is one thing—Introduction, in the sense of the German *Einleitung*, quite another. Or, if by Introduction is meant merely propædeutic, the sub-title of Mr. James's volume is so far forth a misnomer, and he has allowed himself to include in psychology portions of an entirely different philosophical discipline. The true method is to be found in the separation of the two, without ignoring their reciprocal relations.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

- ADAMS.—*Report of the Proceedings of the Third Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association*, pp. 43. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- ANON.—*Richard Armstrong*, pp. 121. Hampton, Va., 1887: Normal School Press Print.
- BOURIANT.—*Local Government in Canada*. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, pp. 72. Baltimore, 1887: N. Murray, University Publisher.
- BURR.—*Universal Beliefs*, pp. 312. New York, 1887: American Tract Society.
- DE AMICIS.—*Cuoré*. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, pp. 326. New York, 1887: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
- GREENE.—*The Blind Brother*, pp. 229. New York, 1887: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
- JAMESON.—*William Usseliux. Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies*. Papers of the American Historical Association. Vol. ii., No. 3, pp. 234. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- JOHNSTON.—*Connecticut*. American Commonwealth Series, pp. xii., 409. Boston and New York, 1887: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- LOTZE.—*Outlines of Logic*. Translated by George T. Ladd, pp. vi., 184. Boston, 1887: Ginn & Co.
- MAHAFFY.—*Alexander's Empire*. The Story of the Nations Series, pp. xxii., 323. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- MILLS.—*The Zend-Avesta*. Part iii. Sacred Books of the East. Vol. xxxi. Oxford, 1887: The Clarendon Press. New York, Macmillan & Co.
- SCRIVENER.—*Novum Testamentum Græcæ*, pp. xvi., 598. New York, 1887: Holt & Co.
- SNOW.—*The City Government of St. Louis*. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, pp. 40. Baltimore, 1887: N. Murray, University Publisher.
- THORODDSEN.—*Sigrid*. Translated by C. Chrest, Edited by Thomas Tupper, Jr., pp. 286. New York, 1887: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- WHITE.—*A History of the Doctrine of Comets*, pp. 43. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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## LORD BYRON.

To whom or to what we should look for the origin of a great poet, whether to his ancestry, immediate or remote, or to the time in which he was born, is a question which is more easily asked than answered. Heredity may account for much, but it does not account for Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, who were without progenitors, and are without descendants. Nor are they to be accounted for by the periods in which they lived, and the circumstances by which those periods were distinguished—the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the indomitable national and the robust intellectual activity of the age of Elizabeth, or the life-and-death struggle between the King and the Commons. We are approaching the centenary of a great English poet, Lord Byron, whose life and work demand an answer to the question which they suggest, and which we shall try to furnish in this paper. We are more familiar with his life than with the life of any other English poet, great or small, and are as familiar with his work as with that of Milton or Shakespeare. It is as vital to-day as the day when it was written—as beautiful, as melancholy, as human. He was eclipsed, when he had passed away, by Wordsworth, as Milton was eclipsed by Dryden and Pope, and Shakespeare by Beaumont and Fletcher and the dramatists of the Restoration, but the name of none of these poets shone with such lustre in the seventh decade after his death as the name of Byron to-day. We read his contemporaries, Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott, and admire them for what they were, but not as we admire Byron, who, lacking many of their gifts, was yet their master by the divine right of his

genius, which was of a higher order than theirs, more active and more brilliant, more allied to tenderness and pathos, more provocative of the tears and the laughter of mankind.

The parentage of Lord Byron was distinguished rather than fortunate. The family came over with William the Conqueror, and figured at a later date in English history, at Calais, at Bosworth, and at Edgehill, where seven brothers of the name fought on the side of the King. His grandfather was known from a memorable shipwreck of which he was the hero; his grand-uncle was known from his killing his neighbor and relative, Mr. Chaworth, in a scuffle, for which he stood his trial before the House of Peers; and his father, Captain Byron, was known from his having carried off to the Continent the wife of Lord Carmarthen. After her death this profligate and impecunious gentleman paid his addresses to a Scottish gentlewoman, Miss Catharine Gordon, only child and heiress of Gordon of Gight, who had royal and ducal blood in her veins. He married her for her possessions, which consisted of some ready money, wherewith she appeased his most importunate creditors, besides bank-stock, fisheries, and the like, as well as the estate, which was soon covered by a mortgage. In the summer after the marriage the Byrons proceeded to France, which then, as now, was a haven for families who had lived beyond their income in the British Isles, and in the following year the estate of Gight was sold, and the whole of the purchase-money applied to the payment of debts, with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs. Byron, who was reduced from competence to £150 per annum. At the close of the year this confiding gentlewoman returned alone to England, where, in Holles Street, London, on January 22, 1788, her son, George Gordon Byron, was born. He was born lame. Mrs. Byron made her way back to Scotland with him, and in his second year was residing in Aberdeen, when she was joined by her husband, from whom she was soon separated, though they occasionally took tea together. Back to France, and thence back to Aberdeen, went and came Captain Byron, whose chief object in following his wife to Scotland was to extract more money from her—an object in which he was partially successful, in that she enabled him to journey to Valenciennes, where, in 1791, he was considerate enough to die, and fortunate enough to be lamented by his wronged and disconsolate widow, who was so distracted when she heard the news of his death that her shouts could be heard in the street. Such was the parentage of Byron,

which was at once patrician and plebeian. Patrician on the part of his father, who seems to have had some winning qualities in spite of his extravagance and profligacy, but plebeian (in spite of her blood) on the part of his mother, whose mind and temper were alike ill-regulated, with whom gentle and savage words alternated, who fondled the boy one hour and flung the poker and tongs at him the next, without judgment or self-control, passionate, unreasoning, unmanageable. "Byron, your mother is a fool," remarked one of his schoolfellows. "I know it," he answered, gloomily.

The early days of Lord Byron resembled the early days of most English lads of his rank and time. He was sent to Harrow and to Cambridge, but at both those seats of learning he had the reputation of an idle boy who never would learn anything. His disposition, except when he was in one of his silent rages, was frank, generous, and affectionate, strong in his likes and dislikes, with an absolute genius for friendship. Averse from study, he was a great reader from boyhood, his favorite books being histories, travels, and biographies. He was conscious of his rank, though not offensively so, and could be haughty, though not with his inferiors. If he was conscious of the possession of talent his early letters do not reveal the fact, nor is it apparent in his first volume of verse, which he very properly christened *Hours of Idleness*. It is possible to read it once, though not with pleasure, and to pretend to read it a second time, if one has any theory to prove or disprove by it, but it has no poetic value, not even the questionable value of promise. That the writer had dabbled a little in the classics was evident from the translations; that he had read Little's poems was evident also; what was not evident was that there was a poet, even a minor poet, behind this mass of mediocrity. If such a book were to be published now—and hundreds that are quite as indifferent are published every year—no periodical like the *Edinburgh Review* would stoop to insult the insignificance of the author. As there was no literary reason why the volume should have been reviewed, and, presumably, no personal reason why it should have been reviewed savagely, the critic of the *Edinburgh*, whoever he was, undoubtedly went out of his way to do an act of unkindness. It was a safe thing to do, in that his victim was young, and was a lord, two causes of offence to his mischievous spirit, particularly the last, concerning which the budding author confided his hopes and fears to his readers, in the words of Doctor Johnson, "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of

an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed." We read a great deal respecting the effect of what Southey called the ungentle craft on the tender feelings of authors, and much that we read is sentimental nonsense. No author with the right stuff in him was ever seriously harmed by criticism, though it has discouraged many weaklings, and relegated them to the silence they should never have broken. Byron was not one of these weaklings, however indifferent his *Hours of Idleness* may have been, but a manly young fellow, who, if he was of a sensitive temperament, was of a proud nature, conscious of his rank, with a high temper when roused, and the combativeness that is natural to his race. A friend who saw him in his first moments of excitement after reading the article in the *Edinburgh*, asked him, Moore says, whether he had just received a challenge, not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. He *had* received a challenge, or what he construed as one, and he answered it in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. This satire on contemporary poets and critics must have surprised Byron, who discovered while writing it that he possessed talent which was lacking in his *Hours of Idleness*, and which was an assurance of power, if not of poetry. It was a piece of angry work, which justified itself as a set-off to the indignity he had suffered, and which was at once jocular and brutal. He ran amuck in the world of letters, actuated by the rapture of the strife which, at Donnybrook Fair, takes the formula—Wherever you see a head—hit it! He hit right and left, at whoever was in his way, not so much from a desire to inflict pain, though he was not without that, perhaps, as from a desire to prove his prowess in this game of intellectual fisticuffs. His method of fighting was manly, however, as compared with that of Pope, who was as mean as he was malignant, or that of Gifford, who was cowardly enough to attack a woman. If we read Byron's satire now, it is not as we read the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*, the *Dunciad*, and the scores of would-be satires that intervened, but as we read a hasty, petulant collection of versified personalities, which are clever and amusing in proportion to the scorn and rage with which they were written, and which, in spite of the immaturity displayed, is still the most effective, as it is the last, of modern English satires. Poetry, as we define it now—more narrowly than our ancestors did, and more narrowly than we should, it may be—this vigorous strain of vituperation is not. But Byron wrote poetry, nevertheless, just before and just after writing it, as students of the chronological order

of his verse are aware. We refer to the *Occasional Pieces* which precede and follow the satire in the collected edition of his works, of which some five or six are conceived and executed in the purest poetical spirit. Byron was a lyrist before he was a satirist, and a lyrist he remained at intervals until, a few months before his death, he wrote the noble and pathetic stanzas on his thirty-sixth birthday.

If it were our intention to trace the outward life of Byron we should be able to do so without difficulty, for no poet ever left so complete a record of himself as he has done in his letters. But such is not our intention. What we purpose to do is to trace his inner life, so far as we can discover it in his writings; the growth, the change, the development of his character and genius; in short, the intellectual career of the man and the poet. Inheritor of disorderly qualities and a disorderly estate, he was hampered from the beginning—so hampered that he must have been greater than he was to have led a cool, calm, sagacious, and wise life. Like the majority of young men of his time and station, he lived carelessly and irregularly, drinking more claret than was good for him, and letting too many bright eyes make a tinder-box of his heart. Weak he may have been—he was certainly whimsical and wilful—but wicked, in a moral sense, he was not, however much he may have pretended to be. There are natures which are wretched because they are restless, and Byron's was one. They are not uncommon among the English, who find, or fancy they find, an alleviation, if not a cure, for the complaint in foreign travel. Young gentlemen of the Elizabethan era went to Italy, where they learned many new vices; young gentlemen of the Victorian era come to America, where it is to be hoped they learn a few new virtues. Our restless young gentleman of the Georgian era went on a roving journey, following a spirit in his feet which led him to Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Turkey. It was a remarkable journey, both to the traveller and the world; to the traveller, because it revealed his genius, and to the world because it revealed another poet. He discovered himself during this immortal pilgrimage, but was so unconscious at the time that he returned in ignorance of the discovery. The author of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was sure—if he was sure of anything—that satire was his forte, so while he was stopping at a convent in Athens he wrote two more satires. They were somewhat in the vein of his first, though rather more carefully polished, and one, *The Curse of Minerva*, was bitterly and

foolishly personal. He thought very highly of these trifles, but thought nothing of a sort of rambling journal in which he had scribbled descriptions of the countries he had visited and the impressions they had made upon him, with whatever else occurred to him, or was evolved from his personality at the moment of writing. That authors are sometimes mistaken in regard to their own productions, showing a deeper tenderness for, and a greater pride in, the rickety children of their imagination than for and in the robust creations of their genius, is an established fact in the history of letters. But no author with whom we are familiar was ever so mistaken about his own productions as Byron when he preferred his *Hints from Horace* to the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*. He probably preferred the satire because it was written under the influence of Pope, for whose poetry he professed the greatest admiration. That he could believe he admired Pope and did not admire Shakespeare was one of the curious delusions and contradictions for which he was conspicuous. That he *did* admire Shakespeare, of whom he was a diligent reader, is evident from his letters, which are sown with Shakespearian quotations. The genesis of *Childe Harold* cannot be traced to any poet whom Byron is known to have read, or to any poet who is known to have written. There was nothing in English poetry which could have suggested it, even to his fertile mind, which was avid of suggestions. Why he was impelled to write it he could hardly have told himself, nor why he cast it in the stanza of Spenser, which was so seldom used as to be nearly obsolete. He seems to have had no definite intention when he began, for his beginning was uncertain and tentative, and his management of the measure he had chosen experimental rather than successful. But as he proceeded his cloudy intention became a clear purpose, and he grew bolder; he planted his feet firmly, like one who was sure of the path before him, and went on his way, singing of what he saw and felt and was—a deep, strong, loud, triumphal song. One has not to read far in *Childe Harold* before he perceives the genius of the writer, and that it rises to whatever height his subject demands. Beginning with a poetical portrait of himself, which is too darkly colored even for the shadowed background against which it is thrown, he soon forgets his egotism, and induces us to accompany him on his travels, dropping now and then a historical allusion or casting a political reflection, and all the while sketching the scenes through which we are passing. He possesses a surpassing power of



description, and reproduces, apparently without being aware of it, the spirit of what he sees. Ignorant of "word-painting," which so belittles our later verse, his pictures start into life after a few touches of his bold and vigorous pencil. He painted as Homer and Shakespeare did—broadly and largely. Only a poet with a vivid imagination like Byron's could have conceived the gigantic vision of War in the first canto, and only a great poet could have sung as he did in the second canto of Greece and the Greeks. He was the first of the coming race of Philhellenes.

Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous, for the publication of *Childe Harold* was the sudden making of a splendid name. He was praised by everybody, sought by everybody, and whirled along in the fashionable festivities and follies of the time. Lords, ladies, commoners, all were at his feet. That he should enjoy the social triumphs which were thrust upon him was but natural, when one considers his eager temperament, his proud nature, his hunger and thirst for distinction, and that he had only just completed his twenty-fourth year. If he had not been elated he would have been more or less than the man he was. But not all was elation with him, for while he was conscious of the comeliness of his person, his handsome, sensitive face and eloquent eyes, he was also conscious of his deformity, and often, while he was hobbling from one fair worshipper to another, he remembered the time when his mother called him a "lame brat." The Byron whom the world saw on his return from the East was not the Byron who had left England, for the two years which had passed in the interval had strengthened his powers, if they had not matured his character, and had cast over his life the shadow of a settled gloom. It was shortly after this period that he wrote the series of poems addressed to Thyrza, which are too genuine in their sadness and too sincere in their sorrow to have been addressed to any creation of his brain. There is a truth, a tenderness, a pathos about them which only the remembrance of an irreparable loss could have inspired. Byron was asked, several years after they were written, to whom they referred, and he refused to answer, with marks of deep agitation.

If *Childe Harold* was the revelation of a poet to the world, it was also the revelation of a poet to himself. It created in him the originality which was to distinguish him from all his contemporaries, and it opened to him a new world of song, old to its own singers and story-tellers, but new to the singers and story-tellers of Europe. It

made him free of the East. The books which he read earliest and remembered longest were histories of, and travels in, this romantic land. "Old Knolles," he said at Missolonghi, a few weeks before his death, "was one of the first books that gave me pleasure when a child, and I believe it had much influence on my future wishes to visit the Levant, and gave, perhaps, the Oriental coloring which is observed in my poetry." It was to the East that the early English dramatists went when they wanted to terrify the spectators of their tragedies with monstrosities of wickedness and scenes of ruin and carnage. It was to the East that the English essayists went when they wanted to point morals and adorn tales, and it was to the East (as they misunderstood it) that poets like Collins went when they wanted to write Persian eclogues. The East may be said to have had its dramatists, its moralists, and its pastoral versifiers in England, but poet it had none, and story-teller none, until Byron wrote *Childe Harold* and *The Giaour*. We find a predominance of the narrative element in the history of every European people who have bourgeoned into song. It appears first in the balladry wherein they commemorate the actions of their ancestors, the glory of their kings, the valor of their heroes, the beauty and the grace of their women. At a later period, when they become learned enough to clothe their lore in letters, and curious enough to enjoy the lore of others, the current of their song is swollen with affluents from alien lands and remoter days—from Italy, Greece, Rome,

" Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

What this multiform narrative verse is we may gather from the *Canterbury Tales*, which, as they were the first, are still the best of the kind that we have. Not that the telling of stories ceased with Chaucer, but that his contemporaries and followers were so dull and tedious as to deserve the oblivion which speedily overtook them. The beadroll of old English story-tellers ended with Chaucer, who was without a successor on the throne until the early years of the present century, when two claimants appeared—one, a painstaking, industrious, unimaginative scholar, who wrote a Welsh epic and a couple of wild and wondrous Oriental tales; the other, a frank and hearty Scotchman, whose profession was the law, whose pleasure was the reading of old books, and who improvised three or four metrical romances, wherein he restored to life the chivalry and the

beauty of the olden time, and flooded his rugged fatherland with a rich, poetic light. Southey and Scott prepared the way for Byron.

Few poets could have borne the success of *Childe Harold* with so much good sense as Byron, who, avid of praise, and not insensible, perhaps, to flattery, was still master of himself and his genius. He was not harmed by his popularity, but stimulated by it to greater efforts. He would surpass *Childe Harold*, wherein he had merely handled the East as a painter might, delighted with its picturesque and splendor; he would now go deeper, and depict its people—their impulsive lives, their stormy passions, fierce at once and fond, the intensity of their love, the barbaric bitterness of their hate. It was a new field, in which he would gather fresh laurels. The narrative element which succeeded the descriptive element in Byron's poetry, after the publication of *Childe Harold*, is worthy of more study than it received when the world was dazzled with it, or has received since the world has ceased to care for it. It is worthy of serious study, for only thereby can one detect the growth of his rhythmical talents and poetic intuitions, the ripening of his judgment, and the incessant activity of his mind. When he began to write *The Giaour* he was not used to the octosyllabic measure, which Scott had made so popular in his metrical romances, and which he in turn had instinctively adopted, and his first fingerings of the instrument betrayed his ignorance of its capacity. But he had not proceeded far before he possessed the secret of its sudden changes and rapid movements, and was borne along by their intermingling forces. What other poets were obliged to learn, he intuitively divined. Judged as a story *The Giaour* is defective, owing to the fragmentary form in which it was needlessly cast, and judged as a poem it is equally defective, owing to the want of proportion in its parts. Careless as the versification is, there are splendid passages in it, as in the description of the flight of the Giaour, and of the ambush into which Hassan and his troops were drawn; and there is one tender and pathetic passage ("He who hath bent him o'er the dead") which no other poet could have written then, and which no living poet could write now. *The Giaour* sustained the reputation of Byron among the class of critical readers who had so readily acknowledged the strength and splendor of *Childe Harold*, and increased it among the larger class of sympathetic readers, who, loving poetry for its own sake, loved it more for the sake of the stories it is sometimes moved to tell. It was a dark and melancholy story, woven of elements of

life and character which were alien and repulsive to the English mind, but which, nevertheless, possessed a singular fascination, so adroit was the weaver, and so potent the magic of his verse. There is a spell in the eastern stories of Byron, and it was felt by Byron himself as well as by his readers, for once the fit of inspiration was upon him he could no more resist writing than they could resist reading. *The Bride of Abydos*, which was published about six months after *The Giaour*, was the most poetical poem which Byron had yet conceived, suggesting a gentler aspect of manners than he had hitherto delineated, and containing his first pair of impassioned lovers, his Romeo and Juliet, who, like their Italian prototypes, loved with all the fervor of their young hearts, kindly, blindly, and to their own destruction. Heroes like Selim existed long before he appeared on the canvas of Byron, but never heroine like Zuleika, who, half girl, half woman, was all purity, all affection, all devotion, the romantic ideal of womanly tenderness and loveliness.

The fit of inspiration under which *The Bride of Abydos* was composed increased upon Byron, who, about a fortnight after the publication of that poem, began another eastern story, which he finished in thirteen days. *The Corsair* was woven out of the same dark elements as the earlier story, of which it was a kind of poetic metempsychosis, Conrad being an older Selim, and Medora a riper Zuleika. The influence of Pope's versification, which still exercised a spell over Byron, and which marred two sections of *The Bride of Abydos*, where it clumsily interrupted the octosyllabic flow of the narrative, was dominant throughout *The Corsair*, which was written in heroic couplets. There was a rhetorical force in them which made them seem more eloquent than they were, and which carried off their occasional platitudes bravely. They were as spirited in movement as the law that governs the heroic couplet would permit; they were picturesque in description and suggestion; and over all and through all there was a nameless charm which defied analysis—the sentiment, the feeling, which we call Poetry. The critics of Byron's time were divided in their opinions respecting the capacity of the heroic couplet. It remained to be proved (Jeffrey thought) whether this, the most ponderous and stately verse in our language, could be accommodated to the variations of a tale of passion and pity, and to all the breaks, starts, and transitions of an adventurous and dramatic narrative, and this (Jeffrey declared) Byron proved, with equal success and boldness, in *The Corsair*. But what this third story of

Byron's proved, and proved most triumphantly, was the rapidity with which his mind was maturing, in its grasp of character, its power of vivid presentation, and in the *prima stamina* of all narrative verse, fertility of invention. If Byron knew his own mind when he published *The Corsair* he purposed to publish nothing further until some years should be passed. He avowed this determination in his dedication to Moore, and in all sincerity, no doubt; but a circumstance in the history of the period soon compelled him to abandon it. This event was the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, the announcement of which roused the lyrical spirit within him the next morning, and hurried him along its fiery way until he had dashed off the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*. Never before had his genius risen to such a height, or flown on such broad and ample pinions, and never before was the note of his personality so lost in the large music of his verse. He was the trumpet voice of his time. The glamour of the East still haunted him, however, and brooding over Conrad and Gulnare, the story of whose love was merely begun in *The Corsair*, he planned another poem, wherein the story of such a love, in another land, and at a later time, was darkly and mysteriously traced. *Lara* was thought inferior to *The Corsair* (why, except that it was apparently its sequel, it is not easy to see), the character of *Lara* being pronounced too laboriously finished. "What do the reviewers mean by 'elaborate'?" Byron asked, in one of his letters; "Lara I wrote while undressing, after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry, 1814."

The summer and autumn of this year of revelry were propitious and disastrous to the life of Byron—propitious, in that they witnessed a new flowering of his genius in the *Hebrew Melodies*, and disastrous, in that they witnessed his engagement to Miss Milbanke. The *Hebrew Melodies* were not equal to the *Thyrza* poems, but they contained one lyric ("She walks in beauty, like the night"), the exquisite grace and purity of which defy description, they are so simple and yet so subtle; and another ("The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold"), in which the noblest flights of Campbell, the greatest of English lyrists, were easily surpassed.

Why did Byron propose to Miss Milbanke, and why did Miss Milbanke accept Byron? His temperament was not one which she could ever comprehend, or, comprehending, approve of; nor was it one which she could ever change. If her perceptions had been

keener and her self-confidence less, she might have divined these grim truths; but being what she was, an only daughter, carefully nurtured, straitlaced, proud, reserved, pedantic, deficient in humor, she had to learn them, and by the only method in which such persons ever learn such things—personal experience. She should have known that he was not the man whom she ought to marry, and he should have known that she was not the woman whom he ought to marry. If they had been left to themselves, it is not likely that either would have thought of the other, except as a pleasant friend. But they were not left to themselves; on the contrary, they were taken possession of by their friends, who persuaded them to marry. They meant well—most meddlers do—but they wrought ill; for, in the words of the musty old proverb, they made the match, and made a mess of it. The deluded couple were made one on January 2, 1815, at Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the county of Durham.

“Night, with all thy stars, look down;  
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew;  
Never smiled the inconstant moon  
On a pair so true.”

If the year 1814 was a year of revelry, the year 1815 was a year of misery. We know more about the married life of Byron than the married life of any other English poet, but when all is said and done it is not much that we know. There are some experiences which gentlemen never divulge, and to which they never refer, even when most communicative, and marriage is instinctively understood to be one of them. If Lord Byron was disappointed in his wife, Lady Byron was, no doubt, disappointed in her husband, and neither was wholly to blame. A little philosophy might have been of service to both, but philosophy was the last thing to be expected from an impassioned poet and a young woman with a mathematical turn of mind. Furthermore, there was a scarcity of current coin in the exchequer of the poet. The property he inherited had been heavily encumbered by antecedent Byrons; he was dipped in debt, as the phrase was then; and he was supposed to have married a very rich heiress. His creditors, Jew and Gentile, came down upon him like the Assyrians in his *Hebrew Melodies*. His person was safe from the clutches of the law, he being a peer of the realm, but his goods and chattels were safe from nobody who had made advances to him in his hot, un-governed youth. There were nine different executions in his house

during the first year of his married life. Productive of a large crop of troubles, the inevitable harvest of the wild oats which his ancestors had sown so plenteously, this miserable year was not wholly barren of poetry; for, desperate as his affairs were, and perhaps because they were desperate, Byron retired within himself, and, communing with his genius, which had been silent since his marriage, he wrote another eastern story, *The Siege of Corinth*, and the first of his Italian stories, *Parisina*. The imaginative power and pathos which distinguished these poems were as uncommon and admirable as the resolution which created them at this time. It is not given to every poet to rise above and live down misfortune and humiliation, but it was given to Byron, who may have lacked wisdom and patience, but who certainly possessed strength and determination. He needed both. For about the middle of January, 1816, while his last poems were passing through the press, his wife left him to pay a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, taking with her their infant daughter, Augusta Ada, who was some five or six weeks old. They parted in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection on the road; but no sooner did she reach Kirkby Mallory than her father wrote to Byron that she would return to him no more. Why she left him, and why she refused to return to him, was a mystery then, and is a mystery now. But whatever the reason, obvious or occult, it is impossible to acquit her inscrutable ladyship of duplicity, and an unrelenting determination to punish her husband. If she had charged him with anything, he might have answered the charge; but she formulated nothing; no sins of omission or commission on his part, and no grievance on her own. She held her peace, leaving the world to imagine what her silence meant, and opening the door to every dark and horrible suggestion. But she gained her object, whatever it was, for a storm of indignation broke out against Byron, who was at once sacrificed on the altar of public virtue. If ever poet suffered deeply it was Byron at this time, when he described himself as standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him. It was the crisis of his fate, and he bore it well, upheld by his haughty spirit and his splendid genius. He had conquered the world with his poetry four years before, and, however the world might revile him now, he was still the most famous of living poets. The tenderness and the scorn which contended within him wreaked themselves in verse about two months after his lady had deserted him. He

paid his respects to her in a monody ("Fare thee well! and if forever"), and his disrespects to her Abigail, of whom he dashed off a sketch ("Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred"), attributing to her a part of his domestic difficulties. The newspapers of the period gave these poems the benefit of their limited circulation, and furnished his enemies another opportunity to attack him.

Byron was at war with the world, and the world was too strong for him, as it always is for any one man. He might have maintained the fight longer than he did, but where was the use of fighting longer when the field was lost? England had declared against him, and there was nothing left but to leave England. So, to save himself from banishment, he went into exile. He sailed for Ostend on April 25, 1816, intending to travel in Switzerland, Flanders, Italy, and, perhaps, France. He was not the Byron who had sailed for the East about seven years before (July 2, 1809), but a man whom death had saddened, marriage maddened, and his countrymen enthroned and dethroned. A wayward soul, whose wisdom was wholly of the dark things of life, he was bruised, but not broken; for the strife through which he had passed had armed him with stronger powers of resistance. It had driven him back upon himself, upon the might of his genius, which was henceforth to be his sole dependence and sole consolation. A cloud was lifted from him as the shores of England sank below the waters, and the wings of his song arose above them. They were ampler pinions than those which had borne Childe Harold through the first two stages of his pilgrimage, and the flight which they were now pursuing with him was a bolder, broader, more triumphant flight. Separable at first from his shadowy self, whose mask he slipped on or slipped off as the whim seized him, the poet and his hero were now one and indivisible. The third canto of *Childe Harold*, which was begun shortly after Byron left England, and finished in less than two months, in Switzerland, is the most remarkable piece of autobiographic verse in the world—or was, until it was followed a year and a half later by the fourth canto of that immortal poem. The confession of a melancholy but mighty spirit, the curse of which it was to be retrospective and introspective, to see what it had been and what it was, it was also the record of a poetic pilgrimage wherein the brighter energies of this potent spirit were quickened into happy activity by its surroundings—the roll of waves and the drift of clouds, the stretch of plains and woods, glimpses of mountains and the vision of a placid lake, the beauty



and sublimity of nature, and the meditations they awakened in his brooding mind—meditations in which he sometimes forgot himself in remembering his fellow-men—these things were the web and woof out of which Byron wove the third canto of *Childe Harold*. More evenly sustained throughout than any of his earlier poems, it is still unequal in parts, the versification in some stanzas reminding one of the limpid flow of a meadow brook, and in others of the breaking of surf on distant beaches. It is dignified in thought and feeling, and nowhere more so than in the stanzas in which he refers to the battle of Waterloo, and those in which he analyzes the characters of Napoleon and Rousseau. With a tact which was not habitual with him, and which in this instance was probably instinctive, he refused to celebrate the battle itself, which only afforded an opportunity for what Campbell contemptuously called drum-and-trumpet music, and refused also to join in the exultations with which his countrymen had welcomed the downfall of their inveterate foe. English to his heart's core, Byron was too great to be an insular Englishman. The fervor of inspiration under which this canto of *Childe Harold* was written remained upon him after its completion, and expended itself in other directions, taking at first a narrative form in *The Prisoner of Chillon*—which was composed in two days, at a little inn near Lausanne, where he was detained by stress of weather—and taking two or three weeks later a personal form in the *Stanzas to Augusta* (“Though the day of my destiny's over”), *The Epistle to Augusta*, (“My sister, my sweet sister, if a name”), and *The Dream*, and *Darkness*. *The Prisoner of Chillon* was written in the sweet, musical key which he had first touched in *Parisina*, but with less tenderness and pathos than now. *The Dream*—but no one who has read Byron can ever forget that exquisite but mournful poem, in which he recounts the story of his hopeless passion for Mary Chaworth, who, loving him not, had mismated, as he had done, and was by this time, no doubt, as wretched as himself.

When Byron first arrived in Switzerland he put up at a hotel in Geneva, where he had for neighbors a younger poet and two ladies who were under his charge. The poet was Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley. The ladies were Miss Mary Godwin (with whom he had eloped from England two years before, abandoning his wife Harriet and an unborn child), and her half-sister, Miss Jane Clairemont, who, being of a romantic turn of mind, called herself Claire, and became the mistress of the elder poet. The biographies of Shelley are eloquent

over the influence which he exercised on Byron, and which was purely imaginary. The author of *Childe Harold* could learn nothing in poetry or morals from the author of *Laon and Cythna*.

An excursion which Byron made among the mountains in September, and of which he kept a journal, appears to have suggested his next poem, *Manfred*. It was his first elaborate work in blank verse, which he had essayed with measurable success in *The Dream* and *Darkness*, and however much he may have enlarged its capacities at a later period in his tragedies, he never surpassed its masterly use in *Manfred*. The spell which rested upon him while he wrote *Childe Harold* remained, but it was of a calmer, graver, profounder character. The suffering of Childe Harold was the sullen smouldering of a volcano which might again ignite; the sorrow of Manfred was the same volcano extinct, buried under its own ashes, and covered with the pall of its own desolation. Childe Harold could still feel, but Manfred could only remember. Dark, unlovely, unhappy, mysterious, criminal—the Giaour, Selim, Conrad, Lara, Alp—his prototypes were all melodramatic; he alone is tragic. *Manfred* is the tragedy of a lost soul, and simple, severe, austere, it towers in the heaven of English song in lone and lofty magnificence. This *annus mirabilis* (1816) which witnessed Lady Byron's desertion of her husband, and his departure from England; his journey in Holland and up the Rhine, during which he wrote the greater part of the third canto of *Childe Harold*; his residence in Switzerland, where he wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Manfred*; this troublous and laborious year was followed by a period of rest and idleness, which was passed in Italy, chiefly at Venice, where, acquiescing in the custom of that amorous watering-place of seventy years ago, he made love to the wife of a merchant—a modern Merchant of Venice—who made love to him in return. Her name was Marianna. She was like an antelope, with great, black Oriental eyes, was twenty-two, and was a termagant.

It was not in the nature of Byron to remain quiet long, for under his idle moods were currents of intellectual activity, while his pleasures were productive of poetic feeling. The spirit of song descended upon him in the spring of 1817, during a day's visit to Ferrara, which he had visited in thought in the autumn of 1815, when he was writing *Parisina*, and, moved by the emotions which it enkindled in him, he wrote *The Lament of Tasso*. It was a pathetic analysis of the personality of that unfortunate poet, in whose sensitive genius

he fancied a relationship with his own, and as it was cast in the form of a soliloquy it may be regarded as his first dramatic study. Written at a heat, like *The Prisoner of Chillon*, which may be said to have been, in a certain sense, the epilogue of the third canto of *Childe Harold*, it served, in the same sense, as a prologue to the fourth and last canto of that incomparable poem. Whether it was begun in one of those fits of inspiration which were characteristic of his powers, or whether it was undertaken only after long and serious thought, we have no means of knowing. Begun in June, upwards of a hundred stanzas were done in the rough by the middle of July, and it was finished early in October. Rapidly written, it was corrected slowly, with the closest scrutiny into the justness of its statements and the precision of their expression. The labors of the file were unceasingly bestowed upon it, and never was poem more worthy of them. An apotheosis of Italy—the glory of its great men and the gloom of its stormy past, the fresh young loveliness of its dewy landscapes and the grandeur of its decaying cities, the splendor of Venice and the desolation of Rome, all that was brightest and darkest in its history sailed, like sunlight and shadow, across its pictured pages. We have the meditative Byron at his maturest in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.

But there was another Byron in his chamber before he had finished copying it for the press—the immoral Byron, who had been making love to Marianna for nearly a twelvemonth, and was now turning his knowledge of her and the life about him to poetic account. The versatility of this extraordinary man was never more marked than in his next poem, *Beppo*, which was written for amusement, and without a thought of the new world which it opened for his genius. For just what it was—a merry little anecdote related in the easiest verse imaginable—*Beppo* surpassed everything in the same light direction in English poetry, the airiest trifles of Prior, for example, being in comparison as lead to gossamer. It was succeeded in the autumn of the following year by another narrative poem, *Mazeppa*, the versification of which was conspicuous for rapidity of movement.

But as the years went on there were other Byrons besides the one whom we have studied so far, and who seemed in his single self to be an epitome of mankind. There was the Byron who wrote *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Werner*, which were dramatic in form but undramatic in spirit,

and which were consequently failures, though brilliant ones. There was the Byron who wrote those daring but not irreverent mysteries of the childhood of the race, *Heaven and Earth*, and *Cain*. And there was the Byron who wrote *Don Juan*—that wonderful tragedy into which he poured himself—the accumulated treasures of his heart and mind, the incalculable resources of his genius :

“The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.”

In thinking of *Don Juan*, we should do what Doctor Johnson recommended—clear our minds of cant. We should read it as we read *Gil Blas*, not as we read *The Scarlet Letter*. It is a story of life and manners—the life of a young man of a passionate race, whose blood was tumultuous, whose senses were alive, and who was enamoured of the pride of life and the lust of the eye, and manners which were believed to be common in the south of Europe, and which were not unknown in the England of the Prince Regent. It is not the story of Sir Galahad, but the story of Tannhäuser. But what a story, what a poem, what an Odyssey it is! Twinkling with humor, sparkling with wit, flushed with tenderness and pathos, and darkened with the shadow of death, it has every element of a modern epic, and, wedded to sweet and solemn music, one tragic episode which defies oblivion. Juan and Haidee will be remembered as long as Romeo and Juliet, and Manfred as long as Hamlet.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

IN a previous article \* the attempt has been made to show the present relation of scientific thought to the question of the significance of life. It has there appeared that the most extreme mechanical position regards life simply as the result of the high chemical and molecular composition of protoplasm. This position is a purely hypothetical one, founded almost entirely upon the supposed tendency of scientific advance; but it is held by many scientists to-day, and certain far-reaching conclusions are based upon it. Whatever be the decision on this question, however, it leaves still unanswered the more important one of the *origin* of life. It is the object of the following pages to examine the scientific views upon this question. Many scientists have reached the conclusion not only that life has a mechanical explanation, but also that it has had a purely mechanical origin. This conclusion is quite at variance with our ordinary line of thought, and it will be desirable to know the basis upon which it rests.

The question is simple enough. Life, by its inherent qualities, is self-perpetuating, and if once it makes its appearance on earth its remaining here as long as conditions admit is a matter of course. Experience and experiment alike, however, tell us that to-day living things do not arise from the non-living. Geology tells us that at one time the earth was so heated that no living thing could have existed on its surface. It follows, from this fact, that life on the globe must have had a beginning. What, then, was the nature of the forces which brought the first living matter into existence?

Experiment and observation have thus far been able to give only negative evidence upon this question. Ever since life has been studied it has been believed by many that living organisms can arise from material that is not alive. Aristotle held this view, and from his time no one presumed to doubt that most of the smaller organisms could, and usually did, arise spontaneously. It was not until the sixteenth century that the matter became one of discussion. At that time Redi discovered that fly-maggots were not produced

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spontaneously from decaying flesh, as had been hitherto believed, but came from something deposited by adult flies. This discovery led him to further observation, and, finally, to the conclusion that there was no such thing in nature as spontaneous generation. Since that time this doctrine has been the ground of many a hard-fought battle. The followers of Redi speedily began to show, by careful study of the facts, that numerous cases of so-called spontaneous generation were simply due to careless observation. It soon was proved that at least all the higher animals arise by the method of reproduction only. The adherents of the belief that life can arise from the non-living were thus driven to base their claims upon the origin of the smaller organisms, and finally upon microscopic forms, which can be studied only with extreme difficulty. But so far from admitting this to be a retreat from their position, they have shown that it is the most natural conclusion possible. For a priori grounds should serve to convince us that if living things can arise from the non-living, this would be true only of the very lowest organisms, those which approach the nearest to the condition of simple protoplasm. The disproof of the claims of the earliest biologists, who believed in the abiogenetic origin of the higher animals, is therefore no proof or even indication that this does not occur in the lowest organisms. The question, therefore, finally settled around the origin of the lowest and smallest forms of life. From this point the matter has been chiefly one of care in experimenting. It was found by some that low organisms, bacteria, infusoria, etc., would arise in closed flasks filled with various material for food, even after all apparent precautions had been taken to exclude everything alive. But other experimenters, employing greater precautions for the exclusion of living matter, obtained opposite results. The verdict vibrated from one side to the other, as different experiments were made known, until at length Pasteur and Tyndall showed that the negative conclusion was the only tenable one. Tyndall more especially, by a series of careful experiments, conducted in a manner beyond the reach of criticism, so conclusively proved that with the proper precautions no living organisms could arise in any solution without the access of previously living organisms, that no one has seriously questioned the matter since. This result, indeed, is only a negative one. It simply shows that no living organisms did arise under the conditions of the experiment. But it is so conclusive that scientists have, with practical unanimity, given up all claim

that there is the slightest evidence for the possibility of spontaneous generation. And this is admitted by the very men who still insist that spontaneous generation must have occurred at some time in the history of the globe.

While it is thus true that biologists have somewhat reluctantly given up the belief in this fascinating theory, this by no means indicates that they have given up a belief in the possibility of life arising from the non-living under the right conditions. Although no one has as yet been able to produce conditions under which life can arise, this by no means proves that under different conditions a different result might not be reached. Protoplasm will not arise in closed flasks, but this does not show that it may not do so at the bottom of the ocean. If it could be shown that life arises spontaneously nowhere on the globe at the present time, this would by no means prove that in other ages, under different conditions, it may not have so arisen. And, indeed, now that the possibility of spontaneous generation to-day is practically decided in the negative, it is beginning to be recognized that the experiments thus far are utterly futile to settle the primary question at issue. Even if a positive result had been obtained, it would have had scarcely any bearing upon the question of the original appearance of life. This will be evident from the following considerations. The first living things must have been able to make use of inorganic material for food, since there could, of course, have been no organic food existing at that time. Our experimenters on spontaneous generation have, however, always used organic solutions in their experiments. Now, to-day, only organisms which are supplied with chlorophyl (the green coloring matter of plants) are able to raise inorganic matter into an organized condition. At the present time, at least, all organic life depends upon the action of chlorophyl. But in the experiments upon spontaneous generation it has only been claimed that such organisms as bacteria and infusoria could arise; and these organisms, containing no chlorophyl, have no power to live upon the inorganic world. Our experimenters have found it always necessary to supply them with an abundance of organic food. Such organisms certainly could not have been the first ones to appear upon the world, since they would be capable of existing only so long as organic food was supplied them. Indeed, if we could imagine the ocean filled with albuminous food before any life appeared, and then assume that these organisms could arise spontaneously, we should be no nearer

to a permanent origin of life than we were before. The only result would be a rapid multiplication of these bacteria until the ocean was filled with them ; the food would be consumed, and then all would die of starvation, since they would be unable to make food for themselves out of the inorganic world as green plants can do. The first living things must have been able to make use of the inorganic world, and plainly, so long as experiments deal only with chlorophyll-less organisms arising in organic solutions, they have no direct relation to the question of the primary origin of life.

Beyond these experiments, which reach only negative conclusions, science has no direct evidence to offer. Plainly, this evidence has not advanced science a single step toward the desired solution. May it not be well, then, to abandon the question, and to say that life was produced by creative fiat? We should thus place the origin of life in the same category of insolvable mysteries as the origin of the universe in general. Looking at the universe in the most extreme mechanical manner it is impossible to think of it without some original creative power. Behind the whole we must posit something which no thought can comprehend. If we must find creative power somewhere, perhaps the beginning of life may be an instance of its action. It may be well, then, inasmuch as it seems probable that the origin of life can be nothing but a matter of speculation, to class it with the origin of matter and force, and thus cease to attempt to explain it.

But this science refuses to do. Science grants that there are insolvable mysteries. The origin of matter and force, the origin of motion, of consciousness, are utterly insolvable mysteries, and are hence outside the realm of science. But it is thought that the origin of life is not one of those transcendental mysteries, but is one which will in due time be solved. This belief has been more especially prevalent among scientists since the precipitate advance of speculation in the last twenty-five years, due to the growth of the ideas comprised in the theory of evolution. This theory or group of theories has led to a belief in the general efficiency of natural law to account for natural phenomena ; and from this conception has arisen the claim that there must have been a natural origin of life. While, then, biologists have somewhat reluctantly given up their beliefs in the present possibility of spontaneous generation, many of them even the more strenuously assert that at some time, in some way, life must have arisen from the non-living. Negative results, we are told,



do not reach the question. They do not prove that life has always arisen from life, though it may universally do so to-day ; nor do they disprove that under different conditions entirely different results may have been obtained. Unable, therefore, to obtain direct evidence either for or against its proposition of a natural origin of life, science endeavors to meet the question by speculation. Having shown, as we have seen in the previous article, that vital processes are closely related to chemical and physical conditions, suggestions as to a possible causal connection between the two are of some significance. Speculations as to the origin of life can, therefore, hardly be called absurd, though they are almost unfounded in fact. Although they cannot be regarded as having much value, nevertheless modern scientific beliefs are in a measure founded on them. It will be necessary, then, in order to comprehend this phase of thought, briefly to review one of these speculations. I select for this purpose one which is moderate in its terms and which has received wide consideration. It is somewhat as follows :

We must assume at the outset that life is simply the property of the complex composition of protoplasm. Without the above assumption it is plain that there can be no speculation upon the matter. To any one who is unwilling to accept this most extreme mechanical conception of the significance of life, any suggestion as to the origin of life otherwise than by creative fiat means nothing. If life is some immaterial essence, vitality, it is impossible even to think of it as having a natural origin. Those who hold this view may therefore regard with indifference any attempt to imagine such an origin. If, however, one is willing, even provisionally, to accept some mechanical theory of the significance of life, he will be ready to take into candid consideration any suggestions as to its original spontaneous generation.

With this assumption, then, provisionally granted, we may go on to ask how the complex composition of protoplasm could have been originally reached. During the early history of the globe the temperature was so high that few, if any, chemical compounds could exist. As the earth cooled by radiation, the elements hitherto kept apart began to come together in chemical union. All during the long process of cooling conditions existed which have never been matched since. Even after the temperature had reached a degree which admitted the existence of organic compounds, every circumstance was utterly different from what is found to-day. Different

temperature, different relations of moisture, different electrical conditions, an atmosphere containing vastly more  $\text{CO}_2$  and O than ours; all these factors, and thousands of others of which it is needless to speculate, combined to make the conditions of chemical union widely different from any that can now occur. Under these circumstances it is plain that, with the universal chemical laws, chemical processes would be carried on of which we can know nothing, but which would be very different from any taking place in the world at present, or which can be simulated in the laboratory by the chemist or biologist. These early times presented thus, in terms of the speculation, the possibility of production of an almost infinite variety of compounds, each with its own peculiar properties. Some of these compounds were so stable as to continue to exist down to the present day, almost unchanged. Others were constantly changing. This was particularly true of the compounds of carbon, because of the peculiar properties of this element. Many of these carbon compounds doubtless would disappear with a change of conditions, breaking up to enter into other combinations and form other unstable compounds. Now, amid this continued succession of changes, the conditions of heat, electricity, etc., might at one time have been such as to cause the elements C, O, H, N, to unite into certain complex bodies approximating organic compounds. That this is a possibility becomes evident when we remember that our chemists have already begun to imitate these processes in the laboratory. Many organic compounds have been synthetically manufactured from inorganic material. These compounds of early times might not have continued to exist very long, since they were unstable, and had no power of self-perpetuation.

Thus far, perhaps, no one will hesitate to follow the scientist. But now he takes a step in the dark. He supposes that at one time these elements united into a compound which was, owing to its peculiar composition, capable of causing other bodies to change. By virtue of this power other complicated bodies then existing were caused to assume the composition of the new one, according to laws previously noticed in discussing the significance of life. Once this power is acquired, the compound possessing it would not disappear, like the other unstable compounds, but would be permanent. For this substance would grow, and all the essential features of life, it is said, can be deduced from growth. This compound was, of course, protoplasm in its simplest form. It was only one of a large

number of complex compounds which made their appearance under the peculiar chemical conditions of early eras. Numerous others were doubtless formed, each possessing its own properties. But only that compound which was capable of assimilation could continue to exist in an active condition during the subsequent ages. This substance eventually absorbed other compounds in any way similar to itself, which arose contemporaneously with or before it, and it remains, therefore, to-day the only living matter, the physical basis of life.

It will be seen that, according to this speculation, the first form of living matter was by no means similar to any organism of to-day. It was rather a diffused mass of protoplasmic substance, with no differentiation into cells, parts, or individuals. It was a mass similar to the problematical *Bathybius*; and this explains why biologists have been so eager to believe in such an organism as *Bathybius*, living at the bottom of the sea. It will be further seen that there is no necessity to assume that this first protoplasm possessed chlorophyl, for, according to the hypothesis, there were many other carbon compounds of high complexity produced at the same time. These compounds, more or less similar to protoplasm, though not capable of self-perpetuation, would well serve the first protoplasm as food. There would thus be no lack of sufficient organic material for the subsistence of the first living body, even though this organism was incapable of feeding upon the inorganic world directly. Doubtless, too, the conditions which produced the first living protoplasm existed for a long time, and thus living matter would for a long time be brought into existence by processes other than those of reproduction. Indeed, there was no definite beginning of life. Here, as elsewhere, nature made no jump, but produced life as she produces everything else, by slow stages. Chemical processes of early times resulted in the production of many compounds which, acting upon each other, and acted on by the changing conditions, became modified in an infinite variety of ways. Their complexity and instability became very great. Finally, some of the most unstable of all began to effect changes in others which resulted in assimilation, and thus slowly the properties which we call living were acquired. Slowly, too, these properties became more marked. Simpler and simpler substances were made use of as food. So long as the original conditions lasted there would, of course, be no need that living matter should possess the properties of chlorophyl. Nor was this at all necessary while circumstances were such as to make

possible the natural development of high carbon compounds. Eventually the power to live upon the simpler inorganic foods must have been acquired. But it is only necessary to assume that this power became fully developed by the time that the conditions had so changed that protoplasm could no longer be developed by the original spontaneous method. Perhaps for ages protoplasm existed, unable to use inorganic food, but finding sufficient food in surrounding complex carbon compounds. And when this power did at last become developed it was not acquired by all protoplasm. For just at this point the organic world became divided into two parts. One part did develop chlorophyl, and has since been able to live upon inorganic matter, using the energy of sunlight to build this matter into an organic compound. Finding its food,  $\text{CO}_2$ ,  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ , and sunlight, everywhere, this class of organisms did not acquire the power of motion. The other part, never developing chlorophyl, became of necessity at last parasitic upon the first class, and developed its almost universal power of motion in order to enable it to seek its food. The animal and vegetable kingdom were thus finally separated from each other, with the relations which they hold at the present day.

Such, in brief outline, is the substance of some of the modern speculations concerning the method by which life arose. It represents only one phase of such speculations, and is subject to great modification in the minds of different thinkers. It is plainly open to sufficient criticism, and it is equally clear that it is not capable of direct proof, at least, in the present state of science. It is as moderate in its terms as any of the suggestions upon the subject, and makes as slight claims upon our credulity. It will, at all events, serve our present purpose of giving us an idea of the relation of speculation to the question of the origin of life.

Now, what are these speculations worth? Many will immediately answer that they are worth nothing. Others may regard them as having a certain amount of suggestiveness, but no great value. It is perfectly plain to every one that they are purely hypothetical. Not only are they unproven hypotheses, but they are, further, of such a nature that there can be no evidence either for or against them. They must be unhesitatingly set down as scarcely more than bold guesses at a possibility. Even Huxley says: "Of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter it may be said we know absolutely nothing." If, then, science is to confine itself to

facts, these suggestions may be cast aside as worthless. Why is it, then, that we find so many biologists to-day willing and more than willing, anxious, to accept them? Certainly it is not because experience or experiment has demanded them, not because they are the simplest explanations, not because a large number of converging lines of thought point toward them. Those who seriously discuss these speculations, or regard them as of any significance, do so from some cause lying outside of the question itself.

And this cause is to be found in certain philosophical conceptions. Science studies the world from one standpoint only; a standpoint which its devotees naturally believe will lead them most surely to the truth. This study of nature from the exterior has led to a grand generalization that all nature is governed by law. The significance of the word law does not particularly concern science, but is left to other realms of thought. Science satisfies itself in discovering and applying laws. A thorough study of nature has made it seem probable that natural law, when thoroughly comprehended, will explain all natural phenomena. So many facts formerly relegated to the realm of the supernatural have now been explained by natural law, that science has determined to call in the supernatural as seldom as possible, and to accept no breaks in the chain of law, unless absolutely forced to do so. This generalization is at the foundation of the terms, law of continuity and evolution, as they are used by science to-day. The significance which this question of the origin of life has for all evolutionary theories is at once evident. It is a most important link in the chain of continuity, for unless the spontaneous generation of life be a fact, the law of continuity is no law. For even if science does succeed in explaining the *development* of life from the lowest form to the highest, but does not explain the origin of this first form, it has only half accomplished that for which it is striving, viz., to reduce living phenomena to the same laws which govern the non-living. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find biologists observing, experimenting, and speculating, in order to find some way to help themselves out of their dilemma. To any one who is inclined to believe in this law of continuity, and the efficiency of natural forces, such speculations as the above, which show a possible avoidance of a break at the beginning of life, have a certain amount of significance. If we are inclined to believe that "Nature does not make jumps," it follows that every break which we see in the continuity is not a break in reality, but simply

in our knowledge of history. Many breaks which formerly existed, in our knowledge, have disappeared with advancing discovery. It is natural, then, to believe that the present chasm between life and non-life was, at the beginning of the world, no chasm, but filled with lost stages which may never be recovered. Speculations as to the nature of these lost stages have, therefore, some meaning in the light of the law of continuity. Scientists do not look upon any of them as necessarily or even probably true. They do not consider that we have sufficient knowledge to say anything definite upon the subject. But science does look upon these speculations as indicating that the problem of the origin of life is not an insolvable one. Scientists take them for what they are, pure speculations, but think that the possibility of forming them indicates that the break at the beginning of life is one of ignorance and not one of fact.

It is, then, only the supposed existence of a philosophical necessity which has created a demand for some theory of a natural origin of life, and called into existence the various speculations on the subject. The conclusion has been reached that the general advance of thought and investigation has practically established the truth of the law of continuity. This law, so thoroughly believed in by modern science, demands the destruction of the chasm between the living and the non-living. Science has, therefore, set to work to destroy it. It has shown that the chasm is not so great as was once thought; it has proved that the animal body, with protoplasm in general, is a machine making use of the chemical energy of its foods; it has shown that growth is little more than chemical change, and that reproduction depends directly upon growth; it has shown that throughout the organic world the same physical and chemical forces are at play as in the inorganic world, only under more complex conditions; and it has rendered it probable that most of the vital properties are directly dependent upon and explained by chemical and physical forces. Science has, in short, proved that living processes are a continuous change of chemical and physical forces, and that what we mean by life is something to direct this play of force. It then assumes that this something is to be accounted for as the property of protoplasm resulting from its complex composition. This assumption is plainly a long step in the region of hypothesis. But once made, it becomes easy to posit and to explain by speculation the spontaneous origin of life. For, indeed, it now follows as a matter of necessity. The conclusion which experiment

forces upon us, that spontaneous generation does not occur in nature to-day, is cast aside as irrelevant to the more fundamental question. For we ought not to expect, even if life originally did appear mechanically, that it could do so now, since the conditions are so different. Concerning the first origin of life, science, therefore, knows nothing, and is obliged to rest satisfied with the statement that its original mechanical origin is an absolute necessity of thought. "To hold the beginning of life as an arbitrary creation is to break with the whole theory of cognition," says Zöllner. To the scientist who is convinced of the universal truth of the law of continuity, therefore, the natural origin of life, though not possible now, was possible and did occur in early times under conditions about which we can only speculate. Carbon in former times crystallized in the form of diamond, because of conditions which then existed, and it does not do so now because of the absence of those conditions. So, we are told, the elements, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, did in former times unite together to form protoplasm, under conditions which then existed, but have long since passed away.

But this will seem to be attacking the problem from the wrong end. The law of continuity is the law to be proved. To any one who is disposed to question the far-reaching significance of this law the matter is by no means so evident. If we are willing to accept the existence of breaks, few or many, in the history of the universe, we may well place one at the beginning of life. The break exists to-day, at least, and no amount of ingenious speculation is sufficient to destroy it. Incapable of proof or disproof, demanded by no bit of evidence, and, if we do not accept the law of continuity, not demanded by any philosophical necessity, these speculations of science will be regarded as worthless. They are laborious searches after something which does not exist.

In conclusion, then, it will be seen that the origin of life is shrouded in as deep darkness as ever, in spite of the statements sometimes heard that the solution of the question is close at hand. Many secondary problems have been and are being solved, but the real problem remains as yet untouched, except by hypothesis and speculation. Vital processes may all be shown to be chemical and physical processes, but this will never explain why they are carried on automatically in living protoplasm only. And granting, if we are inclined to do so, that it is one of the physical properties of the complex composition of living protoplasm to direct this play of

force, there still remains the fact that to-day protoplasm can only come from other living protoplasm. Whence, then, came the first living protoplasm? To this question science offers, first, the law of continuity, in terms of which the spontaneous generation of life is a necessity; and, second, various speculations which, though acknowledged to be entirely unfounded in fact, are regarded as showing that in the boundless possibilities of the past spontaneous generation might well have taken place, provided it be granted that life is simply the result of complex chemical and molecular composition.

This is certainly no very great result. But it is probably as far as science will be able to advance, unless an unexpected success in making living matter from inorganic material attend some of the experiments of our investigators. We cannot, of course, deny the possibility of this, but there seems at present no prospect of it. Until something of this sort is done, it will always be possible, on the one hand, to say that nothing is proved; and on the other, to appeal to the possibilities of past unknown conditions. So long, therefore, as there is no direct evidence possible, the conclusion reached will depend upon the general teaching of all branches of science. A belief in the natural origin of life will stand or fall with the all-significant theory of the law of continuity or philosophical evolution. If the study of all realms of thought, science, theology, philosophy, leads to a growing belief that this theory expresses a law of the universe, the abiogenetic origin of life will follow as a matter of necessity. If, however, the conclusion remains, which is prevalent to-day, that there are breaks in the chain of continuity, this abiogenetic origin of life will remain a matter of pure speculation. Debate is therefore of little value. No one can be convinced upon either side without a predisposition derived from his philosophical conceptions. And these will depend on general lines of study and habits of thought, and not on the probability or improbability of the life speculation. Recognizing that the scientist's belief in the mechanical origin of life is purely deductive, it should only be discussed by discussing the general truth of the law from which it is deduced. Either of the views is perfectly consistent with theistic philosophy. In the present light of science, therefore, the theory of the original natural origin of life must be regarded as standing or falling according to our way of looking at God's method of ruling the universe.



## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

ONE hundred years ago, on the 17th of this month, the Federal Convention of 1787, having completed the formation of a Constitution for the United States, and having adopted it "by the unanimous consent of the States present," adjourned, with a letter to Congress, asking that the Constitution be transmitted to conventions in the several States, for ratification or rejection. "That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State," said the letter, "is not, perhaps, to be expected"; and the apprehension of the Convention was fully justified by the force of the opposition which met it in several of the most important State conventions. For months, the most acute political observer dared not venture a prophecy as to the success or failure of the new Constitution; and the change of 2 out of 60 votes in New York, of 5 out of 168 votes in Virginia, and of 10 out of 355 votes in Massachusetts, on the decisive ballots, would have been enough to reject the instrument, and to throw the country back into chaos.

It is not a little odd to notice how rapidly this intense opposition was supplanted by what Von Holst has called "the worship of the Constitution." Within four years after its formation, and in the second year after its ratification, its original opponents had begun to pose as "friends of the Constitution"; and from that day to this, the chorus in praise of its general scheme and of its details has been swelled higher by every minority which has found here its last and strongest bulwark against the power of the majority. And the universal verdict has not been unjust; the work of the Convention deserves all that can be said in its favor. Kingdoms and thrones have risen or fallen; the governments of all other civilized countries have been changed in form and essence; the jurisdiction of the United States has spread over a new territory far larger than the whole original country for which the Constitution was intended; and the instrument itself has been subjected to all the encroaching influences of advancing modern life: but the Constitution still holds its first shape, to the apparently unanimous contentment of the people. Such a success argues great, constructive

ability in its framers, and the argument has generally been accepted as valid.

The verdict of approval, however, has usually taken a form which implies a certain *fiat* power in the Convention. The first number of the *Federalist*, issued in the month following the adjournment of the Convention, speaks on this wise :

“It seems to have been reserved to the people of this country to decide, by their conduct and example, the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force.”

The implications of this passage are only carried out to their logical conclusion in Mr. Gladstone's often-quoted sentence: “The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.” Is this sentence, in its full force, within the range of possibility? Is it possible for even the wisest and most patriotic body of human beings, through debates of less than four months, to create out of nothing a scheme of government which shall endure with no practical change for a hundred years of the most active national life that modern times have known? Would such an origin justify Maine's admission \* that the American system “has been adequately discussed,” as well as “tested by experiment”? Would it not be more exact to say that the work of the Convention was mainly that of selection from the provisions of the State constitutions, in which they had been adequately discussed, as well as tested by experiment? And what has been the fate of the entirely new departures of the Convention, of the results of its really creative genius and power, during its first century of trial?

For the purposes of this article, it seems to be fair to leave out of consideration certain provisions of the Constitution: (1) matters of mere detail, such as the ages and terms of service of senators, representatives, and the President and Vice-President; (2) certain features derived from the experience of the race in the mother-country, such as the exemption of members of Congress from arrest or from responsibility elsewhere for words spoken in debate; (3) certain minor features inseparably connected with a new national government, which could not possibly be derived from the State systems, such as the equality of duties in all the States, the special

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\* Maine's *Popular Government*, p. 110.

and original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and the power of Congress over the Territories; and (4) the prohibitions on the States, which are *prima facie* the results of State experiments, shown to be necessary by the evil consequences of the previous permission to the States to exercise such powers. An abundant field will still be left for investigation.

The *Federalist* appeals again and again \* to State experience in support of various features of the new Constitution, and the appeals would be enough to show that the Convention held the experience of the States carefully in view. The Convention, however, was without the help which the modern student finds in such collections as those of Poore and Hough,† and was forced to take much of its information concerning State constitutions and laws at second-hand. It is possible for us to get a very clear idea of the forms of government in the States as they stood at the time of the Convention's meeting. All the States then had written "constitutions," with the exception of Connecticut and Rhode Island, which still held to their colonial charters. The dates of adoption of these instruments were as follows: Connecticut, 1662; Delaware, 1776; Georgia, 1777; Maryland, 1776; Massachusetts, 1780; New Hampshire, 1784; New Jersey, 1776; New York, 1777; North Carolina, 1776; Pennsylvania, 1776; Rhode Island, 1663; South Carolina, 1778; and Virginia, 1776. Vermont, though not yet recognized as a State, had its constitution, adopted in 1786, largely from that of Pennsylvania. It is only in appearance that the forms of government of Connecticut and Rhode Island antedate the others. The new constitutions were the natural outgrowths of the colonial systems, established by charters or by commissions to royal or proprietary governors; and the provisions of the constitutions were only attempts to adopt such features as had grown up under the colonial systems, or to cut out such features as colonial or State experience had satisfied the people were dangerous. All the colonial systems had been very loosely stated; such features as the bi-cameral nature of the legislatures, or even the existence of the Legislature itself, had been the result of popular initiative, not of the charters or commissions;

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\* *E. g.*, in Nos. XXXIX and XLVII.

† Hough's *American Constitutions* (1871); Poore's *Federal and State Constitutions* (1877). Poore is the more useful for such an examination as this, as it contains the State charters and grants, as well as all the subsequent constitutions, while Hough gives only the constitutions in force at its date of publication. In such case as that of Massachusetts, where the Constitution of 1780 is still in force, Hough is, of course, of service.

and the legislatures had developed them, even before 1776, into much the same forms as the first written constitutions, in Connecticut and Rhode Island, just as well as in those States which framed nominally new constitutions.

A comparison of the completed Constitution with the contemporary State constitutions has resulted in the following attempt to show the points in which the Convention was indebted to the work already done by the States. Lack of space has compelled the omission of the numerous and significant cases of provisions considered and rejected by the Convention, but evidently drawn from one or more State constitutions; nor can it be said with certainty that all of those which were finally adopted have been included: even after the writer had supposed that his preliminary reading of the State constitutions had been fairly well completed, he has found provisions the applicability of which he had overlooked; and he cannot be sure that there are not others. Nevertheless, there are enough of them to show that Mr. Gladstone's notion of the Constitution as a creation is altogether erroneous, and that it was a growth, or, rather, a selection from a great number of growths then before the Convention.

That part of the Constitution which has attracted most notice abroad is probably its division of Congress into a Senate and a House of Representatives, with the resulting scheme of the Senate, as based on the equal representation of the States. It is probably inevitable that the upper or hereditary House in foreign legislative bodies shall disappear in time, and it is not easy to hit on any available substitute; and English writers, for example, judging from the difficulty of finding a substitute for the House of Lords, have rated too high the political skill of the Convention in hitting upon so brilliant a success as the Senate. It is not difficult to show, step by step, that the success of the Convention was due to the antecedent experience of the States. Excepting Pennsylvania and Vermont, which then gave all legislative powers to one House, and executive powers to a Governor and Council, all the States had bi-cameral systems in 1787. The name "Senate" was used for the upper House in Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, New Hampshire, South Carolina, and Virginia; and the name "House of Representatives," for the lower House, was in use in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and South Carolina, as well as in Pennsylvania and Vermont. The rotation, by which one-third of the Senate

goes out every two years, was taken from Delaware, where one-third went out each year, New York (one-fourth each year), Pennsylvania (one-third of the Council each year), and Virginia (one-fourth each year). The Constitution's provision for a census has been extravagantly praised as the first instance of the incorporation of such a provision into the organic law of any country; it was really taken from New York's provision for such a census every seven years, introduced for just the same purpose—the apportionment of representatives. The provisions of the whole fifth section of Article I., the administration of the two Houses, their power to decide the election of their members, make rules and punish their violation, keep a journal, and adjourn from day to day, are in so many State constitutions that no specification is needed for them. The provision that money-bills shall originate in the House of Representatives is taken, almost word for word, from the constitutions of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, as is the provision, which has never been needed, that the President may adjourn the two Houses when they cannot agree on a time of adjournment. The provision for a Message is from the Constitution of New York. All the details of the process of impeachment, as adopted by the Convention, may be found in the constitutions of Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Vermont, and Virginia, even to the provision, in the South Carolina system, that conviction should follow the vote of "two-thirds of the members *present*." (It should be said, however, that the limitation of sentence, in case of conviction, to "removal from office and disqualification" for further office-holding, is a new feature.) Even the much-praised process of the veto is taken *en bloc* from the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780; and the slight changes are so evidently introduced as improvements on the language alone as to show that the substance was copied.

The adoption of different bases for the two Houses—the House of Representatives representing the States according to population, while the Senate represented them equally—was one of the most important pieces of work which the Convention accomplished, as well as *the* one which it reached most unwillingly. If both Houses had represented the States proportionally, as the Virginia plan, the favorite scheme of the majority of the Convention, contemplated, a bill which should pass one House would have everything in its favor in the other, and would have little to dread from the President, who

was to have been elected by the two Houses. Under the Constitution as adopted, a bill which passes one House has to meet absolutely new conditions in the other, as well as from the President; and an enormous mass of legislation has thus been strangled in its infancy, to the no small benefit and satisfaction of the American people. But here, also, it was to the previous experiments by the States that the Convention owed its success. All the States had been experimenting to find different bases for their two Houses. Virginia had come nearest to the appearance of the final result, in having her Senate chosen by districts and her Representatives by counties; and, as the Union already had its "districts" formed (in the States), one might think that the Convention merely followed Virginia's experience. But the real process was far different and more circuitous. There were eleven States represented in the Convention, New Hampshire taking New York's place when the latter withdrew and Rhode Island sending no delegates. Roughly speaking, five States wanted the "Virginia plan" above stated; five wanted one House, as in the Confederation, with State equality in it; and one (Connecticut) had a plan of its own, to which the other ten States finally acceded. The Connecticut system, since 1699, when its Legislature was divided into two Houses, had maintained the equality of the towns in the lower House, while choosing the members of the upper House from the whole people. In like manner, its delegates now proposed that the States should be equally represented in the Senate, while the House of Representatives, chosen from the States in proportion to population, should represent the people numerically. The proposition was renewed again and again for nearly a month, until the two main divisions of the Convention, unable to agree, accepted the "Connecticut compromise," as Bancroft calls it, and the peculiar constitution of the Senate was adopted.

The President's office was simply a development of that of the governors of the States. The name itself had been familiar; Delaware, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina had used the title of "President" instead of that of Governor. In all the States the Governor was Commander-in-Chief, except that in Rhode Island he was to have the advice of six assistants and the major part of the freemen, before entering upon his duties. The President's pardoning power was drawn from the example of the States; they had granted it to the governors (in some cases with the advice of a council) in all the States except Connecticut, Rhode Island, and

Georgia, where it was retained to the Legislature, and in South Carolina, where it seems to have been forgotten in the Constitution of 1778, but was given to the Governor in 1790. The Governor was elected directly by the people in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, and Rhode Island, and indirectly, by the two Houses, in the other eight States; and in this nearly equal division we may, perhaps, find a reason for the Convention's hesitation to adopt either system, and for its futile attempt to introduce an electoral system, as a compromise. The power given to the Senate, of ratifying or rejecting the President's appointments, seems to have been an echo of New York's Council of Appointment; the most strenuous and persistent efforts were made to provide a council to share in appointments with the President; the admission of the Senate as a substitute was the furthest concession which the majority would make; and hardly any failure of details caused more heart-burnings than the rejection of this proposed council for appointments. The President's power of filling vacancies, by commissions to expire at the end of the next session of the Senate, is taken in terms from the Constitution of North Carolina. Almost every State prescribed a form of oath for its officers; the simple and impressive oath of the President seems to have been taken from that of Pennsylvania, with a suggestion, much improved in language, from the oath of allegiance of the same State.

The office of Vice-President was evidently suggested by that of the Deputy, or Lieutenant-Governor (in four States the "Vice-President"), of the States. In most of the States he was to succeed the Governor when succession was necessary, and in the meantime was to preside over the upper House. In North Carolina, the Governor was to be succeeded by the Speaker of the upper House, and he, in case of necessity, by the Speaker of the lower House, a provision which seems to have had its effect on the manner of the Presidential succession which was so long the rule under the Constitution. But the exact prototype of the office of Vice-President is to be found in that of the Lieutenant-Governor of New York. He was to preside in the Senate, without a vote, except in case of a tie, was to succeed the Governor, when succession was necessary, and was to be succeeded by the president *pro tempore* of the Senate.

The Convention very acutely did no more than constitute one Supreme Court, and define the general jurisdiction of United States courts, leaving Congress to work out the details of the system by

legislation. The practical operation of the Federal judiciary is, therefore, rather a legislative than a constitutional result, and is mainly derived from State practice or experience. Undoubtedly, the great achievement of the Convention, in this matter, was the erection of the judiciary into a position as a coördinate branch of the Government. Even in Great Britain the judiciary had been no more than a branch of the executive; its function was merely to advise the executive how to carry the orders of the legislative body into effect. "If Titius be accused of treason, murder, or other crime, and be thereof convicted, the judgment of the court is its advice in what manner he shall be punished according to law, which advice is to be carried into effect by the executive officers."\* This function is, of course, still retained by the American courts; but they have an additional and even larger one. The English court must simply obey the Act of Parliament, for all Acts of Parliament are constitutional; Parliament makes the British Constitution what it will. Such sovereign governments are unknown in the United States; the courts have to deal with the will of the real sovereign, the people, put into permanent shape in a written constitution; and they have to consider, when any law is pleaded before them, whether the law is in accord with the will of the real sovereign, and valid, or opposed to it, and "unconstitutional." This is the feature which so many foreign observers seem to find it most difficult to understand. They seem to imagine, for example, that the Supreme Court is always sitting at Washington in solemn conclave, for the purpose of examining Acts of Congress and deciding whether they are "constitutional" or not; and it is not easy to persuade them that all American courts deal only with suits between individuals, and that the legislative act comes up only as it is pleaded in the individual suit.

Nevertheless, it is true that the erection of the judiciary into this coördinate position has been one of the most distinguished successes of the American system; but it is equally true that it came in, not with the Convention, but with the adoption of written constitutions by the States. In fact, it is inseparable from the adoption of a written constitution as the permanent exponent of a purely popular will. As soon as this takes place, in any country, the courts must have a supreme respect for the written constitution, as the exponent of the higher will, and must therefore examine and decide upon

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\* 1 Tucker's *Blackstone's Commentaries*, 354.



all purely legislative acts according to their conformity with this instrument. The "regulation" of the Legislature by the judiciary is thus only apparent, being merely the result of the common subordination of both to the higher authority. This result had already been obtained in eleven of the thirteen States, in 1787, through their adoption of written constitutions; and the Convention, by its coincident adoption of a written constitution and of a system of courts, copied directly the results of State experience. Indeed, the germs of the whole system may be traced far back of 1776, into colonial experience. There were no written constitutions, to force a development of the modern American basis of the judiciary; but there were no supreme colonial legislatures. There was, at least, so much consciousness of the supremacy of another power as to give the courts an excuse or provocation for treating colonial legislative acts brought into issue before them on the general question of their accord with a higher authority. The action of the Rhode Island judges in 1786, under a charter only, in relation to the Forcing Act, is but a phase of the process through which the judiciary of all the States had passed to a greater or less extent.

The provisions for the recognition of inter-State citizenship, and for the rendition of fugitive slaves and criminals, were a necessity in any such form of government as was contemplated, but were not at all new. They had formed a part of the eighth article of the New England Confederation of 1643.\* It provided for

"the free and speedy passage of justice, in every jurisdiction, to all the confederates equally as their own, receiving those that remove from one plantation to another without due certificates. . . . It is also agreed that, if any servant run away from his master into any other of these confederated jurisdictions, that in such case, upon the certificate of one magistrate in the jurisdiction out of which the said servant fled, or upon other due proof, the said servant shall be delivered either to his master or any other that pursues and brings such certificate or proof. And that upon the escape of any prisoner whatsoever, or fugitive for any criminal cause, whether breaking prison or getting from the officer, or otherwise escaping, upon the certificate of two magistrates of the jurisdiction out of which the escape is made, that he was a prisoner or such an offender at the time of his escape, the magistrates, or some of them, of that jurisdiction where, for the present, the said prisoner or fugitive abideth, shall forthwith grant such a warrant as the case will bear for the apprehending of any such person, and the delivery of him into the hands of the officer or other person that pursues him."

If the Convention did not avail itself of the experience of its prede-

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\* The instrument may be consulted most easily in Preston's *Documents Illustrative of American History*, p. 92.

cessor of the previous century, is it not a little odd that it should happen to bring just these three provisions together as the second section of Article IV.?

The provision for the admission of new States was the result of State experience only. All the States had experienced the British system of treating colonies as mere creatures of an omnipotent Parliament; and they had been determined that their Territories should be treated in a different way, as inchoate States. The Constitution's provision had its origin in the Congress of the Confederation. It is to the Ordinance of 1787, not to the Convention of that year, that we must look for the conception of this powerful factor in our peculiar national development; and the Congress of the Confederation took it, not from creative genius, but from the natural growth of State feeling.

Finally, the first ten amendments, which were tacitly taken as a part of the original instrument, are merely a selection from the substance or the spirit of the Bills of Rights which preceded so many of the State constitutions.

The most solid and excellent work done by the Convention was its statement of the powers of Congress (in Section 8 of Article I.) and its definition of the sphere of the Federal judiciary (in Article III.). The results in both of these cases were due, like the powers denied to the States and to the United States (in Sections 9 and 10 of Article I.), to the previous experience of government by the States alone. For eleven years or more (to say nothing of the antecedent colonial experience, the people had been engaged, in their State governments, in an exhaustive analysis of the powers of government. The failures in regard to some, the successes in regard to others, were all before the Convention for its consideration and guidance. Not creative genius, but wise and discreet selection, was the proper work of the Convention; and its success was due to its clear perception of the antecedent failures and successes, and to the self-restraint of its members.

Full credit, however, should be given to the Convention for those provisions which, though not exactly the results of creative genius, were first brought into question in this body, and were settled in a manner beyond all praise. (1) The prohibition of the appointment of Senators or Representatives to offices created or increased in salary during their term, though suggested by English experience, was a wise provision. (2) The definition of treason, and the limita-

tion of its punishment, are among the best new features of the Constitution. The Convention had already provided for the growth of democracy, by taking as the Federal right of suffrage in each State the widest right of suffrage admitted by the State in its own elections. Democracy brings with it a personal horror of treason which is almost enough of itself to "make treason odious," without any punishment additional to the physical hazards of overt action. This may justify the action of the Convention, and may serve to explain why it has never been necessary to execute any one in the United States for treason, and why Congress, in the very heat of the civil war (1862),\* voluntarily reduced the punishment of treason from death alone to death or fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court. (3) The "guaranty clause" (Section 4 of Article IV.) is quite new; and yet its interpretation, in the process of reconstruction, is quite a contrast to that which the *Federalist*† puts on it:

"The authority extends no further than to a *guaranty* of a republican form of government, which supposes a preëxisting government of the form which is to be guaranteed. As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the States, they are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. . . . The only restriction imposed on them (the States) is that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions."

The mode of amendment, the "supreme law clause," and the provision for swearing State as well as Federal officials to support the Constitution of the United States are all of them new, and, however essential under the circumstances, can hardly be accredited to anything but the wisdom of the Convention.

Was there, then, no effort of creative genius on the part of the Convention, not immediately suggested by State experience, and not imperatively called for by the circumstances of its work? The electoral system is almost the only feature which answers all these requirements; it was almost the only feature of the Constitution which was purely artificial, not a natural growth; it was the one which met least criticism from contemporary opponents of the Constitution, and most unreserved praise from the *Federalist*;‡ and democracy has ridden right over it. The electors were to be officers who should exercise complete power of individual choice among the various candidates for the presidency, without regard to the claims of party; as a matter of fact, they have come to be the

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\* 12 *Statutes at Large*, 589.

† No. XLIII.

‡ No. LXVIII.

mere registers of party preference and decision. Even in 1796, at the third election under this clause, party lines were pretty strictly drawn among the electors, though several Democratic electors, passing over the preference of their party, voted for John Adams. Since 1796, no instance has been known of disobedience by electors to the will of the party whose representatives they have been. It is true that the system has been preferable to direct popular choice in one point: a majority of 250,000 in a State can do no more than a plurality of one vote; either secures the electoral vote of the State, and no more. The system has spared us temptations to fraud of the power of which we can scarcely judge. But this is just the element which is the only natural thing about the system; the only feature of it which previous State experience would have suggested; and it is the only feature which has survived.

If the brilliant success of the American Constitution proves anything, it does not prove that a viable constitution can ever be "struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Man may be a political animal, but in no such sense as this. On the contrary, the first century of the Constitution seems to show conclusively that natural growth alone gives the promise as well as the potency of permanence. Madison, in the *Federalist*,\* speaks apologetically of the very circumstance which has made the Constitution a sound and lasting political work, its want of artificiality. He knew that, so far from the members of the Convention having been tempted into absolute experiment, there was hardly a detail of their completed work which had not already been through the fire of actual, practical experience in the State governments. To accuse the members of having deliberately hazarded the destinies of their country upon the outcome of an entirely new and untried instrument of government would be an injustice against which they would have been the first to protest; and yet the intensity of posterity's admiration for their success is continually tempting new writers into what is in reality just such an accusation. It is for this reason, and not out of any desire to detract from the merits of the Convention of 1787, that it has seemed good to go for once into the real sources of their success.

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\* No. XXXVIII.—"Would it be wonderful if . . . the Convention should have been forced into some deviation from that artificial structure and regular symmetry which an abstract view of the subject might lead an ingenious theorist to bestow on a Constitution planned in his closet or in his imagination?"

If there is any secret in the general political success of our branch of the human race, it is that its political methods have been institutional rather than legislative. Its general method has been to allow the institutions of a country to grow up simply and naturally, and then, when the growth has come fully to maturity, to fix it permanently in legislation or constitutions. The production of a brand-new constitution, as a remedy for evils, however pressing, has regularly been left to peoples more optimistic or less experienced in political development. The insistence of English and American lawyers on custom as the origin of law is but a phase of the purely political methods of their stock. Jurisconsults may object to the statement as a philosophical derivation for human law; but it remains true, at least, that English-speaking peoples, in 1787, had found no surer or safer process for the remedy of existing evils than to bear them patiently until a silent and almost unconscious popular development should bring the remedy into proper shape to be moulded into law, organic or legislative. In this point, the Convention of 1787 was merely following closely the whole line of political development among English-speaking peoples. It started the country on its first century of national life with a Constitution which was no empty product of political theory, but which had really been "adequately discussed, and the results of discussion tested by experiment."

How far has the century witnessed a change, whether we consider it a degeneration or not, from the political methods of 1787? So far as the Amendments to the Constitution itself are concerned, they have been so few that it is not easy to answer the question. It is certain, nevertheless, that our effort to *force* institutions upon the enfranchised class of our population, however consonant with abstract justice, has been a political failure, even though it has been "imbedded in the Constitution"; and that we have pretty generally come to the conclusion to wait patiently until the institutions which we desire grow up naturally. That a great democracy, in the first flush of victory, and in the first flush, as well, of its consciousness of its own power, should deliberately decide to allow itself to be balked of its will rather than sacrifice the American phase of "home rule," which experience has shown to be essential to the maintenance of a single government over so large an area, argues a soundness in the political sense of the American people perhaps greater than that which marked the Convention of 1787.

So far as the interpretation of the Constitution is concerned,

much the same thing may be said with fairness. Interpretations, it is true, have varied from time to time; even the minds of individuals have changed. Jefferson was a Free-trader in 1787, a Protectionist in 1816, and no one can say what in 1820. Hamilton argues against protection in the *Federalist*,\* and within six years is writing the Protectionist's *vade mecum*. But the general current of interpretation has been clear, and, however it may appear at first glance, has not tended to over-centralization. It is true that the Federal Government claims a larger sphere now than it did in 1789, but so, also, do the States. The Constitution at least attempted to define the sphere of the Federal Government, but left the States residuary legatees to all the developments of modern life which were not assigned to it, so that the States have profited far the more largely by the growth in wealth and civilization. One State (Connecticut) now derives two-thirds of its annual revenue from taxation on savings-banks, insurance companies, and railroad corporations, all of which have come into existence since 1787. Nor has the State spirit declined. The *Federalist* † says, calmly:

“In times of insurrection . . . it would be natural and proper that the militia of a neighboring State should be marched into another.”

The proposition was carried into effect, without serious objection on this score, in the so-called Whiskey Insurrection of 1794-95: militia from eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia were marched to Pittsburgh. Let the experience of the Philadelphia militia in the Pittsburgh round-house in 1877 tell us whether it would then have been “natural and proper” to send “militia of a neighboring State” on the errand. Such an employment of the militia is no longer a measure of peaceful administration: it means

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\* No. XXXV., ascribed by every authority to Hamilton.—“Exorbitant duties on imported articles serve to beget a general spirit of smuggling, which is always prejudicial to the fair trader, and eventually to the revenue itself; they tend to render other classes of the community tributary, in an improper degree, to the manufacturing classes, to whom they give a premature monopoly of the market; they sometimes force industry out of its most natural channels into others in which it flows with less advantage; and, in the last place, they oppress the merchant, who is often obliged to pay them himself, without any retribution from the consumer. When the demand is equal to the quantity of goods at market, the consumer generally pays the duty; but, when the market happens to be overstocked, a great proportion falls upon the merchant, and sometimes not only exhausts his profits, but breaks in upon his capital. . . . So far as these observations tend to inculcate a danger of the import duties being extended to an injurious extreme, it may be observed . . . that the interest of the revenue itself would be a sufficient guard against such an extreme.”

† No. XXIX.

war. Local feeling, so far from decreasing, is continually finding narrower channels.

It is in legislative action that we seem in greatest danger of departure from the political traditions of the race. Such departure may be made while the legislative body is acting strictly within its constitutional right; and the temptations to it are every year more difficult to resist. Secret contracts by railroad corporations work such tremendous evils and in so short a time that it seems a mockery to ask the people to wait patiently until the exact remedy shall be evolved. Better pass something, anything, and then, by popular pressure here and yielding there, modify the statute itself into what shall ultimately seem the most fit remedy. If any departure from traditional methods takes place, it seems probable that it will be in this direction. In certain cases, custom, which is no more than a name for unconscious popular initiative, will modify the statute, instead of being its origin. There will probably be an increasing number of cases, in the growing pressure and hurry of modern life, in which such a process must be submitted to, in default of a better. And yet there will never be a time when he will not do a public service who insists on reminding the people of the traditional method of dealing with such evils. Patient waiting may show that the evils are better dealt with by natural than by legislative action. There was justice in the remark of one of our newspapers, on the breakdown of the Chicago wheat deal in June of this year, that its participants had been "fined" more than a million dollars by the natural process, instead of the paltry thousand dollars which had been proposed as a statutory penalty for such offences.

Perhaps the strongest contrast with the methods of the Convention of 1787 is in our methods of dealing with that problem of which our fathers knew little or nothing—the problem offered by the American city. If American city governments are a disgraceful contrast to the success of the American national system, it is because the American city has never had a chance such as the wisdom of the Convention offered to the new Federal Government. It is the State legislatures, with their charters and re-charters and amended charters, that have violated every canon of English and American politics. Not a member of them but has his own peculiar plan to remedy all the evils of municipal government: it has never been put to the test, to be sure, but he stands ready to guarantee its success. And, if a sufficient number of members happen to

come reasonably near to the same general idea, the charter-ridden city is subjected to a new series of political conditions, to be changed, before it can become used to them, to something better or worse, but always to something new. What encouragement is there for any attempt to develop remedies naturally, when every one knows that such natural growths are to be cut off long before they can reach their prime? There are cities enough in the United States; and, if they are ever to be anything but a blotch on our system, they must be allowed to work out their own remedies as the States have done, by individual experiment, by individual responsibility, by "proving all things, and holding fast that which is good." No other system could have produced the Constitution of the United States; no other system can do the same work for the American city.

The best reason for American pride in the Constitution lies, not in the creative genius of its framers, nor in the beauty and symmetry of their work, but in the fact that it was and is a perfect expression of the institutional methods of its people. It is for that reason that it meets their needs as well to-day as in 1787-89. So long as they shall continue in the ways of their fathers; so long as they shall regard with pronounced disfavor the political quacks who constantly beg them to hazard a trial of never-tested remedies; so long may they continue to take a just pride in their Constitution, under all its possible coming changes, as one which has been "adequately discussed," and the results of the discussion of which have been fully "tested by experiment."

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.



## SOME PLAIN WORDS ON PROHIBITION.

IT often happens that the reformer and humanitarian is tried beyond human endurance, by the perverse logic that is thrown at him, and piled up in his path. To know that men are wilfully—"against light and knowledge"—antagonizing their best interests, and at the same time obstructing the best-meant efforts of disinterested benevolence made in their behalf, is a great aggravation of the intrinsic troubles which beset almost every attempt to do good by removing great evils. In this day and generation, nothing that good men have attempted in the way of unmixed blessing to the human race has illustrated this vicious and amazing perverseness so much as the hostilities which have been waged against temperance reform.

An argument so one-sided, it would seem, calls for nothing less than a "confession of judgment" upon the part of those who are pitiably placed in the position of victims, or promoters, or defenders of the use of intoxicants. But so far from this, we behold men of all grades of influence and social rank, of all shades of belief and scope of intellect, of all professions, alas! rushing to the defence and rescue of a monster vice that, in its huge sin and desolation, we might place in righteous estimation before "war, famine, or pestilence." The advocates of prohibition in its appeal to society say: "Our alliance is first with the Bible. We stand upon the impregnable rock of Holy Writ." Here the argument ought to end for the conscience and conduct of all men who profess to be Christian believers. But at every step the reasons for prohibition gain force and attract auxiliaries. What have men to urge in favor of those nine hundred millions of treasure which, it is said, are swallowed up every year in the United States by the vice of "strong drink"? What economic excuses do they render for the frightful diversion of this sum from permanent benefactions and charities, which, if properly founded and administered, might make a heaven of the country? How do they harden their hearts against the incidental, or, rather, the inevitable, woes which follow close on the heels of this wasted mountain of money? Can men who have a stake in the common

weal, who have a patriotic pride in the dignity and advancing glory of their country, or are moved by the very instinct of paternal love and solicitude, find any plea that can bear for an instant the test in the crucible of reason and duty, for opposing the temperance movement in the shape of prohibition. We will not exhaust the frightful census of crime, destitution, and waste of time, nor consider the money value of all this, in what we have to say here in our advocacy of prohibition. The courts have spoken very conclusively as to the proportion of criminal cases on their calendars which owe their origin directly to intemperance, and the cost of these in money to the tax-payers of the country. No court, unless it be the one above—the High Chancery of Heaven—can give a true account of the loss and tribulation to the human character and heart that every hour of our existence fall upon us from the use of “strong drink.”

But what do we hear from the other side, when, with due solemnity, it is called upon for reasons for tolerating the stupendous evils of which we complain?

First in importance among the arguments with which temperance reformers are confronted, stands the stock sophistry of “sumptuary laws.” This, being interpreted, means that the Government has no right to say what we shall eat or what we shall drink. But, if this is sound reasoning, what is to be said about our inspection laws? What right has the State to say that no man shall sell a kit of mackerel or a barrel of flour before it bears the branded permit? Why force the druggist to label every drachm of morphine he doles out as “poison,” and why say to the butcher, who proposes to render his fats and suets into savory “oleomargarine,” that he sins against society, and must be taxed into respect for the superior claim and product of the churn? If the “greatest liberty to the greatest number” is the real essence of right government, and is, at the bottom, its last and truest analysis, why interfere with games of chance, and repress the natural quest that men are ever making for the excitement that “drives dull care away”; except for the reason that, when a man stakes and loses his money on a game of “faro” or “poker,” he robs his family, and contributes to the maintenance of a set of men who are cumberers of the ground and dead weights upon society. And how naturally this train of thought suggests the repressive enactments against the “social evil,” which the decent moral sense of the community and

its instinct of self-preservation allow to stand without challenge or reprehension.

And yet, when the broken-hearted and beggared wives and children, made so by liquor drinking, whose wails for bread and shelter are everywhere heard, ask for a part of this defensive legislation that has long ago gone into irreversible precedent, the cry is raised, "You are trenching on human freedom, and are introducing a 'sumptuary law, which, at some day in the future, will justify any other exercise of intermeddling or any other phase of paternal government.'" It was not a satirical pleasantry when it was said that a petitioner to the old Tempter asked that his enemy might be destroyed by making him a robber or a murderer or a "wife-beater," until the reply came, "Make him a drunkard, and he will represent the rôle of either character or all of them."

The economic arguments, the arguments in behalf of domestic peace and happiness, the arguments in defence of man's dignity, of his intellectual powers, of his moral status—all, all are on the side of the prohibitionist. It would seem that this view of the subject ought to be conclusive, and that all else that might be said could only be cumulative and subordinate. But, in spite of all, the liquor seller and the liquor drinker, with dreary iteration, come to the front with this apology of an argument, and confront and *reproach* us, too, with the plea that the prohibitionist denies the free use of a man's liberty in eating and drinking what he lists, and insists on using the coërcive power of law to effect that which should be left to moral suasion alone.

There is a dangerous plausibility in this statement of the case; so that in many instances good men and professing Christians are misled by it. But the answer to the appeal to "moral suasion" is that no Christian State, no municipality, no, not even a family in Christian society, will hesitate, when occasion demands, to subsidize "moral suasion" by pains and penalties. Appeals to a man's conscience, even those made to his instinct of self-preservation, fail to alarm and deter; and this is happening every instant where the temptations of appetite assail the weakness of human nature. Why, in all fairness, let the temperance reformer ask, do we not leave murder and arson and theft and adultery, and all the rest of the hideous catalogue of crime, to be dealt with by the omnipotent power of moral suasion? You hang the murderer, you imprison the burglar and the incendiary, for society sees its advantage in powerfully

subsidizing "moral suasion" with the gallows and the penitentiary, when it comes to crimes like these. Yet, when the friend of prohibition, with a wise forecast, pleads for the prevention of crime; when he says, "Take away that demon of strong drink which abets and instigates all sorts of outrages against law and order," the cry is raised, "Depend on the preaching of the Gospel and appeals to man's better nature—on appeals to his true interests."

If we were not confronted with this strange and inconclusive talk at every turn, we could not believe that grave and earnest-minded men could resort to it in dealing with a subject of such vast proportions as that of prohibition.

There is the right of self-protection left with every State and community, as well as with every individual, and well will it be for the world when this right is exercised in the prevention of evil rather than in its redress. We can see, when others only are concerned, and our own appetites and interests are not involved, how wise and proper a thing it is to stretch the rod of authority between destructive indulgence and its victims. What feeling heart is there beating in a true man's breast that does not glow with indignation at the recollection of the "Opium War"; that war by which the leading Christian nation of the earth sought to force a deadly drug on a so-called heathen people, which was struggling with all the powers of a well-meaning government to save itself from the poison's destructive effects.

If the question of prohibition were one of "first impressions" few men would hesitate in taking sides for it. But because wine drinking is an old thing, and alcohol a life-long companion, men seem to think that a dear, if not a sacred, right is stricken down when these "spirits of evil" are challenged, and obstructed in their fearful work. But challenged and obstructed they will, they must, be. Old as the saying is, it will bear repeating until the "crack of doom," that "Truth is mighty and will prevail." Our history, brief as it is, abounds in examples of the irrepressible power of public opinion.

No agitation in our day has shown such extreme transitions as this very subject we are discussing. About forty years ago, in advance even of Maine, I believe, Georgia led off in the crusade for temperance and against the grog-shop. One of her best and most splendid minds took the lead in the good work. But high as he stood in the estimation of all proper men, his reputation could not

shield him from the ridicule and positive disrespect which at length drove him from the field. Proud as temperance reformers are at this hour of the final triumph of the great cause in the State of Georgia, their exultation is chastened by the memory of the rebuffs that were suffered by Chief-Justice Lumpkin in his labors to free his native State from the disgrace and degradation of drunkenness. Yet from this gloomy beginning, the seed that the noble patriot scattered has brought in at last a harvest which gladdens the heart of every one whose "good-will to men" enables him to rejoice at the exaltation and happiness of his race; and now that nearly the whole State has declared for prohibition, the grateful heart of her people is ready to raise imperishable monuments to those true and brave men—Dabney Jones, Josiah Flournoy, and Joseph Henry Lumpkin—who inaugurated a movement that reflects such glory on her.

Let us pause for a moment and ask, when has any form of moral endeavor in our day been attended with such indications of Providential recognition and support? It would seem, in view of all the conditions under which the prohibition organization had to work, that there never was so "forlorn a hope." In fact, can we say that there was an organization? There may have been elements of it here and there in certain centres of wealth or social influence; but, as a general thing, the conscience and great heart of our people leaped to the grandest of all the conflicts of modern times with a spontaneity which resembled inspiration. In certain portions of the Union the women, unbidden, came to the rescue, when such participation in matters of public suffrage was a most unwonted and startling exhibition. These blessed ministers of good were not content with tears and entreaties. Believing in "moral suasion," they stood by the polls after going out from their prayer-meetings, and tens of thousands of "wet" ballots were torn into scraps, as the vote for temperance and rescue was held out by the hand of the tearful mothers and wives, gathered before the ballot-boxes.

The man who wishes to be "let alone," and who chafes at the fanaticism that holds any sort of a bridle up to his gaze, will treat all this as an exhibition of sentimentality fit to be despised. We give a sample of this manly stoicism and contempt of gush, furnished by the head lines of a paper of great and merited influence, in introducing its account of the result of the prohibition vote in Rome, Georgia:

*"Prohibition Victory—Remarkable and Disgusting Scenes at the Voting Places in Rome, Georgia—The Question of Selling Liquor Submitted to a Vote of the People—Women and Children gather at the Court-house and Blum for their Ticket—The Fanatics' Victory followed by Hymns of Thanksgiving and Prayer."*

Now we give a part of the text which called forth this commentary :

"By five o'clock in the morning the leading prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists had assembled at the Apollo. Among the former were scores of Rome's fairest daughters, and a large number of children. The ladies and children took their stand in front of the Court-house, a little to the left of the entrance, and here they remained with tireless patience throughout the entire day. It was a remarkable scene. Here were aged mothers whose hair was silvered with the frosts of years, young maids as well as matrons, and lovely children, all deeply interested in the result of the great contest. Many men, who ascended the Court-house steps holding anti-prohibition tickets in their hands, wavered when they faced this living bulwark of women, and voted the prohibition ticket given them by fair hands. The presence of the ladies gained, at a moderate estimate, at least 100 votes for the prohibition cause. The singing of familiar hymns was a feature of the day's incidents,— . . . When the clock struck six the scene at the Court-house was indescribable. It was known that prohibition had certainly carried the day, and that it was only a question of majority. Probably 1,000 men, women, and children were assembled in and around the Court-house, and cheer after cheer rent the air. Many were overcome with emotion, and wept. Such a scene was never before witnessed in Rome. Suddenly there was a hush and, with Doctor Kendall and J. R. Gibbons as leaders, the vast throng sang, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' followed by the Doxology. After the benediction the great crowd slowly dispersed. The returns were coming in to the Court-house all night. Hundreds of people were present, but perfect order prevailed. Notwithstanding the great excitement not a single disturbance occurred."

Now, it has long been a canon in criticism, that "there is no disputing of tastes," and under the protecting shield of this postulate I will admit, notwithstanding the crushing head-lines already quoted, that this account of the Rome election brought tears to my eyes. In its unpretending narrative of a great event there was a pathetic element not often exceeded, and a presage of what is coming. Let the women of these United States take a stand for a great cause, fortified by the lofty and potential motives and hopes that mark the temperance agitation, and we may as well make up our minds to see that cause triumph.

It gives the friends of prohibition a pang of mortification akin to pity, to be obliged to answer the *financial* argument of the saloonist and advocate of free liquor. The stock argument of the antiprohibitionist, probably ranking that other portentous one of

"sumptuary laws," has been the one of pecuniary loss to any community that should vote for liquor exclusion. It has been said, just before every election, that a vast amount of capital, till then profitably employed in the liquor trade, would be driven out; that, incidentally, the hundreds of houses rented for the traffic would be taken possession of by rats and bats; and that the hundreds of men who tended the man-traps would be hopelessly shut out from useful employment.

In fairness and honest dealing, will the advocates of free liquor point to the one solitary, authenticated case where these direful results have followed prohibition? Take the famous case of Atlanta. Here was a city of 60,000 inhabitants, that boldly entered this contest, and while not at all regardless of consequences, was yet willing to meet them. Perhaps as much as a million of dollars was invested in the liquor trade by her citizens, among whom were men of most exemplary character and high respectability. The houses for dribbling out the pestilence numbered, probably, 150; and liquor selling and liquor drinking had about as fair prospects in Atlanta as one would easily find in any other city of like population. The nerves and faith of temperance men were severely tried by the predictions of the ruin that was to follow "fast and follow faster" upon the triumph of sobriety and the suppression of that chief boon among "human rights," the privilege of becoming intoxicated whenever it so pleased. Notwithstanding these fearful vaticinations, the friends of temperance took the risk of all the harm that was to come of doing right, and making men better, and rendering unhappy women and children more resigned to their lot. The victory achieved at the polls did not end by any means the labors of the Atlanta prohibitionists. For months after the contest closed, these wearied toilers were kept busy answering inquiries from every part of the Union, as to the extent of the material damage which had followed the city's exclusion of the liquor traffic. The old argument, killed as it had been by the facts of the case, was constantly resurrected, and was made to do service in many a succeeding temperance campaign. The tale of Atlanta's downfall, Atlanta's expelled capital, her empty stores, and her coming desolation was dinned into the ears of the friends and foes of temperance reform, until men's patience was exhausted. At last we have been liberated from all these tests of our patience by the ponderous blow delivered by the hand of ex-Mayor Hillyer on his retirement from

the post he had so splendidly filled. In his report to council, upon taking leave of the mayoralty, we have this attestation, which the public may receive as the word of a man absolutely above reproach :

“PROHIBITION.

“I have lately had occasion, as you may remember, in a message to this body, relative to the sale of beer in the city, to speak somewhat at large and with emphasis on the all-important subject of prohibition, which renders it unnecessary that I should elaborate— . . . . at this time. What I then said seems to have met with almost universal approval or acquiescence. If any single statement has been challenged it has escaped my eyes or attention up to this time. In this high presence, I here bring the testimony down to date, that the city, collectively, was never in better condition than she is to-day, and that our people as individuals have very greatly prospered, both materially and morally, since prohibition was adopted ; that their progress and improvement moves with an accelerated pace as time goes on, and that the end of the year just closed found our people more advanced therein than ever before. It has been claimed, when the existence of this prosperity here in our midst, where people know the facts, can no longer be denied, that it would have been greater but for prohibition.

“That is an easy thing to say, but it would puzzle an objector to prove it.

“Allusion has been made in print to alleged prosperity in other cities where the liquor traffic is still tolerated. I assert confidently that Atlanta has prospered more than any of them in our State, and I think it highly probable that Atlanta has, during the last two years, advanced and increased more in houses built, and population, and in the general elements of prosperity, than all five of the next largest cities in Georgia, that hold on to the bar-rooms, put together. Is there any other city, where they have bar-rooms, that has a surplus of over \$225,000 in the treasury, on a clean balance-sheet, at the end of the year, and can sell 4½ per cent. bonds at par ?

“If I had found the city free from bar-rooms, and was retiring with bar-rooms re-established in it, I would be a miserable man the balance of my days. I found the city with nearly one hundred and thirty bar-rooms. I leave it with none.

“When I remember the acrimony and fierceness of the contest by which the result came about, but that not a solitary tragedy, or riot, or anything to bring reproach on the good name of our fair city occurred ; that wounded feelings have healed, and all are again practically united, I am thrilled with pride to be one of such a people, and with gratitude to the Giver of all good, who holds our destinies in his hands, and who doeth all things well.

“There are a few persons you cannot satisfy, no matter what you do. If we had come out short in the finances of the city, they would have said prohibition had ruined the revenues. If we had come out about even, they would have said it was by a close shave ; and as we have come out of the year's work in better condition than ever before, they are ready to say we have too much money. You might as well try to catch a ‘will o' wisp’ as keep up with such objections. We have carried the city through the stormiest time in her civil history, and the great heart and brain of Atlanta rejoices in her prosperity, and will applaud and congratulate you on your success.”

By most of those who wish impartially to discuss the practi-



cal working of prohibition, this dispassionate record of facts by ex-Mayor Hillyer will be taken as a very forcible document. Temperance men throughout the Union should, in all fairness, be allowed to enjoy the advantage which the experiment of prohibition in Atlanta has given them, for there can be no doubt concerning the disastrous influence which its failure would have exerted. That failure would have been welcomed and quoted by the advocates of free liquor, and would have told with crushing power against all subsequent attempts at temperance reform.

Nothing is left now to do but to enforce the law. It fills our hearts with apprehension for the well-being of our land when the news comes to us that in certain sections of the Union prohibition cannot be enforced. It produces a strange confusion of ideas to hear men assert that there is power to enact laws but no power to reduce them to practical effect! And such laws! Laws made to pluck men from the profoundest abyss of degradation; laws which immediately begin the work of disinthralment from indulgences that with inevitable certainty overwhelm in ruin those who yield to them; laws made in behalf of victimized mothers and children—these, it would seem, might find, in a Christian land, and in one vaunting the most advanced civilization, material power enough to vindicate their majesty.

We have purposely reserved, for the concluding words on the great subject under discussion, the inquiry, addressed to all, advocates and opposers, "What wrong, what hardship is inflicted by submitting the settlement of the liquor controversy to a vote of the people"? We are not "begging the question" when we state the case in this form; for unless it be shown that there are certain indefeasible rights assailed by prohibition, which are natural and absolute in their character, it cannot be said that we take for granted what ought to be proved, in asserting that liquor exclusion, by the suffrage of those interested, is a fair exercise of power. What can the saloonist say to the retort of the prohibitionist who answers, when the right to drink or sell intoxicating drinks is insisted on, "You say, 'I have no right to deny you the privilege of becoming intoxicated or of making others so,' then where is your right to impose on me and mine your noxious example and its revolting demonstrations? If you cannot submit to the beneficent rule of temperance which I would enforce, how can I endure the galling imposition of drunkenness which you instigate and defend?" There

is one way out of this trouble, we have found, after years of searching and sifting, and but one. Let us, in true democratic style and spirit, leave the matter to the majority, and bide what comes. The secret of the opposition to this perfectly fair adjustment of the quarrel is an open one. It matters not though glossing sophistry, backed by millions of money, may contest the field, though phrenetic appetite may plead and demur, and though a morbid impatience of all restraints may declaim about human liberty, all will be of no avail, for prohibition has reason, religion, refinement, good order, and peace for its advocates and champions.

And last, but oh! how far from least, the blessed charm and influence of woman are for it. To all the sordid, cold-blooded suggestions of pecuniary loss, of closed grog-shops and curtailment of rents, of shrinkage in municipal revenue, stand opposed her appeals, which reach to the profoundest depths of every soul. Her cries, which for weary years were heard hardly anywhere else than in heaven, after entering the ears of the "God of Sabaoth," are now heard on earth. Will we not all soon join that exultant band that, the other night, in Rome, with bounding joyousness sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"?

A. H. COLQUITT.

## AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PIRATES.

NOW and again, in this country, when we see on every news-stand in every street, and at every railroad-station, half a dozen or half a score rival reprints of *Called Back*, or of *King Solomon's Mines*, or of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, we have brought before us with burning distinctness the evidence of the great wrong which American pirates have done and are doing to British authors. But from the nature of things, here in these United States, we cannot see as clearly the great wrong which British pirates have done and are doing to American authors. As most American publishers now deal fairly with the foreigner, and treat him as though he were a native, despite the fact that they have no protection against the competition of any freebooter who may undersell them "because he steals his brooms ready-made," so there are also many honorable publishing-houses in Great Britain, which scorn to take what is not their own, and which have direct dealings with the author whenever they wish to issue an American book. Yet there are also in England now not a few publishers who are quite as bold as the American pirates; and, as we shall see, sometimes more unscrupulous and unblushing than these. In the past there have been fewer American books worth stealing, and the traditions of the publishing trade in England have not fostered a needless reliance on the foreign author; but, when all allowance is made, it is to be said that the British pirate is not at all inferior in enterprise to the American pirate, nor is he more infrequent.

It is to this great and increasing piracy by British publishers that I wish to direct attention, and I need say little now about the kindred plagiarism by British writers at the expense of American authors. I have no desire to dwell on strange cases like the bare-faced borrowing of part of one of Mrs. Wistar's adaptations from the German, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, for use in a translation purporting to be his own work, or on the inexplicable appropriation, by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart., of the *Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Common Things*, devised and prepared originally in this country by Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr. Discreditable as were both of these

affairs, there is no need now to linger over them or over others like them, be they more or less common; although I may set down an impression that this sort of plagiarism is more frequent in Great Britain than in the United States; partly, if for no other reason, because it is easier there than here, as they know less about American books in England than we know about English books in America, and so there is less danger of detection and exposure. But the plagiarism of British authors and the piracy of British publishers are separate; and it is only the latter that I have space to consider in these pages. Yet it may be noted that neither of the plagiarisms mentioned—Mr. S. Baring-Gould's and Sir G. W. Cox's—would have been ventured if the American authors had been protected in England by copyright.

In November, 1876, Longfellow wrote to a lady in England whose works had been republished in America without permission or compensation:

“It may comfort you to know that I have had twenty-two publishers in England and Scotland, and only four of them ever took the slightest notice of my existence, even so far as to send me a copy of the books. Shall we call this ‘chivalry’—or the other word?”

Twenty years before Longfellow penned these words, in August, 1856, Hawthorne recorded in his *English Note-Books* that he paid a visit to a leading publishing-house in London, and “saw one of the firm: he expressed great pleasure at seeing me, as indeed he might, having published and sold, without any profit on my part, uncounted thousands of my books.” It would be difficult now, thirty years after Hawthorne made this entry and ten years after Longfellow wrote this letter, to number all the British editions of the most popular works of Hawthorne and Longfellow; and nearly all of these editions are pirated. Longfellow's poems are included in almost every cheap “Library” issued in England; and one or another of Hawthorne's romances, the *Scarlet Letter*, or the *Transformation*—as the English publisher miscalls the *Marble Faun*—is always turning up in English catalogues, even in the most unexpected collections.

Of late years, and especially within the last twelve months, there have been many reprints of Emerson's chief books. Before Mr. Lowell was appointed minister to England he was known there as the author of the *Biglow Papers*, as a humorist only, and in the main as a rival to “Artemus Ward” and “Josh Billings”; now there are

various editions of his serious poems and of his criticisms. In like manner the visit of Doctor Holmes to London last summer called forth a host of reprints of his prose and of his poetry. Not long before he had been represented chiefly by a book called *Wit and Humor*, a selection from his lighter verse, and by half a dozen editions of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, in one of which he was subjected to the indignity of an introduction by Mr. George Augustus Sala!

The annual lists of most of the British publishing-houses are to be found bound together in the *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, issued by Mr. Joseph Whitaker. A copy of this *Reference Catalogue* for 1885 lies before me as I write; and an examination of its pages has yielded much curious information. For an American the book abounds with "things not generally known"; and to an American author, or, indeed, to any American who believes that the American author is a laborer worthy of his hire, it offers what Mr. Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading."

Let us glance through the catalogue of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., a house which devotes itself chiefly to the dissemination of cheap books, and which has a habit of grouping a large proportion of its publications into series. One of them, "Warne's Star Series," contained, in 1885, ninety-one numbers, and of these I have been able to identify thirty-six as of American authorship; among them are *The Wide Wide World*, *The Prince of the House of David*, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Little Women*, *Ben Hur*, and six of Mr. E. P. Roe's stories. The publishers, with fine irony, announce that "Warne's Star Series" is "a popular edition of well-known books, many copyright." Another series, called "Warne's Select Books," contained nineteen numbers, and of these all but two were by American authors, including Miss Cummins's *Lamplighter*, and three stories by Mr. E. P. Roe. In the most important of the collections of this house, the "Chandos Classics," a "series of standard works in poetry, history, and general literature," four American books were to be found—Longfellow's poems, and Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Twice-told Tales*, and *Tanglewood Tales*.

Chief among the rivals of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. in the pleasant and profitable work of introducing American authors to the British public without so much as a by-your-leave, are Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler. They, too, have their several series. One of these is the "Home Treasure Library," as to which we are informed that "it is the intention of the publishers that a tone of pure morality and

lofty aim shall characterize the whole of the volumes in this library." Of the thirty-eight volumes in the "Home Treasure Library," thirty were written by American authors, including Professor Ingraham, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Wetherell (from whom six books have been borrowed). Into the "Good Worth Library" the publishers kindly inform us that "no works have been admitted in which the three requisites for good worth in a book—namely, the promotion of knowledge, the furtherance of wisdom, and the charm of amusement,—are not combined"; and an examination of the catalogue of the "Good Worth Library" reveals that the British publishers found the three requisites in at least seven American books, by Mr. Beecher, Mr. Channing, Mr. J. T. Headley, Mr. T. T. Munger, and Prof. William Mathews.

A third series is the "Good Tone Library," and "the publishers"—so they tell us—"have not bestowed this title on a series of books without good reason," since "the volumes included under this head are those really high-class works which are most calculated to elevate the mind and give a high tone to the character." It speaks ill for English literature when we find that there are only a score of these high-toned books, and that all of these, excepting only three, have been forced across the Atlantic as foreign missionaries. Miss Alcott's *Little Women* is No. 15, and No. 16 is *Good Wives*, a "sequel to above"—a typical example of the willingness of English publishers of a certain type to alter the titles of American books without right or reason. Another example of this pernicious custom can be found in yet another collection issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler, a series of "Favorite Authors," in which we discover not only Mr. John Habberton's *Helen's Babies and Other People's Children* (in one volume), but also accredited to the same author *Grown-up Babies and Other People*, a book not to be found under that name in any American catalogue. There are twenty-seven volumes of "Favorite Authors," and of these seven by American authors have been impressed by a process as harsh as that which caused the War of 1812. In Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler's "Select Library of Fiction," now extending to nearly four hundred volumes, written mostly by the cheaper contemporary English novelists, there are more than thirty volumes captured unwillingly and unwittingly from writers who were born on this side of the Atlantic. In this "Select Library" are four volumes by "Max Adeler," two by Doctor Holmes, four by Mr. Bret Harte, one by Nathaniel Hawthorne, four by "Mark Twain," one by

Mr. Henry James, two by Cooper, one by Doctor Holland, two by "Artemus Ward," one by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, two by Dr. W. S. Mayo, one by Edgar Allan Poe, and one by "Sophie May." Many translations from French and German novelists are also included in this "Select Library," and I think it highly probable that some, if not most of them, are reprinted from translations made in America.

No doubt, this condensing and copious extracting from catalogue after catalogue may be monotonous to many readers; but it is only by the cumulative effect of iteration that the rapacity of the British pirate can be shown; and I have no hesitation in continuing the dissection of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler's lists. They publish also "The People's Standard Library," and declare that "the volumes included in this series have made for themselves a place and a name in English literature which will last as long as the language endures. No library can be considered complete without them." In 1885 there were less than one hundred volumes in "The People's Standard Library," and of these nearly twenty were of American authorship. Among them were the poems of Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, and Whittier. The proportion of American books in this library was smaller than in most of the other similar series issued by the same publishers. Perhaps this proportion is largest in the "Lily Series," which contained seventy-nine books, of which not more than nineteen can be ascribed to English writers—and of the nationality of some of these nineteen I am not at all sure. We should take it as a high compliment to the morality of American novelists that they supply three-quarters of the "Lily Series," since "the design of this series is to include no books except such as are peculiarly adapted, by their high tone, pure taste, and thorough principle, to be read by those persons, young and old, who look upon books as upon their friends, only worthy to be received into the family circle for their good qualities and excellent characters. In view of this design, no author whose name is not a guarantee of the real worth and purity of his or her work, or whose book has not been subjected to a rigid examination, will be admitted into the 'Lily Series.'" Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps, "Marion Harland" and "Fanny Fern," Mr. E. P. Roe and Doctor Holland, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Burnett, Professor Ingraham and the late T. S. Arthur, are among the American authors whose books have passed the rigid examination. And in like manner Mr. Beecher, Dr. William Mathews,

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, and other Americans supply about half of the volumes of the "Friendly Counsel Series," the object of which is "to spread abroad for the reading public the good words of the present, and preserve for them (*sic*) the wisdom of the past."

Yet two more of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler's collections call for comment, and I am done with them. These are "Beeton's Humorous Books" and "Ward, Lock & Co.'s Series of Popular Sixpenny Books." There are about eighty of "Beeton's Humorous Books," and between sixty and seventy of them are American. The English publishers have not only taken the liberty of reprinting these books, they have also allowed themselves the license of re-naming them at will. Mr. C. D. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* is called *Pusley*, for example; and there are three volumes credited to "Mark Twain" under titles which he never gave them, *Eye Openers*, *Practical Jokes*, and *Screamers*. "Artemus Ward" and "Hans Breitmann," Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Saxe, and Doctor Holmes furnish many other of "Beeton's Humorous Books," and Mr. John Habberton provides, perhaps, more than any other author—eight. Mr. Habberton is also a frequent involuntary contributor to "Ward, Lock & Co.'s Series of Popular Sixpenny Books," in which we find a full proportion of American works, including Professor Hardy's *But Yet a Woman*, Mrs. Anna Katherine Green's *X. Y. Z.*, Mr. Harris's *Uncle Remus*, and the anonymous *Democracy*—a book any American may well regret to see popular in England at a sixpence or at a guinea.

Not unlike certain of these series published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler are several of the series issued by Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell. Their "Illustrated Merry Folks' Library," "in penny books, each book complete in itself, and containing thirty-two pages of matter full of fun and frolic, wit and wisdom, and of comic cuts," seems to extend to fifty-two numbers, of which apparently almost every one is attributed to an American author, although the titles of some of these works will, no doubt, surprise those who are only privileged to read American literature in America. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the most devoted admirers of these authors are unacquainted with *Tid Bits*, by Mr. Bret Harte; with *Rich Sells and Horrid Hoaxes*, by Mr. John Habberton; with *Fie, Fie, you Flirt*, by Mr. J. G. Saxe, and with *Yankee Ticklers*, by Doctor Holmes. Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell are also the publishers of another collection, which is closely akin to this in subject and authorship,



and to which they have humorously given the singularly inappropriate name of "The Britannia Series."

It is understood that Mr. J. Maxwell, the senior partner of this firm, is now the husband of the lady known in the history of English prose fiction as Miss M. E. Braddon, a lady who has been loud and frequent in her protests against the misdeeds of the American pirates in reprinting her books exactly as she wrote them, and by the titles she gave them. It is difficult to imagine just what Miss Braddon would have said had her *Lady Audley's Secret* been included in some so-called "Columbian Library" as *The Mystery of a Naughty Girl*. There is here an inconsistency in Mr. Maxwell's attitude. But it is best not to criticise these inconsistencies too severely, or what should we be forced to say to those newspapers in New York, for instance, that advocate international copyright in their editorial columns, while unhesitatingly helping themselves to short stories from the latest English magazines for use in their usual Saturday or Sunday supplements?

In one of the always acute and admirable offhand speeches, of which he made many while in England, Mr. Lowell referred to the community of blood, of law, of language, and of books existing between Great Britain and the United States, and said that this last community—that of books—was one "as to which some English authors are not so sensitive as they should be to the doctrine of universal benevolence." There are many American authors in like manner lacking in universal benevolence; and when they see three, and five, and seven rival reprints of one of their books in England, from most of which they reap no reward, they are ready to develop an Anglophobia perilously near to misanthropy. Here is an anecdote in point. Messrs. Warne & Co. have reprinted in England the series of "Night-Cap Stories," written by "Aunt Fanny" (Mrs. Barrow), "without the permission or payment of the author," so a friend of hers writes to me:

"When in London, Mrs. Barrow called on the publishers and was received with great politeness. She expressed her desire for a set of the English edition to take back with her to America, and was answered that they were quite ready to let her have the copies she required—at the published price. 'But that is not what I mean,' the American authoress responded; 'you have sold many thousands of my books and I have never received a penny. I would like at least to have a set of the books to take home with me to New York.' And again she was told that they would be happy to give her the volumes—on receipt of the price. Mrs. Barrow departed indignantly, without even a complimentary copy of her own books."

Mr. Noah Brooks's *Boy Emigrants* was reprinted in England, by the London Religious Publication Society, which paid the author a trifling sum for writing an introduction, but never proffered a penny for the book itself, although its managers boasted that they had sold more copies in England than were issued in America. Throughout the book dollars and cents were changed to pounds, shillings, and pence—yet none of the latter ever reached the American author. Other similar changes of a minor character were made here and there. They then had the impudence to propose to Mr. Brooks to write an introduction to his base-ball story, *The Fairport Nine*, and they would take that also and change the game to cricket! Mr. Brooks, in sending me these facts, added that he had in his possession a pirated British edition of one of Mr. Bret Harte's books, to which is prefixed—as original—a biographical sketch of Mr. Harte contributed by Mr. Brooks to *Scribner's Monthly*.

Of Mr. O. B. Bunce's ingenious little manual of manners, *Don't*, three editions were issued in England. They had a large sale—I can remember that one summer I saw one or another of them at almost every railway book-stall I noticed—but all that the American author received from the three English publishers was a single five-pound note. I believe, also, that at least one of the editions was adapted to suit the English taste and the exigencies of that perversion of our common language which is now spoken in Great Britain and her colonial dependencies.

Mr. John Habberton's amusing study of juvenile depravity, *Helen's Babies*, appeared in nine reprints in England and Scotland, and for only three of these did the American author receive anything, although application was made to the publishers of all. One day, three years after the first issue of the book, several copies of a penny edition reached Mr. Habberton by mail—with postage overdue. Other of the same author's books, which appeared almost immediately after *Helen's Babies*, were reprinted by many of the same English publishers with little or no reward to Mr. Habberton; and he has suffered, besides, from the predatory invasions of two publishing-houses in Canada and two more in Australia. Warned by his early experience, Mr. Habberton now sells advance-sheets to Messrs. Routledge & Co., but even this does not always deter the pirate. Part of the sequel to *Helen's Babies*, called *Other People's Children*, was issued serially in New York before the publication of the whole book in London; and these earlier chapters were reprinted by

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler, under the proper title, the remaining chapters being condensed into three or four pages at the end. The authorized edition issued by Messrs. Routledge & Co., published at two shillings and sixpence, was thus forced into a ruinous competition with the mutilated and incomplete piracy. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that Mr. Habberton concluded the letter in which he kindly furnished me these facts, with the following reflection:

“A missionary among the London poor tells me that the most to be expected from the lower class is that they will wash their faces and stop stealing; experience leads me to believe that the average British publisher has got only half-way up to the lower class.”

The experience of the late Doctor Holland with one of his books was singularly like that of Mr. Habberton with *Other People's Children*. The English courts have held that under certain circumstances prior publication in Great Britain will give an author copyright in England, whatever his nationality may be. Thus, by publishing the whole of *Other People's Children*, as a book, in England before the end of the story was published serially in a periodical in America, Mr. Habberton endeavored to protect his work—not altogether successfully, as we have seen. In like manner, Doctor Holland had caused the number of *Scribner's Monthly* for September, 1873, to be issued in London before it was published in New York, and this number contained the final instalment of his story, *Arthur Bonnicastle*. The earlier chapters were not brought under the protection of the English law, and Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler took advantage of this to include Doctor Holland's book in their series of “Favorite Authors, British and Foreign,” condensing the contents of the final instalment into less than two pages of barren paraphrase, and defending this outrage on literature in a preface of eleven pages. The titlepage of their edition sets forth that it is “Arthur Bonnicastle. By J. G. Holland, author of ‘Timothy Titcomb's Letters,’ etc. (The concluding chapter by another hand.) With a Preface to this Particular Edition.” This preface was signed by one S. O. Beeton; it is of an impudence as amazing as it is amusing. Two points in this Mr. Beeton's special pleading may be noted; on page xiv he appends a note of tearful regret for John Camden Hotten, who was a very Blackbeard among British pirates, as ingenious as he was unscrupulous; and on page xi he intimates a desire to overrule the judgments delivered in the Vice-Chancellor's Court and in the House of Lords.

An earlier novel of Doctor Holland's, *Miss Gilbert's Career*, had been maltreated in somewhat similar fashion. Its title was altered, an attempt was made to Anglicize the story by substituting London for New York and by changing a Fourth of July celebration into a commemoration of the Queen's Birthday. The British pirate's hireling who did this work was careless, and in one place New York was allowed to stand as it had been written by Dr. Holland—no doubt to the great surprise of the unwary reader, who might well wonder why the hero, having gone to London, should suddenly appear in New York.

The experience of General Lew Wallace with Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. is perhaps even more peculiar than this. When General Wallace was last in London, he went to Warne's shop, and bought a copy of *Ben Hur*. He examined it for a minute, and then asked to see the head of the firm, whose attention he called to certain alterations made in England without any authority from him. "I see you have changed my title," said General Wallace; "and you have written an entirely new preface and signed my name to it." The publisher hesitated, and at last stammered forth that they had thought they could improve upon it. "And have you taken any other liberties with my book?" pursued General Wallace, and Mr. Warne answered that they had left out the story of Ben Hur, and made a few minor changes. And the British publisher, who made this confession, has never offered to make any payment to the American author, whom he had despoiled and whose work he had disfigured.

From these few examples—*e pluribus parva*—it seems that a certain sort of English publisher is as fond of adapting American novels as the English manager of a certain sort is fond of adapting French plays. In the belief that the British public prefers to have the scene of his stories and of his plays laid in Great Britain, he is led to localize, as best he may, the novel of the New Yorker and the play of the Parisian. Out of deference to the average Englishman's horror against anything un-English, these publishers fall into the alleged practice of the gypsies—as denounced by *Mr. Puff* in the *Critic*—and disfigure their stolen bantlings to make them pass for their own. I believe this is a note of insularity not to be heard in our broader country. Here there is piracy enough and to spare, but it is bold and open; it does not mangle its victims. The American pirates may take all the books of a British author, but they are not

apt to alter these in any way, nor to deprive the author of anything but his just pay. They may steal his purse, but they do not rob him of his good name. Since I began collecting the facts on which this brief paper is founded I have made diligent inquiry, and as yet I have not heard of a single instance where the American pirate mutilated the book on which he had laid violent hands. Such cases may have occurred, but I have not been able to get an account of any. And even though I should find that a number of these outrages had been perpetrated in this country, I should still feel sure that Americans are less frequently guilty than the British, because I know that there is a greater chance of detection and exposure here in the United States than there is in Great Britain. This is for the same reason that American plagiarism from English writers is more uncommon than English plagiarism from American writers; because English books are more read and more likely to be read in the United States than are American books in Great Britain.

In the preface to the *Sketch Book*, Washington Irving tells us how Sir Walter Scott kindly helped him to make an arrangement with Mr. John Murray for the final publication of that book in England; and the story of the English publisher's honorable dealing with the American author is now well known. Not a few other houses in Great Britain are wont to act with the same honesty. I think it would be impossible to find a stolen book on the lists of Messrs. Longman & Co. or of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., although the books of American authors are common enough on their catalogues. Mr. Henry James and Mr. Marion Crawford have intrusted the publication of most of their latest books to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., not only in Great Britain, but in the United States also, which is evidence that they thought they had been well treated in England. Messrs. Chatto & Windus succeeded to the business of one of the most ferocious of British pirates, John Camden Hotten, against whose barbarity "Mark Twain" protested in vain; at once the new firm turned over a new leaf, and they are now the authorized English publishers not only of "Mark Twain" but of at least half a dozen other American authors, with whom their relations are as pleasant as they are profitable. And Mr. Murray, Messrs. Longman & Co., Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Chatto & Windus are but a few out of many—out of a majority, it may be, of British publishers. I trust that no reader of these pages will carelessly believe that they were prepared as a general indictment

of the publishing trade of Great Britain. Among English publishers, as among American publishers, there are good men and bad; there are men of marked integrity, there are men of obvious dishonesty, and there are men of every grade between the two.

At bottom, the publishers, good or bad, are not to blame; it is the condition of the law which is at fault. While men are legally permitted to make money by seizing the literary property of others, some will yield to temptation, and take what is not theirs to take. The remedy is to change the law. The remedy is to let the American author control his own book in Great Britain as in the United States, and to let the English author do likewise. As long as the present conditions obtain, and as long as human nature is weak, as we know it to be now, just so long we may expect to see a preface to the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, by Mr. George Augustus Sala, and to protest in vain against the publication of *Yankee Ticklers*, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It is often said that the people of the United States are both proud of the authors of America and fond of them. If this be the case, there is now an opportunity to give a practical proof of this pride and of this affection by allowing these authors to control their own works on both sides of the Atlantic, by relieving them of the fear of piracy abroad, and by freeing them, at home, from the competition with stolen goods.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

## THE DORR REBELLION IN RHODE ISLAND IN 1842.

THE rebellion which occurred in Rhode Island in 1842, though short in duration and easily put down, forms an interesting bit of our national history, on account of the constitutional questions which arose from it. As the rebellion was caused by dissatisfaction with the existing laws relating to suffrage and legislative representation, a brief sketch of the origin of those laws is a necessary preliminary.

In 1647 the four colonies then in the present State of Rhode Island were united under a charter which left everything to the people concerning its adoption as well as subsequent legislation.\* In 1663 there was obtained from Charles II. the famous charter by which Rhode Island was governed for nearly two hundred years. This charter confined the right of suffrage to freemen, but gave the Assembly full power to determine the qualifications necessary for a freeman.† The amount of property required was first definitely fixed in 1723, and was subsequently changed on three different occasions, chiefly because of the fluctuations of paper money.‡ Finally, in 1798, the qualification was fixed at a freehold of \$134, or a yearly rent of \$7, and so the law remained until 1842. These qualifications formed no important point in early times, because, as in most newly settled countries, agriculture was the ruling occupation, and a large majority of the people were freeholders.

The charter specified the number of representatives to be sent by each town to the General Assembly. § Naturally, as time went on, the unequal growth of the towns caused great disproportion in the representation, and a gradual dissatisfaction arose, coupled with a movement on the part of the non-freeholders to obtain the franchise. From 1782 to 1840, several attempts were made to procure

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\* Arnold's *History of Rhode Island*, I., 114, 122; Burke's report, in *Reports of Committees*, 28th session, *House of Repr.*, Vol. III., 1844, p. 623.

† Burke, p. 628; Greene's *Short History*, p. 294.

‡ *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island*, II., 113; *Public Laws of Rhode Island*, 1730, pp. 131, 209; Burke, pp. 635-644, and p. 10; Potter's *Considerations on the Rhode Island Question*, p. 11.

§ Burke, p. 628.

a new Constitution, but the opposition of the great body of freeholders rendered them futile.\* In 1840, however, the Suffrage movement gained a fresh start, through the dissatisfaction caused by an Act of Assembly making it a crime to refuse to perform military duty. At Providence a suffrage association was formed, which, early in 1841, had branches in different parts of the State. July 24, a committee of the association issued a call to the people to elect delegates to a convention to be held in Providence, October 4. All citizens (without distinction of color) who were twenty-one years of age, and who had resided in the State one year, could vote for delegates.†

Meanwhile, petitions from Smithfield and other places, asking for increased representation, had induced the Legislature to call for an election, by the freeholders, of delegates to a convention to be held November 2. This Convention met, prepared a rough draft of a Constitution, and then adjourned until February 14, 1842, in order to learn in the meantime the popular opinion of their project.‡

October 4, 1841, the Convention of the Suffrage Association assembled. A Constitution was drafted, and the Convention adjourned until November 16. On reassembling, the Constitution was finished, and arrangements were made for submitting it to the people, December 27, 28, and 29. This Constitution§ made a re-assignment of the number of representatives from each town, and conferred the right of suffrage upon every white male citizen who had resided in the State one year, and in the town where he offered to vote, six months. But any person could vote on the adoption of the Constitution, by declaring himself an adult American citizen, with a permanent residence in the State.¶

On the appointed days this Constitution was submitted to the people. The male population of the State was estimated at 23,142, exclusive of lunatics, convicts, and persons under guardianship. Of this number the Suffrage party in a subsequent convention reported that 13,944 had voted for the Constitution, which was therefore declared adopted.¶¶ It was also claimed that a majority of the free-

\* Frieze, *Concise History*, pp. 14-27; Burke, p. 209.

† Frieze, pp. 33-35; Burke, pp. 256-271, 403-409; *Might and Right*, p. 92.

‡ Frieze, pp. 35-38.

§ Burke, p. 420; *Might and Right*, p. 95.

¶ Art. XIV., § 1.

¶¶ The figures vary slightly. See Frieze, p. 52; Burke, pp. 202-206, 438; Goddard's *Address to the People of Rhode Island*, pp. 70, 72; *Might and Right*, pp. 116, 117.



holders, the legal voters under the charter, had voted for it. Still, although every voter had been requested to write his name on his ballot, and although these ballots were subsequently offered for inspection (an offer not accepted), it is impossible to regard these results as accurate.\* First, the election officers made no sort of oath to fulfil their duties honestly. Secondly, three additional election days † had been assigned, as a time in which persons prevented from voting on the regular days could send proxy votes to the moderator. About 5,000 votes were thus secured, chiefly by a canvass made from house to house—a method especially open to evasions of the law. Thirdly, if this “People’s Constitution” received nearly 14,000 votes, it is singular that three months later only about 8,600 could be secured by the utmost exertion against the “Landholders’ Constitution”; and, again, that in the election for governor only 6,500 votes were cast for Mr. Dorr. These differences are too marked to be explained by the variations in the franchise at the several elections.‡

To return to our narrative, which has been slightly anticipated. The adjourned meeting of the Convention authorized by the Legislature was held February 14, 1842, and the so-called “Landholders’ Constitution” was prepared. It bore a marked resemblance to the People’s Constitution, and extended the suffrage to every white, male, native American citizen, twenty-one years of age, provided he had lived in the State two years, and in the town where he wished to vote, six months.§ For naturalized citizens, the old freehold qualification was retained. This Constitution was submitted to the people March 21, 22, and 23, and was rejected by a vote of 8,689 to 8,013. || The reasons for this vote will be discussed later.

The State election was now approaching, and the determination of the Suffrage party to uphold their Constitution was apparent. Consequently the Assembly, in an extra session beginning March 28, 1842, declared any person guilty of treason who should attempt to hold office under the People’s Constitution. ¶ This declaratory act received from the Suffragists the name of the “Algerine Law.” It certainly tended to exasperate that party, but, nevertheless, had

\* See Wayland, *Affairs of Rhode Island*, p. 15, note.

† December 30, 31, and January 1.

‡ See Professor Bowen’s estimate : *North American Review*, 1844, Vol. LVIII., p. 371.

§ Goddard, pp. 71, 72 ; Burke, p. 135.

|| Frieze, pp. 58-61.

¶ Burke, p. 133.

the desired effect of reducing the number who sought office under the People's Constitution. The Suffrage party, however, still continued preparations for enforcing their Constitution, and Governor King felt constrained to send a deputation to ask aid from the President. A reply came in the form of a letter dated April 11.\* The President said, in brief, that an actual insurrection must occur before interference of the General Government was authorized, and that the question at issue was one for the people of the State to decide for themselves. He should recognize, however, the existing Government until advised that another had been substituted for it "by legal and peaceable proceedings, adopted and pursued by the authorities and people of the State."

The reply of President Tyler served to increase the violence of party spirit. The Legislature was summoned for a special session, and passed measures empowering the governor to fill vacancies in the militia and to take such action as he saw fit for protecting public property. A board of councillors was appointed also, to assist the governor.†

April 18, an election was held, under the People's Constitution, and Thomas Wilson Dorr was chosen governor, receiving 6,359 votes ‡—the whole number cast. Mr. Dorr was a man of ability and education, who had lately been prominent in the Suffrage party. In 1836 he had been one of two members of the Assembly who voted to extend the suffrage. It was only after several had refused the nomination for governor that Mr. Dorr consented to be a candidate. Together with Mr. Dorr, there were chosen a complete Senate and a nearly complete House.

On the following day, April 19, the election under the old law was held, none but freeholders voting. Governor King was reelected on the ticket headed, "Rhode Island Prox.," receiving 4,781 votes, against 2,363 cast for Thos. F. Carpenter, the candidate of the "Freemen's Republican," "Repeal," or "Locofoco" party. § This party favored an extension of the suffrage, but did not approve the methods of the Dorr party.

There were now in Rhode Island two governments, each certain

\* Burke, pp. 656-659; *Might and Right*, p. 223.

† Frieze, p. 68; *Might and Right*, p. 228.

‡ Burke, p. 452. The figures vary from 6,200 to 6,500, but the above are official.

§ Providence *Express*, April 22. Boston *Transcript*, May 5, gives King 4,864, Carpenter 2,211.

of its own legality and determined to exercise its rightful powers. The newspapers of the time give ample evidence of the excitement manifested.\* May 3, the Dorr Government was organized in a foundry, as the Charter party still held the public buildings. Mr. Dorr's message † to the Legislature was a dignified paper, and reflected credit on the argumentative ability of the writer. Little was done beyond the passing of resolutions informing the President, Congress, and governors of the several States that the new Government in Rhode Island was organized. ‡ In addition, the "Algerine Law" was repealed. A proposition from Mr. Dorr to seize the state-house and other State property had been judged inadvisable by a caucus of the leaders of his party. It was, perhaps, an unwise decision; for any hesitation at that juncture was calculated to create a popular impression that this Government distrusted its own legitimacy. § The Legislature contented itself with passing a resolution requesting the governor to call on all persons in possession of public property to deliver the same "to the authorities and officers acting under the Constitution and Laws of this State." ¶ May 4, the Legislature adjourned until July 4.

The Charter Government organized May 4 and passed resolutions declaring that an insurrection existed in the State. Commissioners were sent to Washington to ask aid of the President, and, to await their report, the Assembly adjourned until May 11. ¶

Events now followed in rapid succession. Several prominent members of the Dorr party were arrested, and others gave public notice of having resigned their official positions. May 7, Governor Dorr started for Washington to represent in person the cause of his party. In his absence active preparations for hostilities went on, principally in the Charter party. May 11, the Charter Assembly met to learn President Tyler's reply to their call for aid. His letter reiterated his former position, but added that if an insurrection should arise such as "the civil posse shall be unable to overcome, it will be the duty of this Government to enforce the constitutional guarantees

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\* For example, at a meeting of Suffragists held in the 6th ward of Providence, April 7, 1842, among other resolutions was the following: "Resolved, That we recommend each friend of the People's Constitution to provide himself with a good rifle or musket, and at least forty ball cartridges, so that he may be ready to defend his right at twenty minutes' warning."—*New Bedford Morning Register*, April 11, 1842.

† Burke, p. 720.

‡ See Burke, p. 451, for the House journal.

§ *Might and Right*, p. 236. ¶ Burke, p. 467. ¶ Frieze, pp. 71-74.

. . . and to succor the authorities of the State in their efforts to maintain a due respect for the laws." \*

May 16, Governor Dorr, having finished his consultations with political sympathizers in New York and elsewhere, returned to Providence. He was escorted from Stonington by a large procession of Suffragists, about three hundred of whom were under arms.† He had not succeeded in gaining recognition from the United States Government, and immediately issued a proclamation ‡ stating his intention to call on New York and other places for aid, if any United States troops were sent to assist his opponents. Further arrests under the "Algerine Law" he, moreover, prohibited. The Dorr rebellion was now fairly begun, and intense excitement prevailed.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 17, signal guns were fired at the Dorr headquarters, and a large body of men immediately assembled. Those who were armed were told to prepare for action, and were encouraged by the seizure of two brass field-pieces from the armory of the United Train of Artillery.§ Hearing of this, Governor King at once issued an order requesting citizens to procure arms at the arsenal.¶ Military companies in various parts of the State were ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Providence.

At about one o'clock Wednesday morning, the Dorr party ¶ advanced in force toward the arsenal, which was held by their opponents. The surrender of the building was demanded, and refused. Governor Dorr then ordered the cannon to be fired; but the guns refused to go off, and it was soon discovered that they had been plugged. Meanwhile, confusion and fear had so divided the ranks of the attacking party that it was deemed best to retire. As the morning advanced, troops arrived in the city in support of the old Government, and a notice was issued by the mayor, requesting all citizens to close their places of business and meet at the Cadet alarm-post at half-past seven. But few men assembled at Mr. Dorr's

\* Frieze, p. 129; Burke, p. 674.

† New Bedford *Morning Register*, May 17, 1842; *Close of the Late Rebellion in Rhode Island*. Providence, 1842, p. 16.

‡ *Might and Right*, p. 241.

§ For the remaining movements of the rebellion, contemporaneous newspapers of Providence and vicinity are especially valuable. See also the testimony given in Burke's report, and the pamphlet, *Close of the Late Rebellion in Rhode Island*.

¶ Providence *Journal*, May 18.

¶ The number is variously estimated from 200 to 800.

headquarters, and the resignation of the remaining members of his Legislature was soon made public. Mr. Dorr saw that his only safety was in flight, and accordingly left the city early that morning, May 18. An unsuccessful attempt was made to capture him. A few of his followers made a stand, with the two field-pieces, on Federal Hill, but receiving no reinforcements dispersed on Thursday morning.\*

The so-called rebellion, however, was not yet ended. Mr. Dorr was heard of in Connecticut and New York, taking steps to forward his cause. Much sympathy was expressed for him outside of Rhode Island, both by the press and by public meetings. Great uncertainty as to Mr. Dorr's next move was felt in Providence, and business remained at a stand-still. Governor King made a requisition on Governor Cleveland of Connecticut, for the surrender of Mr. Dorr, as a fugitive from justice. This was refused, though similar requisitions were granted by the governors of Massachusetts and New York. † June 8, Governor King issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$1,000 for the delivery of Dorr to the civil authority of the State within one year. Since leaving Providence, Mr. Dorr had remained chiefly in Connecticut. May 21, he issued an address to the people of Rhode Island in regard to the recent troubles. A supplementary address followed, May 26. ‡

About June 10, small parties of Dorr sympathizers began to assemble in the vicinity of Woonsocket and Providence. Somewhere between June 17 and 20, a powder-magazine near Providence was broken into, and 1,200 pounds of powder taken. June 25, Mr. Dorr arrived at Chepachet, a village in the town of Gloucester, about six miles from the Connecticut line, where his followers were encamped. § The same day he issued a proclamation summoning the [Dorr] Assembly to meet at Gloucester, July 4, and requesting the towns to fill vacancies in that body by new elections. In another proclamation, the military of the State who were "in favor of the People's Constitution" were ordered to repair immediately to headquarters. ||

Meanwhile, in several towns, a volunteer armed police had been formed, of adherents to the old charter. Troops from Newport,

\* Frieze, p. 94; *Providence Journal*, May 26; *Close of the Late Rebellion*, p. 12.

† Frieze, p. 99; *Might and Right*, pp. 257, 258.

‡ *New Bedford Morning Register*, May 30, 31.

§ The number is not exactly known, though probably about 300. See *Burke*, p. 865 *et seq.*

|| *Might and Right*, p. 265.

Warren, and elsewhere arrived in Providence.\* Actual hostilities began, June 23, with the capture of four scouts sent out from Providence. More troops were speedily ordered thither, and June 25, the Assembly passed an act establishing martial law in the State.†

Another act of the Assembly must here be noticed. June 21, an act was passed calling a convention to meet in September, 1842, to form a new Constitution. This was done at the instance of numerous petitions, and in the hope of quieting the excitement of the hour. A residence of three years in the State "next preceding their voting," was practically the qualification required in order to vote for delegates to the Convention. These were to be chosen on a basis of population, according to the census of 1840.‡ A Constitution framed by this Convention was submitted to the people in November, and was ratified by a vote of 7,032 to 59.§ This Constitution went into effect, May 3, 1843, and is still in force.

But in June, 1842, the political disturbances could not be allayed by a call for a convention. Monday, June 27, troops were sent in several detachments toward Chepachet. Dorr's camp was reached early Tuesday morning, and was taken without resistance.

Mr. Dorr had left Monday night, after dismissing his forces, probably because of the non-arrival of expected reinforcements for his small body of troops. About a hundred prisoners were taken, and the number was increased during the return-march of the troops to Providence. The only bloodshed during the whole outbreak occurred at Pawtucket, Monday evening, June 27. Some trouble arose between the Kentish Guard, which had been stationed here, and a crowd of two or three hundred people assembled at the Massachusetts end of the bridge at Pawtucket.¶ The soldiers finally fired on the crowd, killing one man, and wounding two or three others.¶¶

Thus ended the Dorr rebellion. Martial law continued in force until August 8, when it was suspended by proclamation of the governor until September 1, and was then suspended indefinitely.\*\* Governor King offered an additional reward of \$4,000 for Dorr's

\* Frieze, p. 153.

† Frieze, p. 114; *Might and Right*, p. 260.

‡ Burke, pp. 444, 648; Goddard's *Address to the People of Rhode Island*, p. 73; *New Bedford Morning Register*, June 27 and 28.

§ Hough, *American Constitutions*, II., 250.

¶ This was before the change of boundary-line in 1861.

¶¶ Burke, pp. 292-307; Frieze, p. 119; *Providence Evening Chronicle*, and *New Bedford Mercury*, June 28, 29.

\*\* Burke, p. 767.

arrest, but the offer proved fruitless. Mr. Dorr spent most of his time in New Hampshire until 1843, when he returned to Pawtucket. August 10, 1843, he issued an address to the people of Rhode Island, giving a history of the Suffrage movement. In October he went to Providence, purposely to stand his trial, which took place the following April.\* Mr. Dorr was convicted of treason and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. He was pardoned, however, in 1847, and restored to his civil and political rights in 1851.† His death occurred December 27, 1854.

The question of the justification of the Suffrage party now demands our attention. As in many another American constitutional question, strong arguments are not wanting on either side. Our principles of government are totally averse to the concentration of the right of suffrage in a few hands. Yet here was a State, a large part of whose citizens could not vote because not possessed of a certain amount of land. These same citizens could neither act as jurors nor bring suits in any court of law unless a freeman endorsed them. After long-continued and unavailing efforts to obtain a new Constitution, the Suffrage party took matters into their own hands, with what result we have seen. The arguments for their action may be reduced to three:

1. The people of a State have the right to make changes in their Government, and to judge when such changes are necessary.
2. It was impossible to obtain redress under the forms of law, and therefore force was required.
3. The Constitution of the United States (Art. 4, § 4) says: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government," etc. The Suffragists claimed that the Government of Rhode Island was not republican, and that one should be formed to meet the requirements of the Constitution.

The right of the people of any State to change their Constitution is admitted, as long as a republican form is retained. Moreover, a change was assuredly needed in Rhode Island, where the comparative decline of agricultural pursuits had caused a state of things far different from anything foreseen by the originators of the charter. Yet, to effect a reform, the Suffragists went to work very arbitrarily. The Convention ‡ which planned the call for delegates to form a new

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\* Burke, p. 865 *et seq.*; *Might and Right*, p. 316.

† New Bedford *Mercury*, May 12, 1851.

‡ It was a mere mass-meeting.

Constitution was not properly delegated by the towns for such a purpose, and was not even a body legally representative of public opinion on the Suffrage question. Moreover, the committee in charge exceeded its powers in assuming to decide who could vote for the said delegates.

I have already given my reasons for doubting the vote claimed for the People's Constitution. A select committee of the House of Representatives (28th Congress) investigated the Rhode Island troubles, on petition of the Democratic members of the State Assembly, and, as was natural from their political affiliations, reported this Constitution legally adopted.\*

Let us suppose that it really received the approval of a majority of the adult male population of the State—would this suffice? If so, we are conceding to a majority rights which it never possessed in the previous history of our institutions. There is, in all popular governments, a convenient legal fiction that the voice of the majority expresses the will of the whole; but the alteration of fundamental institutions is so serious an affair that provision is almost invariably made for further formalities to be observed. The underlying principles of statecraft now remain practically undisturbed by political changes. But if a mere majority could change at will the fundamental law of a State, these principles would be in imminent danger of being seriously restricted or totally set aside, if such action suited the exigencies of the party in power. This has always been recognized in our national legislation. A majority of the States can make no radical change in the National Government which shall be binding on the others; and the consent of three-fourths of the States is necessary to put in force amendments to the Constitution.

To take an example. If the doctrines of the Dorr party are sound, the advocates of woman suffrage have wasted much valuable time. Finding appeals to Legislatures fruitless, they should long ago have called a convention, framed a Constitution to their liking, and granted all to whom they extended the suffrage the right to vote on the question of its adoption. Fortunately, however, the believers in the political equality of the sexes have always recognized the restrictions imposed by established law and custom, and have deemed the consent of existing authority necessary to changes in our political organization.

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\* Burke, p. 86.



Was the action of the Suffragists justifiable on the ground that no redress could be obtained without the use of force? The right of revolution is always the last resource for redressing unendurable wrongs. But the justification of such an extreme measure must be previously found in the absolute failure of all peaceable efforts. The Suffragists of Rhode Island had not reached this point. There were restrictions on the right of suffrage in most of the States in 1842, and a mere question of the degree of injustice in this regard formed no warrant for extreme action. Moreover, there was by no means a certainty that the Suffrage party could not gain their point by the action of the established authorities. It is conceded at the outset that both justice and expediency demanded an extension of the suffrage in Rhode Island. This could not, however, be brought about, owing to the unwillingness of the freeholders to disturb the old charter, and to their natural hesitation to share their privileges with others. Yet the chief trouble was that the Assembly underestimated the strength of the popular feeling, just as the Dorr party always overestimated it. Many votes, in fact, were cast for the People's Constitution merely to express an opinion that the suffrage should be extended. But although the Assembly was slow in appreciating the true popular sentiment, it nevertheless finally took action which ought to have prevented serious trouble. The Landholders' Constitution was the result of this effort to meet the public demand, and its rejection formed the chief mistake of the Dorr party. This Constitution strongly resembled that of the Suffragists, and, though not a perfect instrument, would have answered every purpose temporarily, and the defects of a Government once established on the new basis could easily have been remedied. The Constitution, however, was rejected, chiefly for two reasons: 1. Many were strongly attached to the old charter, and disliked any change. 2. The Suffrage party made every effort to secure its rejection, although many Democrats not particularly attached to Mr. Dorr favored its adoption. As a party, however, the Suffragists scorned the idea of making any concessions from the strict letter of their own Constitution; while the sincerity of the action of the Assembly, on the other hand, was proved by its subsequent course, in regard to the new Constitution of 1843.

The circumstances attending the admission of Michigan to the Union have been quoted as affording a precedent for the action of the Dorr party. In this State, a Constitution framed by a popular

convention had been adopted by the people in 1835. In the same year, a State Government went into operation. In June, 1836, Congress passed an act admitting Michigan into the Union, provided certain conditions in regard to boundaries should be accepted by a popular convention called for that purpose. A convention elected under an act of the State Legislature met in September, 1836, and rejected the conditions imposed. In December, the people chose a convention without regard to the Legislature. The conditions imposed by Congress were accepted by this Convention, and in January, 1837, Michigan was finally declared a member of the Union.\*

The foregoing circumstances, however, differ much from those existing in Rhode Island in 1842. In the case of Michigan, Congress had not specified the manner of electing delegates to the ratifying Convention, and had recognized the right of the people to choose them. Moreover, until the conditions were complied with, Michigan was in point of fact a Territory, and her Legislature had yet to be clothed with the powers of State sovereignty. Furthermore, if the action of the State Convention were illegal, Congress could have overruled it by the power subsequently exercised in the Kansas troubles of 1856. But in Rhode Island a State Government had long been established, and consequently the State was not under congressional control.

It remains for us to discuss the attitude of the United States Government toward the Rhode Island trouble. As Professor Bowen points out,† the sovereign power of the State was changed by the Revolution, as was the case in England in 1688; but the old charter had been ratified by the freemen of the colony, and consequently remained in force, even though allegiance to the English crown had ceased. When the second Continental Congress recommended the formation of State governments, they were naturally constructed on the basis of existing institutions. So, in Rhode Island, the old charter was retained, with a few slight changes required by the separation from England. The mere fact that Rhode Island was admitted to the Union was a recognition of her Government as republican in form. It was derived from the body of the people, and every man had a chance to obtain the full privileges of a freeman. The essence of republican government consists in rule by the people

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\* Hough, *American Constitutions*, I., 663.     † *North American Review*, 1844, p. 371.

through chosen representatives, and does not necessarily lose its character by reason of limitations on the suffrage. Moreover, the system of proportional representation was then by no means elaborated, and inequalities existed in all the States.\* For these reasons, Rhode Island could certainly claim to have a republican form of government; and when once admitted to the Union, the United States was bound to uphold the Constitution of the State, until duly notified that a legal change had been made. This justifies President Tyler in upholding the Charter Government, and it is aside from the point to question how far his course was dictated by political reasons. Furthermore, to carry out the Act of Congress, 28th February, 1795, the President must have power to decide whether a Government organized in a State be the lawful one. He is bound by the Constitution to aid a State on requisition of the Legislature, or of the governor, when the Legislature cannot be convened. Such a requisition was made, and the President sent troops where they would easily be available in case of an actual outbreak. He deemed this sufficient, since the two contending factions were not yet beyond the possibility of a peaceable settlement of their differences. This position was also well taken, for the President must of necessity judge when that emergency arises wherein he is by law called upon to act.†

The action of the Charter Government in declaring martial law was declared by the Suffragists illegal, on the ground that no authority for it was given by the charter, and that, even conceding the right, no exigency for the use of so extreme a measure had arisen. It is outside the limits of our subject to take up the much-vexed questions of martial law, but a few words are necessary to explain the course pursued by the State Government.

The movements of the Dorr party had every appearance of resulting in a serious outbreak. For this reason, a Government esteeming itself the rightful authority in the State was in duty bound to take every precaution to insure its own stability. In this connection it is sufficient to quote from the opinion of the United States Supreme Court as delivered by Chief-Justice Taney in the celebrated case of *Luther vs. Borden*. This was an action for trespass, brought by Martin Luther against Luther M. Borden and others, for breaking into the plaintiff's house at Warren, June 29, 1842. The defence was that martial law was then in force in the State, that the

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\* *E. g.*, Vermont. See Hough, *American Constitutions*, II., 406.

† See Curtis's Reports; 7 Howard, *Luther vs. Borden*, Taney's opinion, p. 11.

defendants were militiamen ordered to arrest Luther, and that consequently their action was warrantable. This view was held by the Circuit Court. The case was carried to the Supreme Court by a writ of error, and here a decision was given approving the position of the Circuit Court in regard to questions of jurisdiction, and affirming its judgment.\* In delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, Chief-Justice Taney said :

“ Unquestionably, a military Government, established as the permanent Government of the State, would not be a republican Government, and it would be the duty of Congress to overthrow it. But the law of Rhode Island evidently contemplated no such Government. It was intended merely for the crisis, and to meet the peril in which the existing Government was placed by the armed resistance to its authority. It was so understood and construed by the State authorities. And, unquestionably, a State may use its military power to put down an armed insurrection, too strong to be controlled by the civil authority. The power is essential to the existence of every Government, essential to the preservation of order and free institutions, and is as necessary to the States of this Union as to any other Government. The State itself must determine what degree of force the crisis demands. And if the Government of Rhode Island deemed the armed opposition so formidable and so ramified throughout the State as to require the use of its military force, and the declaration of martial law, we see no ground upon which this court can question its authority. It was a state of war, and the established Government resorted to the rights and usages of war to maintain itself, and to overcome the unlawful opposition. And in that state of things, the officers engaged in its military service might lawfully arrest any one who, from the information before them, they had reasonable grounds to believe was engaged in the insurrection.” †

This clear exposition requires little comment. It shows the reason for declaring martial law, and the essence of the law itself. It is a temporary means employed to check resistance to established authority. Civil law, meanwhile, is not held to be abrogated, but simply as temporarily suspended.

In conclusion, then, it seems that the action of the Dorr party was ill-advised, and, to a great extent, illegal. The acknowledged need of reform in the Rhode Island suffrage laws cannot be urged as a defence of their course. They should have sought redress through the established State Government, and the ultimate success that would have crowned their efforts cannot be doubted.

WILLIAM L. R. GIFFORD.

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\* Burke, pp. 357-376 ; U. S. Supreme Court decisions, 7 Howard, pp. 1-55. Justice Woodbury rendered an interesting dissenting opinion on the question of martial law.

† Curtis's Reports ; 7 Howard, pp. 13, 14.

## THE ESSAY AS A LITERARY FORM AND QUALITY.

### I.

I DOUBT whether any term in literary nomenclature is so indefinite as the word "essay." In histories of literature we rarely find the essayists classified by themselves, but under the head of moralists, critics, humorists, and the like; or, if used, the term is little more than a convenient mode of designating whatever may not very well be otherwise catalogued. As ordinarily understood, the essay is simply a comparatively short prose composition on a single theme.

The special object of this article is to protest against this confusion of thought, and to vindicate the essay proper as a distinct species of literary production, both in form and quality. History, criticism, philosophy, description, or any kind of information or research, may enter into its subject-matter. But these do not in themselves constitute a genuine essay, any more than swallows can make a summer, or piety and music are sufficient for a hymn.

An essay is *not*, as Worcester gravely defines it, "a short treatise or dissertation, a tract." The shortness is neither here nor there. And Worcester himself quotes Gilpin as follows:

"When we write a treatise, we consider the subject throughout; we strengthen it with arguments, we clear it of objections, we enter into details; and, in short, we leave nothing unsaid which properly belongs to the subject."

What a prodigious joke it would have been to Charles Lamb or Dick Steele to have any such thing as that expected of him! A tract is the product of the pamphleteer, who want to preach, or to prove something. A dissertation is "an argumentative inquiry." Perish the thought that the essayist's pen should be guilty of tracts, even with the Miltonic suffix *tractate*! And for him to "dissertate" is to be damned.

The essay is what the word implies, as set forth by, perhaps, the greatest master of the art. "To write just *treatises*," says Lord Bacon, "requireth time in the writer and leisure in the reader, which is the cause that hath made me choose to write certain brief *notes*, set down rather *significantly* than *curiously*, which I have called *essays*; the word is late, but the thing is ancient." The reader will

pardon my italics, because in these words we come at the heart of the whole matter. The essay is properly a collection of notes, indicating certain aspects of a subject, or suggesting thought concerning it, rather than the orderly or exhaustive treatment of it. It is not a formal siege, but a series of assaults—*essays*, or attempts upon it. It does not pursue its theme like a pointer, but goes hither and thither, like a bird to find material for its nest, or a bee to get honey for its comb. It is, in point of fact, a honeycomb, a thing which has unity and proportion, but which has its thousand separate cups of sweet suggestion and full of the distillations of fancy.

The essayist is not the commercial traveller nor the scientific explorer, but rather the excursionist of literature. There may be several ways of reaching a given point—as by railway, or steamboat, or turnpike stage with relays of horses. But there may also be such a thing as getting upon an ambling horse or into a family phaeton, and jogging on through bridle paths or through primrose and hawthorn lanes, going by the sun and not the guide-book, making *détours* to gather wild flowers, to gain a wider prospect, or to visit some old mansion or an old friend. Perhaps the way is worth more than the goal, and is an end in itself.

The essayist, in fact, is not apt to be burdened with the responsibilities of his theme. He will generally know what he is to write about when he begins, but not necessarily the “line of thought” he will pursue. He has ideas about it, and he is sure that others will suggest themselves as he goes on. He is interested in the thing, and thinks he sees it a little more vividly than most people; and he expects to interest others and make them see it more vividly. But he does not propose to argue the case with them, nor has he any pedagogic yearning to diffuse useful knowledge. The subject is the occasion rather than the efficient cause, or the end, of the essay. It may be said to liberate thought, rather than to limit it, in the mind of the writer. You never know what a genuine essayist will say next. It will not necessarily flow out of the last thing, nor have a logical connection with it. It may be suggested to him by what has gone before, but often by some subtle association unperceivable by the reader. And it is this surprise and unexpectedness which constitute a part of his peculiar fascination and perennial freshness.

Not that the true essay is a careless performance, the slouch or sloven of the literary sisterhood. On the contrary, no form of prose composition requires a more exquisite precision and felicity of ex-

pression. A genius for words is one of the essentials of the art. Hence it was the essayists, more than any others, who perfected prose style in England and France. Bacon re-wrote some of his works a dozen times. Pascal says that he sometimes took twenty days in perfecting a single piece, and it is affirmed that not a word of his *Provincial Letters* has become obsolete. "Point" is more absolutely essential than in any other kind of composition. Though leisurely and discursive in the general treatment, it must be sententious and exact in the expression of particular thoughts.

In short, it may be said that *the style is the essay*, so far, at least, as quality is concerned. It is not so much what is written about—all things are the essayist's spoil—as the way of saying it. While the most flexible and unfettered of literary products, it is one of the most distinctive. The mere outward semblance does not constitute it, nor can another literary form disguise it. Hence, as we shall find, essayism pervades every department of literature. We detect its essential attar in the histories and biographies of Carlyle, in the philosophy and science of Cousin and Max Müller, in the poetry of Shakespeare and Cowper, in the novels of Cervantes and Shorthouse, in the orations of Beecher and Phillips, in the devotional writings and homilies of Jeremy Taylor, Wickliffe, and Frederick W. Robertson. Even Augustine has the accent of the essayist in his *Confessions*. Bunyan's genius partakes of this quality quite as much as of the romance. And I trust that it will not be deemed irreverent to refer to the fact that our Lord himself taught not in the form of dissertation, but by suggestion and seed-thoughts, crowded with allusion, and free from stereotyped methods.

On the other hand, things go by the name of essays which are merely "sermons," or reviews, or political tracts, or abridged histories. It was absurd for Burke to call his philosophical treatise on *The Sublime and the Beautiful* an "Essay." The same is true of many so-called essays of writers like Alison, Jeffrey, Brougham, and even Macaulay, which differ from histories and biographies only in length and in being of the nature of monographs. And so of a large proportion of the published "essays" of literary criticism. It is one thing to write book notices on an extended scale, or a minor treatise on rhetoric; and it is another thing to talk about books and authors with the rich poetic and humorous sympathy of Lowell, or, with Sainte-Beuve, to read the very soul of the writer in his book.

## II.

It does not seem an impossible task to formulate the chief characteristics of the essay, most of which must appear in each specimen in order to vindicate its title to the name.

And yet its very first feature is its informality and unconventionality of treatment. It is the child of freedom, and is shaped and guided simply by the selfhood of the writer. Hence it may proceed with the regularity of plan of a checker-board, or it may be as unmethodical as a crazy-quilt. It is not necessary to accept the suggestion that an essay is "a thing without beginning, middle, or end." But it is strictly true to say that it has no need of an introduction to "pave the way" or explain its appearance, nor of a "middle term" to "couple" the compartments together and constitute a legitimate "train of thought"; nor is the writer under stress either to continue on or to "conclude" at a definite stage of the process, but may stop whenever he has given enough of his thoughts to amuse himself or his readers. For this reason, if for no other, we claim Jean Paul Richter among the essayists. "He writes," says Doctor Hedge, "like one who enters on a journey with no determined end in view; or who, having one, forgets it in adventures by the way, in the pleasant company he falls in with, or strays into endless episodes." So also Rousseau, in his preface to *Émile* (the essay quality of which will be perceived at once on comparing it with Herbert Spencer's tractate on education), speaks of it as a "collection of observations and reflections without order and almost without sequence," and anticipates the objection that his book contains "rather a heap of reveries than a treatise." And Montaigne says of his essays, "As things come into my head, I heap them in; sometimes they advance in whole bodies, sometimes in single files."

There must, however, be an essential unity of subject. Informality is a different thing from formlessness, or chaos. The essayist may tack, and even drift, as much as he pleases, but it must be about the central buoy. Even Laurence Sterne, whose style may be described as a perpetual digression, never entirely lost his bearings.

It is sometimes taken for granted that the essay must be "brief," and this is one of the snares into which classifiers have fallen. But the nature of an essay is not a question of the yardstick.



And yet it will transcend the limits of decided brevity at its peril. I do not think that Montaigne averaged two thousand words. The papers of Steele and Addison would hardly suffice for a two-page tract, and you could write most of Bacon's on a letter-sheet; the latter look ludicrously short when we compare them with the ten and even twenty-fold annotations of Whately upon them.

Maurice de Guérin wrote anxiously to his sister Eugénie, "I want you to reform your system of composition; it does not talk enough." The essayist is the man who chats. He is the club man of literature, standing at the club-house window and making his comments on the life that passes. He takes down a book from the shelves, and talks about it to the group that gathers around him. Or he sits by the fire and tells unreservedly what he knows and thinks, and, in doing so, what he is. Some of the best essayists have written in the form of letters, which are the counterpart of conversation. The essay is spoiled if it gives us the feeling of going to school. Hence we can understand why Charles Lamb should class Gibbon, Robertson, Paley, and Soame Jenyns with "directories, statutes at large, and scientific treatises." And our own soul finds little of the genuine flavor in a long array of so-called essayists as able and elegant as John Foster, Harriet Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, and W. R. Greg.

The essay, as has been said, treats its subject by a series of suggestions rather than by a chain of reasoning, or even of logical connection. This was the style, to an almost exaggerated degree, of the chief of the old masters, Bacon and Montaigne, and is specially characteristic of Plutarch. Emerson's essays were little else than the skilful boiling down of his commonplace-books and the ingenious jointing together of the contents of his scrap-books. His neighbor, Bronson Alcott, once found him down upon his library floor, which was strewn with these memoranda, and raking out from them the materials for his next essay.

The French mind has especially worked in this way. La Rochefoucauld of the "Maxims," and La Bruyère of the "Characters," are well-known examples; also Vauvenargues, "the Pascal of the eighteenth century," whose ideas lie around in seeming confusion, and are yet (as Vinet remarks) "the finished and fitted stones of an un-built palace." The series was "crowned," according to Sainte-Beuve, by Joseph Joubert, in his *Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims*. But it begins to look as if the end is not yet, for the unearthed

*Pensées* of the Abbé Roux have already suggested a title for him as "the La Bruyère of to-day." I do not know a better illustration of the genuine essayist than this obscure parish priest. Here is a man of original, reflective, and observing mind, who is condemned to the isolation (which he carefully distinguishes from solitude) of a remote cure among the most uncongenial and uncultivated peasantry. He must find expression to relieve the numb pain of his heart and mind, and so talks to his paper as thoughts come to him or as things strike him. Under no constraint to convince an audience or to spread out his ideas for adaptation to "the public mind," he is in no temptation to fall into dissertation. He says what he has to say about the matter in hand in his own way, and in few or many words, as he happens to feel—and stops. He "essays" at a thousand topics, sometimes in one sentence, sometimes in a hundred, but never starts to "exhaust the subject," nor cares to ask afterward whether he has demonstrated it. He does not feel under the least obligation to his subject to "do justice" to it. His sole obligation is to himself, and to the fancy or the feeling that is in him.

Underneath all its sparkle, and even seeming *persiflage*, the essay is reflective. The essayist is the man who meditates, as distinct from the "thinker." He is the literary angler. We find no better example of this quality than in the thoughtfully devout pages of dear old Izaak Walton, whose pen was as true an angle as his fishing-rod. There is a fitness in such names as the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, applied to collections of these compositions. They are not voices from the crowd, vibrating with the strain and rush of life, but the observations of thoughtful and interested lookers-on. It was the opinion of Montaigne that "the sweets of life" were "peace, leisure, travel, and the writing of essays." But the first three are highly important to the fourth, in order to create the atmosphere of observing reflection. We might almost speak of the essay as a literary mood. Perhaps, with Montaigne, as with Rousseau and Chateaubriand and Burton and Thoreau, it may amount to what has been called "the malady of reverie"; I had almost added Swift and Carlyle, but with them it is rather the essay "on the rampage," *rampant*, and not *couchant*, which latter is its true attitude and *pose*.

Not that the essay has any affinity with dulness or prosiness. Of all forms of composition, it can least afford that. The diamond could as well be without sparkle, or the mocking-bird without vocal range,

as the essayist without vivacity and variety. An article whose design is information or investigation needs only to be clear, in respect to style. The essay must coruscate. Brightness and point are the breath of its life. A "labored" essay forfeits its claim to recognition.

The essay is marked by its scope and freedom of allusion. The essay mind does not run to abstractions, but tends constantly to the concrete in the way of examples and illustrations. It regards its subject not as a flower-cup into which to plunge for sweetness, but as a cell into which to convey the honey of a thousand blossoms, gathered in the farthest flights. It would be one of the best of rhetorical exercises to pick apart the tissue of an essay by Lowell or Holmes, and assign the multitudinous allusions to their originals. The great master whom the gentle Elia loved, and whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* is said to have been able to draw Doctor Johnson out of bed two hours earlier than any other book, is one mass and mosaic of anecdote, reference, and quotation. Of Jean Paul it is said that "his dominant principle in composition seems to have been to work in somehow, to lug in somewhere, all that he had ever read or thought of." Of the same school are the two undoubting Thomases—he of the *Urn Burial*, and he of the *Holy and Profane State*—whose pious learning was the oil that fed a thousand cressets of many-colored lights, which cast their rays on all things in heaven and on earth. Thomas Fuller has been called the founder of this "quaint school," which included also Donne and Taylor, but without their excess and exaggeration. He is at times as profound as Bacon, as imaginative as Milton, as witty as Sydney Smith. When he reasons, his logic unrolls a cloth of gold. Even Bacon cannot write a page on such a topic as "Fortune" without quoting or referring to Ap-pius Claudius, Livy, Cæsar, Plutarch, Cato, Sylla, Timotheus, Timoleon, Agesilaus, and Epaminondas, and citing the customs of the Spaniards and Italians, the science of astronomy, and the verses of Homer.

Matthew Arnold has puzzled us all with his definition of poetry as a "criticism of life." It would be a far better definition of the essay. The essayist is the man who observes. Whether it be the social espionage of a *Spectator*, the amused sympathy of a "Geoffrey Crayon," the glare of a Swift, the scowl of a Carlyle, the sharp censorship of a Ruskin, the mousing and microscopic watch of a Thoreau, whether the glance comes from under the broad brow of Verulam, from the sad and eager eye of Rousseau, or the clear and

sunny vision of Christopher North, the true essayist sees life in its manifold aspects as other men do not. He is in sympathy with M. Houssaye, who closes his *Confessions* by saying: "Whatever happens, and whatever befalls me, I thank the gods that I have been elected to behold the great spectacle of life!" So Maurice de Guérin, whose fragmentary relics are exquisite types of the essay, full of the most delicate perception and the subtlest sympathies, testifies: "I am neither philosopher nor naturalist, nor anything learned whatsoever; there is one word which is the god of my imagination, the tyrant (I ought rather to say) that fascinates it, lures it onward, gives it work to do without ceasing, and will finally carry it I know not where—the word *life*." Théophile Gautier brought the faculty of describing the aspect of things to perfection. His *Caprices et Zigzags* and his *Voyage en Espagne* are the farthest possible from mere traveller's tours. They are absolute reproductions, by a marvellous word-artistry, of scenes and characters, with all their local color and atmosphere, their picturesqueness and humor. Professor Wilson, on the contrary, was an impressionist. The reader feels as if he were in Kit North's very company, breathing the mountain air, threading the perfumed woods, hearing his hearty voice, and helped by his strong hand over dangerous places; but without getting in a whole volume as definite a picture as Ruskin or George Sand will give in a page.

But, of course, the observation of nature is only a small part of the criticism of life. It is curious to note the topics which have engaged writers so different in mental *timbre* as Bacon, Burton, Emerson, and Leigh Hunt. You will find them all treating of the everyday sights and common life of men about them, precisely as did Steele and Addison in the high noon of the English essay, or as the Abbé Roux and the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Monthly*.

The alcove of my library to which I turn as to its very heart and eyes, is that which contains the goodly fellowship of the essayists. The true essayist is intensely human. He dips his pen into the red ink of his heart and the violet ink of his fancy, rather than into the colorless fluid of the intellect. Nay, he employs all the variegated crayons of his moods and sentiments. His sympathies sound along his wire, from the fiery prejudice of a Teufelsdröckh to the jibe of a Jerrold, or the half-sigh and half-smile of the gentle Elia. His theme may be an abstract one, but he straightway brings it into the region of human interests. If historical, he produces not a Macaulayan pa-

geant, in which the chief use of men is as parts of the procession, but a Carlylean drama of human passion and personality. If literary criticism, it is the man in the book that he discovers and analyzes. His sketches of out-door nature are not botanical or zoölogical calendars; he finds the man in the fields. His records of travel are not graphic and intelligent guide-books like Henry James's, but in the mood and manner of Mr. Howells's Italian and suburban sketches, full of close and interested observation of people, charming speculation as to their traits and histories, and minute study of the small incidents and details of his own and their surroundings—such, for example, as his sketches of a country store, of his door-step acquaintances, and of his fellow-passengers on the horse-cars.

Our final characteristic of the essay is a certain naïveté of self-expression. The essayist is not necessarily egotistical. He takes everybody into his confidence, and it does not occur to him that others are not as artless, or as interested in himself and his thoughts, as he is; or, if he admits it theoretically, or finds it out by harsh experience, he cannot remember it when the fit is on him. He is far from being a defier of critics or of canons. But he is born with a natural armor of ingenuousness, which protects the tender tissues of his genius from a rude and unsympathetic world. To the essayist, of the Montaigne type particularly, reticence is fatal, or the hesitancy which stops to ask whether people will pronounce him an egotist or a gossip. He is essentially autobiographic. Montaigne says of his essays: "In these fancies of my own I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open myself." Jean Paul was a "professor of myself," and his whole writings are self-revelations of a loving and exuberant, a unique and observant, nature. Jean Jacques, at his quiet country-seat at Wootton, where he wrote his *Confessions*, testifies: "I am never less bored or idle than when alone; I have here a man of my acquaintance whom I have a great desire to know better." Hence the essayist is apt to be a humorist, in the sense of seeing and saying everything in his own way, and colored by his individuality. "I say exactly what passes in my own mind, in spite of myself," says Rousseau, in his preface to *Émile*. And, whatever may be Macaulay's rank as a historian and biographer, the lack of this, among other qualities, prevents us from awarding the same place to him as an essayist which Carlyle or Thackeray have won by such monographs as "Mirabeau," or "The Four Georges." He never chats nor confesses nor digresses, nor lets himself down from his literary buskins. He

is always the relater, the exhibitor. His historic tapestries are in no essential respect different from his five-volumed history, and are to be classed as "essays" chiefly by accommodation.

### III.

The Greek mind was too objective, and Greek life, even in the best days of Athenian culture, had not enough of repose from war and faction for the cultivation of the essay mood; and, accordingly, Grecian genius took rather the forms of art, oratory, poetry, history, and philosophy. It discerned the element of beauty in all things, and was curious to ascertain the hidden laws of all life, rather than interested in observing its minor and commoner aspects, and in meditating upon its practical suggestions. Xenophon and Plutarch are perhaps the only examples of essayists in form as well as quality. Xenophon's shorter pieces, on tyranny, housekeeping, and hunting, might have been written by a Montaigne or Walton of that period. This may be due in no small measure to his exceptional enjoyment, even in his exile, of "peace and leisure" on his Arcadian estate near Elis. The tranquil beauty and simple suggestions of his environment seem to have moulded, as well as tempered, his writings. Plutarch, however, is the peculiar representative of the Greeks in this department of letters. With him the essay took its perfect form. He wrote on chatting, curiosity, self-praise, bashfulness, wedlock, on the profit which a man can derive from his enemies, on oracles which have ceased to give replies. He was the master, and the model, of Montaigne and of Emerson.

It is quite impossible to distinguish the essential quality of many of the Platonic dialogues from that of the essay. As has been well said, they were the *Causeries de Lundi* of their age. They are the farthest removed from either a treatise or a drama. The dialogue essay was continued, though in verse, by Lucian, whom it is quite a mistake to class among dramatic writers, except in form. He was the forerunner of Fontenelle, Fénelon, Lord Lyttleton, and Landor. The influence not only of his satire but of his style is distinctly traceable in the *Spectator*, one of Addison's papers being a direct imitation.

It was not till the conditions were fulfilled, in the security and the high social and literary culture of the early empire, that we find the essay flourishing among the Romans. But one of the most

illustrious of essayists was, so to speak, prematurely ripened by the enforced seclusions of Cicero's varied career. As he paced the terraces and galleries of his suburban villas, the almost celestial beauty of the landscape stole into his heart with a sense of peace which the feverish world could not give, and he wrote out his immortal meditations on friendship, duty, old age, gracious manners, and the choice of a profession—on the bearing of pain, the contempt of death, and the question whether virtue is sufficient for happiness. Some of these topics indicate the tendencies of the great orator and statesman, on the meditative side of his nature, toward Stoicism. And it is among the Stoics that we find most of the Latin essayists. Three great names immediately present themselves to our minds, the imperial *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the morals and maxims of Seneca, and the *Manual* and *Fragments* of Epictetus. The latter especially is a typical essayist. He has embalmed the world of his day in his dissuasions from it. In order to inculcate his doctrine of indifference, he pictures graphically and minutely the things to which we are to be indifferent.

But even Roman essay was not always condemned to walk in toga on the shady side of life. It could trip with Horace to the lighter measure of his verse, or pipe with Virgil over the Mantuan fields, or chat in the letters of Pliny the Younger, from his luxurious Laurentine or Tusculan villas—Pliny, the bravest of essayists, and hence nearly their martyr, who could stop to jot down his ideas with a wild boar staring him in the face! The accidental form of satire or eclogue or epistle, in which these writings appeared, does not alter their essential character. The spirit of essay, too, hovered benignly over old Aulus Gellius, as he compiled his scraps and notes and threaded them together in true Burtonian and Emersonian style, and drew them forth in *Attic Nights*, to brighten the winter evenings of his children.

There is little spoil for the essay-hunter in the first millenium and a half of the Christian era. There was too much to be proven and preached in the early earnest centuries, and afterwards the scholastic habit of thought was fatal to the freedom which is the essayist's vital breath. It required the dawn of the Reformation to unfetter this form and motion of the mind. The morning star of the modern essay appeared in *The Familiar Colloquies of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, concerning Men, Manners, and Things*, 1518. Erasmus was a genuine successor to Plutarch and Lucian, and the

fore-runner of Swift and Addison. One of the most characteristic and interesting of these colloquies is "The Profane Feast," in which the talk rambles over all the incidents and features of a dinner party, from the basin of water at entering to the thanksgiving after meat. He chats of wines, meats, the number and seating of the guests, the ancient laws of feasts, the bill of fare of the second course, and on temperance, vegetarianism, the Epicureans and Stoics, the god Bacchus, and all sorts of suggested topics. Then he gives us, in another colloquy, what he calls "The Religious Treat," exemplifying what ought to be the table-talk of Christians.

It was more than half a century later, when the father and the completest type of the modern essay appeared. More than perhaps any other man, Montaigne made the writing of essays his vocation, and none was ever better equipped for his calling. A man of rank and culture, he had seen and studied the world and men, in town and country, during the troublous times of the Medicis and the Huguenots in France; till at thirty-nine years of age he retired to his ancestral estates and devoted himself to reading and writing. Comparatively alone, he took the world into his confidence. He became a closer observer of life than ever, as seen from his chateau windows, and through the window of his own breast.

Montaigne is the ideal egotist. For him to write essays was to record his own moods and observations. He notes the most trivial things about himself, as White of Selborne chronicled his natural environment. He takes us all about his house and fields and forests, and gives us the minutest details of his domestic affairs, his daily habits, and his studies. He describes his writing as being something almost involuntary, an inward impulse not to be restrained any more than a runaway horse. He sets down his observations, reflections, and notes of reading "without order or design," and in due time "fagots" them together.

Montaigne exemplifies the truth that the best critics of the world are often men apart from the world. He often talks like a newspaper of to-day. In a word, he was a modern, a man of the nineteenth century; and he will be equally a man of the twentieth. It is difficult to tell whether he was conscious of any practical purpose; and yet he and Erasmus were the skirmishers and sappers who effectually harassed and undermined popery in advance of the heavier siege-guns of reformers and revolutionists. He is a strange mixture of wit and sadness, and passes easily from a Shakespearian



gravity and eloquence to the most familiar and even coarse details. His themes range from virtue, solitude, old age, books, the art of conversation, and the education of children, to liars, idleness, and drunkenness. Other topics are names, physiognomy, the custom of wearing clothes, coaches, cripples, sleep, smells, and even "of thumbs."

Just five years from the time when the great Frenchman lay speechless and dying in his lonely chateau, with hands crossed upon his breast, the first collection of Lord Bacon's essays appeared. These were formally planned upon what he defined to be the proper meaning of an essay—separate thoughts having no other unity than that of subject, hints to be followed up, suggestions to set the reader to thinking. No human being, not even Solomon in all his glory as a proverbialist, ever had such a genius for compression. And yet these very essays were still farther condensed by him into *antitheta*, which contain their piths and points *pro* and *con*. His topics are taken from the common interests and occupations of mankind; and his essays are a genuine criticism of life, profoundly simple, the chat of a sage and a prophet. Though not at all in the nature of "confessions," they have a sublimely human interest, as the lifelong conclusions of one whose powers of observation were as catholic and keen as his great contemporary Shakespeare's, while his opportunities were broader, and whose gamut of experience ranged from that of the grandest to the meanest of mankind.

It would be impossible to call the roll, much less to pass in review this serene army (or, if you prefer, this light-armed legion) of literature. We must confine ourselves to the most representative and master spirits. There is many a name, and many an essay besides those herein alluded to, on which I should love to dwell—such as Sir William Temple, whom Lamb considers to have been the model of Addison; Nathaniel Culverwell; my Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, and Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, after the manner of La Bruyère; Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons*; Jeremy Collier, whose "Moral Essay concerning Cloaths" anticipates Teufelsdröckh; Swift and Goldsmith, the lion and the lamb of literature; Doctor Beattie and Abraham Cowley, whose prose is as easy and vital as their turgid poetry is twice dead and plucked up by the roots.

Bacon must stand for the sixteenth century. For the seventeenth

we have room for only one representative, the dear old Vicar of Oxford, Robert Burton, whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* was the standing crib for Laurence Sterne and other plagiarists, the inspiration of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and the delight alike of bluff Sam Johnson and the gentle Elia. More than any man who ever lived, he could be the profoundest of bookworms without becoming a dry-as-dust. He could dip into all growths of literature to find honey everywhere, and honey only. His genius for quotation was something almost superhuman. He unloads his note-books and scrap-books upon us so dexterously that their subordination to his own remarks is never lost, nor the connection of the references with one another. And there is, also, a pathetic and autobiographical interest about this wise and witty old book (signed "Democritus, Jr."), when we realize that it is the fruit of a brave struggle to divert the author's own mind from the constitutional "melancholy" which was creeping over him.

The essay literature of the eighteenth century clusters around the galaxy represented by the *Spectator* group. England's time had come, when political stability and accumulating wealth had brought the "peace and leisure" which are the conditions of the writing of essays. Life had become artificial and society conventional, and a bold creativeness in literature had begun to be supplanted by the era of self-consciousness and criticism. Then came forward Capt. Richard Steele with his daily *Tatler*, the father of the periodical essay and the grandfather of the modern editorial. The *Tatler* was soon merged into the *Spectator*, with the immense reinforcement of Joseph Addison. It was a daily dish of town talk, raised by genius from cockney gossip into a critique of humanity. It discussed dress, diet, table and company manners, shops and taverns and theatres, city fop and country squires, vulgar wealth and poor relations and insolent servants. It was, as has been said, "the real pulpit of the day," which corrected the false taste and course morality of the times by the combined weapons of genial humor, piquant anecdote, broad caricature, and subtle sarcasm. Its method was to paint representative characters, and to scourge society over their backs. It opened up a new epoch, both in essay and in periodical literature. So popular did it prove that no breakfast-table or coffee-house in London was complete without it, and more than two hundred similar publications followed in its wake, the collected essays from which fill forty or fifty volumes:

The best of these followers and imitators of the *Spectator* was Doctor Johnson's *Rambler*. But the good doctor was essentially a preacher, and introduced a kind of essay and a grandiosity of style which, in feebler hands, soon wrought the decay of this species of composition. The frank, idiomatic chat of a man of the world about people and current events was displaced by abstract moral disquisitions, drawing their illustrations from remote allegorical sources, and clothed in measured phrase which scrupulously avoided the daily talk of men, and which constantly goads one into exclaiming, as Falstaff in reply to Pistol's announcement of the tidings: "I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world!"

The eighteenth century produced still another novelty in essay literature. Under a droll pretence of fiction, Laurence Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*, gives us a fascinating medley of sense and nonsense, of wit and pathos, of oddly conceived and sharply outlined characterizations, and minute and subtle observations. He is the most whimsical of humorists, one of the airiest of prose poets and most exquisite of word-artists. Taine, in contemptuous condemnation of Sterne, is utterly unconscious of crediting him with a whole catalogue of qualities as an essayist:

"His book is like a great storehouse of articles of *vertu* . . . of all ages, kinds, and countries. His pen leads him, he has neither sequence nor plan. . . . He delights in disappointing us, in sending us astray by interruptions and delays. . . . In a well constituted mind, ideas march one after another with uniform motion and acceleration; in this odd brain, they jump about like a rout of masks at a carnival. . . . The tune is never for one moment the same; laughter comes, then the beginning of emotion, then scandal, then wonder, then sensibility, then laughter again!"

Sterne was, doubtless, a contemptible fellow, and a disgrace to the cloth. But we must give him a central place in the little chapel assigned to essayists in the great abbey of literature.

In coming to the English essay of the nineteenth century, we dismiss at once an imposing phalanx of British reviewers and critics, whose works are commonly so classed. These masterful and often leonine vivisections of authors, these eloquent orations on paper, these able state papers, these splendid historical tapestries or biographical portraiture, have no more relation to the true essay than a Roman toga or a coat of mail has to a dressing-gown or a pea-jacket. Of course, we are not including Carlyle nor Professor Wilson. The latter has the essay touch in all he wrote, whether the story of a tramp among the lochs and moors, a swift silhouette of a

contemporary, or a critique by wink and shrug and boisterous ha! ha! When Thomas Carlyle became possessed of his familiar spirit, Teufelsdröckh, he became a very Titan of essay. And yet Teufelsdröckh is but the intensified personality of Carlyle, manifesting itself in all his varied criticism of life, whether of men or books, of nations or individuals, of the past or the present, spurning all bondage to rules of logic or dictionaries or punctuation marks, a great intuitive, lightning-worded, self-disclosing soul.

Nothing could better illustrate the variety of style and the diversity of gifts which are included in the genius for essay, than the fact that the other great representative English essayist of the nineteenth century is Charles Lamb. Teufelsdröckh is as ungentle as Elia is "gentle." To read the former is like embarking on the rapids of Niagara; to read the latter is like an afternoon's row on the Thames in sight of London Bridge, and with the distant murmur of the Strand and Cheapside in our ears. The range of the former is from hero-worship and prophets to gigs and ballet-girls, from the Book of Job to "Tam O'Shanter," from Christianity to old clothes. Lamb never soars much higher than the chimney-pots of his beloved city, nor strays beyond its limits. He finds scope for his exquisite pathos and poetry, as well as humor, in its beggars and sweeps, its book-stalls and play-houses. And yet you will find this in common between the roar of the one and the dove-note of the other—they are the exact accent and dialect of the man at the moment.

We always associate Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt with Charles Lamb. The former must not be thought of too exclusively as a literary critic, though one of the most charming as well as keenest of book reviewers. The finest and most imperishable aroma of his genius is to be found in such essays as his "On the Want of Money," "Sitting for One's Picture," "Londoners and Country People," "Great and Little Things," and "Living to Oneself." Leigh Hunt is always Horace Skimpole in print. The subject seems to be utterly indifferent to him. It always starts him off on an airy, fanciful, and even fantastic talk on everything in earth and heaven, in Hampstead or at the world's end. He is preëminently the poet-essayist, as Horace Skimpole's Roman namesake was the essay-poet. We group about Lamb also Dr. John Brown, who has created a dog-heaven, at least on earth; "Boz," who would be recognized as one of the greatest of essayists if he were not one of the greatest of novelists; Thackeray, who is recognized as one of the greatest of

essayists despite his being one of the greatest of novelists. The genius of Landor has restored the dialogue essay of Plato and Xenophon and Fontenelle, and Sir Arthur Helps has transplanted it into the midst of the nineteenth century. Coleridge, in *Aids to Reflection* and *Table Talk*, and the Hares in *Guesses at Truth*, have paralleled the "Pensées" of Seneca and La Bruyère. The great Coleridge had his fits of essay in most of his writings, especially *The Friend* and *Biographia Literaria*, and he talked essay by the hour, "sitting on Ludgate Hill" or anywhere else that he could find an auditor.

The German mind does not tend to the essay. It is not satisfied to make assaults upon a subject, or to make excursions into it, but must go through it from one end to the other, and leave it a conquered territory. It produces great philosophers and critics. Even where there is the essay mood, it seldom embodies itself in the essay form. Justus Möser, J. G. Hamann, and the Baron von Rumohr are almost the only writers who formally wrote essays in the sense of Addison and Montaigne. We find the quality, however, by fits and starts throughout the nondescript writings of Richter, a confessed imitator of Sterne; in the floating fragments of Novalis; in the literary letters of Lessing; in Heine's sketches of life and travel. We find it in a still higher degree in Tieck's observations of street-scenes and common life about him; in Luther's letters and table talk, and some of his polemic pamphlets; and in the letters of Herder, Zelter, and Frau von Ense. The protean genius of Goethe, of course, develops this quality in great perfection, especially in his letters, his "Maxims and Reflections" and the *Italian Journey*; and it would not be difficult to compile a volume of distinctive essays from his *Wilhelm Meister* alone.

The difference of the French mind from the German is nowhere better shown than in its genius for essay. Not only does French literature abound in this form, but its essayists are among its most typical writers. I can only mention two or three, in addition to those of whom I have already had occasion to speak; and, as elsewhere throughout this article, not undertaking even to enumerate contemporary writers. Voltaire, like Goethe, was master in every form of composition. He is not one of the suggestive essayists; but, as some one says, "he does not demonstrate, he sympathizes." Like Horace and Pope and Boileau, he was an essayist in verse, because it was easier for him to write in that form than in prose. But into

all he wrote he carried "that indescribable thing called Voltaire." Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persanes* and *Pensées Diverses*, has the concise, detached, and epigrammatic style of the essay, and is aptly described as "going at his subject in lively and impetuous sallies." He defines "a great thought" as one which suggests other thoughts, and which discovers to us what we could only hope to obtain by much reading. We can merely add suggestively the names of Voltaire's great followers, with the titles of some of their works—D'Alembert and Diderot, Duclos's *Reflexions*, Mme. de Stäel's *Memoirs*, the *Advices* of the Marchioness de Lambert, the "whimsical and perpetual digressions" of Rabelais, and the miscellaneous writings of St. Marc Girardin. Some of the best essay writing of France is to be found in its memoirs and letters, such as those of the Duc de St. Simon and Mme. de Sévigné.

We need advert to scarcely any other continental literature, except to remark that the Russian novel of to-day is largely essay in a narrative form. And there are no more perfect essay forms than Turgeneff's *Poems in Prose*. Spanish literature is peculiar for its wealth of proverbs, which are essentially essay. Cervantes defines them as "short sentences drawn from long experience."

Doctor Franklin may be regarded as the pioneer of the American essay. Poor Richard's "Way to Wealth" was the way to a rich vein in our literature. Joseph Dennie, "the lay preacher," modelled his style on "the familiarity of Franklin's manner and the simplicity of Sterne's," full of allusion, refreshingly egotistical, and thrusting at the concrete evils and the specific follies of the time. *The Puritan, a Series of Essays, Critical, Moral, and Miscellaneous, by John Oldbug, Esq.*, was published at Boston in 1836, after the manner of the *Spectator*. The author chats about his ancestry, his early home, his books, his Uncle Gideon and Aunt Hannah, his humble neighbors, the parson, the doctor, the schoolmaster, and many marked individualities and scenes of village life, besides a variety of social topics and questions of ethics and æsthetics. *The Puritan* gets to be rather dry and "preachy" toward the last. But, in his preface, Mr. Oldbug shows his apprehension of the essay in these words: "I will find you twenty men who will write systems of metaphysics, over which the world shall yawn and doze and sleep, and pronounce their authors oracles of wisdom, for one who can trifle like Shakespeare, and teach the truest philosophy even when he seems to trifle most."

Washington Irving wrote his *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*

under the spell of the *Spectator*. He once told Mr. Labouchère that he studied style by reading Addison's essays, and then writing them out from memory, and comparing his own phrases with the original. He even undertook, with his friend Paulding, to publish an American *Spectator*. Irving, however, advanced upon his English prototype by a criticism of life which could take account alike of town and country, of the Old World and the New. He also indicated the American tendency to a closer observation of nature.

N. P. Willis was a sparkling sketcher of the surface aspects both of nature and of society, and exhibits the forced gayety of Christopher North without his robust hilarity, and the sentimentality of Leigh Hunt without his delicacy of touch. Edwin P. Whipple's critical essays are informed with his personality, his observation, and his wit. Hawthorne, in his note-books and in such sketches as "A Rill from a Town Pump," must be reckoned among our essayists. Thoreau inaugurated the peculiarly American school of minute and meditative observers of nature. Emerson is quite alone in the sententious vein, and we have nothing answering to the French "Pensées" unless it be Colton's *Lacon*. Our soil has been prolific of humorists, from "Jack Downing" and Neal's *Charcoal Sketches* to "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings."

But my space is covered. One cannot do more than sweep telescopically the crowded lights of the Milky Way. I must content myself with barely adding the names of Charles Lanman, Horace Bushnell, the late Dr. C. S. Henry, and "Timothy Titcomb," while still others, perhaps equally noteworthy, cannot even be mentioned.

FRANCIS N. ZABRISKIE.

## THE TOWN'S MIND.

THE object of all town meetings in old colonial days was to learn the Town's Mind; whether it was for doing this, or for doing that, or for doing something else. In the warrants it was written with capital letters, and was alluded to as if it were a distinguished person, slow to act, and to be consulted on every matter, small and great. On the sixth day of August, 1739, the Town's Mind of Wareham, in the County of Plymouth, of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, was summoned for the first time "to make Choice of a town Clark and all other town officers."

The town clerk recorded in the town book the decisions of the Town's Mind. There is no romance in his annals; they deal only with the small facts that for the day interested the husbandmen, who were accustomed to think more about their woodlands, crops, cattle, and salt marshes than about the social life of the community. It must be confessed that, important man as he was, he did not always write the records in a scholarly style nor in a readable hand. He was frugal-minded. His closely written lines, running zigzag like a rail fence across the pages, reveal a desire to be saving of the book, and the formation of his words shows that no extravagance could be allowed in the use of the alphabet. The Wareham book testifies that one of the qualifications of some candidates for this office was an entire want of skill to write the English language correctly; a want which sore beset the men and women of colonial New England, notwithstanding the compulsory school laws. But there were exceptions; one of these was Jonathan Hunter, the first clerk of Wareham, who spelled his words like a scholar and wrote a hand that is easily read.

In the judgment of the Town's Mind the honors of this office were a fair compensation for its labors:

March, 1760, "voted Roland Swift Town Clark and he said he would serve for nothing"; March, 1761, "maid chois of Benjamin Fearing Town Clarck for the year Insuing without fees from ye Town and he Excepted."

Sometimes a town was willing to grant to its clerk a small amount of money, to be raised by a general tax, that he might piece out the



fees allowed him by law, which were called, in the vernacular, "the Proffites of the Townes Bookes"; for example, the adjacent town of Rochester, in 1711, "agreed with Peter Blackmer that twenty shillings in money should be raised by Rate to satisfie him for keeping of the town Booke for about eleven years past."

The treasurer of the town did not fare so well. A province law declared that he should have "such allowance for his services as the town shall agree to." When the treasurer was elected the Town's Mind agreed to allow him nothing more than "love and good will." We quote from the Wareham records:

In 1740, "chose Deacon Jirah Swift town treasurer and he is to Serve for what the Town will please to give him"; in 1746, "chose Samuel Burge Town treasurer and he is to Serve the Town for Love and good will"; in 1754, "voted John Fearing Town Treasurer for the year Insuing If he will Sarve ye Town on free cost."

After a time six shillings a year—or "sex shelangs," as the clerk of the period wrote it—were allowed the treasurer for his services, and in 1780 his salary was increased to \$10. This apparent extravagance can be accounted for by the fact that the paper currency of the country was at that time almost worthless; silver coins were scarce, and farm products, such as grain, wool, flax, and meats, were their only equivalents in trade and barter. The ten paper dollars paid to the treasurer in 1780 were not worth more than the "sex shelangs" of peaceful times, which, by the province laws of 1749, had been made equal to a Spanish milled dollar.

In addition to the clerk and the treasurer, the town's officers annually chosen were numerous. Some of them were authorized by legislative enactments and some by custom only. There were men "to make up accounts" with the treasurer; others to perambulate the boundaries; one "able man," called in the records the "Clark of the markit," to affix the town's seal to all weights and measures found to be true according to the standards sent out from England in the reign of William and Mary, and to destroy the false. To enable this officer to do his duty fairly, the town of Wareham, in 1747, bought a London set of "wates and mesuers" (as the clerk wrote it), at a cost of £10.

Good orthodox leather was considered to be a prime necessity, like orthodox preaching, and therefore men were chosen, who by authority of law stamped the town's mark upon all leather well and sufficiently tanned or curried; and who seized all unstamped and

defective leather offered for sale, whether it had been worked up or not. And as no man was allowed to make his own theology, so none was allowed to make his own leather, unless he was skilled in what the law styled "the feat or mystery of a tanner"; and if so skilled he was prohibited from exercising any other trade.

There were fence-viewers chosen, with reference to controversies waged by the owners of adjoining lands. Colony laws provided that fences between improved lands must be maintained by the owners in equal parts; if one improved his land before the other, and built the whole fence, the other was required to pay for and maintain one-half when he afterwards made his improvement. In case of a poor fence, or none at all, the viewers decided whether a fence should be erected or repaired, and what part of the expense each owner was to pay. Here is a record showing the manner of their proceeding at Wareham :

"May 12: 1746 Capt Israel Fearing warned Sam<sup>l</sup> Burge again to make up his Fence at Little Neck and also at Indian Neck and then upon Sam<sup>l</sup> Burge neglecting to make up his part of sd fence Capt Israel Fearing applied himself to us the fence-viewers of sd Town. We appeared on the nineteenth Day of this Instant May 1746 and proceeded as followeth (viz) Beginning In the Indian Neck with a Pine tree at the Cedar fence as it now Stands 78 Rods to a Stake—This part for Capt Israel Fearing to make and maintain allowing Sam<sup>l</sup> Burge so many pine Sticks as will make three Rods and three feet of fence and that sd Burge Shall Cut sd Sticks within a year from the Date hereof—the other half part is to Run Sufficiently into the salt water as the fence now stands and this for said Burge to make and maintain and both partys Fearing and Burge their Heirs and assigns are to make and maintain the fence as above mentioned as Long as they Improve the Land and Meadows as they now Lye. George White Thomas Bates fence Viewers. Recorded May ye 24d 1746 by me Jonathan Hunter town Clark."

There were inspectors of highways; also inspectors of rivers, who were sworn to secure to shad and alewives a free passage up and down the town's streams. There were hog-reeves, to see that when hogs went abroad they wore rings in their noses, and yokes of the regulation size on their necks. The law called them "meet persons"; but they were unpopular, as they made fees by using their authority to seize all swine found without a keeper, a yoke, a tethering line, or snout rings, "so as to prevent damage by rooting." Benjamin Smith, of Taunton, sent this petition to the Massachusetts Legislature, in December, 1722 :

"Shewing That being the Hog Reve of the said Town He suffered much in the Execution of that Office, And Praying that this Court would determine Whether his Oath is not a good & lawful Evidence Though he be Hog Reve."

When, in later times, as swine became less numerous, the office became a sinecure, the popular candidate for it was usually the last bridegroom in the town.

Two tything-men, called in the vernacular "tidymen," were chosen from those who were supposed to be the most prudent and discreet. Every incumbent of this office had need of prudence and discretion, for, although he no longer, as in earlier times, took "the charge of ten or twelve Families of his Neighbour-hood" to "diligently inspect them," he was required to watch licensed houses of entertainment, and to make complaint of all disorders and misdemeanors discovered therein. He also reported to His Majesty's justice of the peace all idle persons, "prophane swearers or cursers Sabbath breakers and the like offenders." His presence in the tavern, the shop, or the store, was a signal for silence and sobriety.

Because, said a province law of 1710, "bundles of shingles are mark'd for a greater number than what they contain," two skilful men were chosen to see that neighbors did not cheat each other in trading for shingles and other lumber. Then, there was a town gauger, appointed by His Majesty's justice of the peace, to gauge and mark all casks of rum and molasses exposed for sale. The necessity for this officer, also, grew out of the total depravity of His Majesty's good subjects, in whose casks and hogsheads, said the law of 1718, "there hath been wanting seven or eight gallons and sometimes more which persons are obliged to pay"!

As military service was compulsory upon men between sixteen and sixty years of age, the town had its militia company and members of the county horse troop; and a military clerk, who four times a year listed all persons required by law "to bear arms and duly attend all musters." He collected fines from those who failed to answer the roll-calls on training days, retaining "one quarter part for his pains and trouble." Those who failed to pay the fines were punished by being made to lie neck and heels together, or to ride the wooden horse for an hour.

Other officers of the town were a cattle-pound keeper, who lived by poundage, or fees; a sheep-yarder, who yarded stray sheep, from December to March, at two-pence a head and expenses of keeping; a man "to Tack care of the meeting House and Sweep the Saim," and "to keep the dores & windows shet." His compensation was eight silver shillings a year, or one dollar and thirty-three cents. Two wardens were chosen, "to Inspect ye meeting Hous on ye

Lord's Day and see to Good Order among ye Boys"; for it was customary to separate children from their parents, to place them together in uncomfortable seats, sometimes on the gallery stairs, and to set inspectors over them. If they were discovered laughing or playing during the time of public worship, these inspectors, or wardens, complained of them to His Majesty's justice of the peace, who punished them according to law. Esquire John Fearing, Justice of the Peace at Wareham, from 1755 until the Revolution, made many records in his book like the one which we copy here :

"January the 1 Day 1762 Then Jeremiah Bump paid to me Ten Shillings as a fine for his Son Joseph Bump For Laughing in the meeting House in the Time of Publick Sarvice on the Lords Day he Being Complained of by Barnabas Bates Warden."

If the Town's Mind decided to have a schoolmaster to teach children to read and write, one citizen was chosen "to Git a sutable man" and to assign him work in the four quarters of the township, two months in each quarter, "provided," as the clerk wrote, "the tarmes such a man would Sarve the town for" were satisfactory. Frequently there was no school in the town, the people being unwilling to be taxed for a schoolmaster's wages and keeping; then it became necessary to choose a man "to answer the presentment" of the Grand Jury of Plymouth County, for not having a school.

The office of constable was of high reputation and, as in old Saxon times, so now, it was intended that only those should have it who were "honest and able men both in body and estate and not of the meaner sort." Every constable, said a Plymouth Colony law, "shall have a Black Staffe tip't with Brasse as a Badge of his office which as he hath opportunity he shall take with hin when he goeth to discharge any part of his office." He was therefore popularly known by the irreverent as tipstaff. He gathered the taxes allotted for general expenses of the town, and those allotted for support of the minister, separately. "What the Constables are to Gather," says the town treasurer's book, "in the year 1755—Nathan Landers is to Gather of the ministers Rate £28-10-11 and to Gather of the Town Rate £18-17-1 and Noah Fearing is to Gather of ye ministers Rate £24-15-9 and to Gather of the Town Rate £14-2-2." The warrant for town meeting was addressed to him by the selectmen. It ran: "In his Majesties name to Require you to notifie the Freeholders and other inhabitants Quallified as the Law Directs to vote in Town Meeting that they meet and assemble themselves

together at the meeting House to know the Town's Mind" in regard to the various questions stated in the warrant. This document was copied in the town book to perpetuate the record of the meeting; and the constable therein certified that he had notified the inhabitants "by setting up the warrant at the meeting House," by which he meant that he had nailed it upon the principal door of that building, where everybody could read it on Sunday.

No one sought the office of constable, but whoever was elected was required to accept it, or to pay the fine fixed by law for refusing to take the oath; and this requirement has continued the same in Massachusetts to this day. In 1751 a town meeting was adjourned six times to elect men who would consent to take the constable's oath of office, and David Besse was chosen to prosecute "delinquent constables" on behalf of the town. It was necessary for the Town's Mind to be lenient in dealing with this antipathy to the office; therefore the fine imposed upon Benjamin Fearing "for being delinquent in the office of constable" was remitted on condition that he procured a substitute. In 1752 Butler Wing, being elected constable, refused to serve; whereupon he was prosecuted, and he gave his promissory note for the amount of the fine. The note was not paid when it fell due. He appealed repeatedly to be excused from the debt; but the Town's Mind was unmoved, and in 1755 it directed the clerk to enter upon the book its decision, that it would

"not a Bate mr Butler Wing any Part of the money that he gave a note for for his Refusing to Sarve in the office of Constable when chosen by the Town in ye year 1752."

The sequel of this matter is found in the town treasurer's records of 1756, viz.:

"I have Reseved a fine paid by Butler Wing for not Sarving Constable in the Town of Wareham 2 pounds 14 Shillings."

In the town records of March 11, 1771, we read as follows:

"Voated Josiah Stevens Constable. Josiah Declined and Promused in ye meeting If ye town Let him alone and Did Not make him Sarve Constable this year he would Sarve the town as a Constable Next year."

And the town let him alone, as he desired.

Of all the town officers the selectmen were chief. There were three of them chosen annually to direct the prudential affairs, and their expenses were paid when they were engaged in official business. Their meetings were held at the tavern, where they usually sat the day out, having the town clerk at hand to record their orders, served

with victuals and grog at the town's cost, and regarded by their host with a respect due to servants of the king. They prepared business for the town meetings and nominated town officers for election. They looked up undesirable residents and were active (to quote the records of 1767) in "worning Pepel oot of Town." In 1768 they sent Jeams Baker out of town at a cost of fifteen shillings; Nathan Bump was exported at a cost of six shillings; eight shillings were paid for carrying away "a black child"; and Elisha Burgess received twenty shillings for carting out a whole family. Rams were in higher favor than these friendless sojourners. They had the freedom of the town until 1781, when it was ordered that they "shall be taken in" by the 1st of September. But as they continued to stand at the street corners, the Town's Mind rose in anger, and declared that "if a Ram goes at large the owner shall pay a dollar to him that takes up said Ram."

The selectmen offered to the town meeting a variety of subjects for consideration. Some related to the extermination of foxes, crows, and other farm pests; to the protection of oyster fishing on the bay shores; to the catching and selling of alewives entering the town's rivers; to the acceptance of highways; to repairs of the meeting-house; to the minister's salary and the ministry lands; to the herding of sheep; to the yoking of hogs on the commons; to such questions as whether the town will "have a school this year"; or "will choose a representative at the Great and General Court appointed to be convened for His Majesty's service in Boston"; or "will make new irons for the town-stocks, or a new whipping-post." Some measures discussed were medical, as "not to have Small Pox set up by Inoculation"; some were convivial, as "To pay Joshua Gibbs for two bowls of Grog" drunk while on the town's service; some were pathetic, as "voted for making a Coffen for Alice Reed ten shillings—for her Winding Sheat three and four pence—for digging her grave three shillings"; to pay "the Wido Debre Savery for Fethers she Put in Jemima Wing's bed when Sick Six Shillings"; to pay "Six Shillings to Sam<sup>l</sup> Savery for his Trouble and care of John Pennerine." This last-named beneficiary was one of a large number of poor, ignorant, and superstitious peasants, called French Neutrals, brought as prisoners from Acadia, who were billeted upon the towns of Massachusetts by orders of the royal Governor and Council, like the following:

"To remove John Pelerine Wife and Children, supposed to be Five in Num-

ber a Family of said French Neutrals to the Town of Wareham, and that the Select Men of the Town of Wareham be and hereby are directed to receive them and provide for them." (April, 1757.)

Alice Reed, whose coffin, winding-sheet, and grave thus cost the town sixteen shillings and four pence, had been one of the town's poor, annually put out by the selectmen to be kept at public expense. How to dispose of such people was a subject which periodically exercised the Town's Mind, and it was doubtless a consolation to know that some of the oaths and curses uttered in public had been turned by His Majesty's justice of the peace into shillings for their benefit, as the law directed. They began to call for support in 1746, when the town paid £12 for keeping "Jane Bump so called with victuals and cloaths." The next year she was returned to the selectmen, who, not knowing what to do with her, pressed the town "to do Sumthing for ye Support of Geen Bump." In 1754 appeared the widow Reliance Bumpus, who placed her whole reliance upon the town treasury for twenty years. A short time before she had enjoyed a merited credit with her neighbors, in regard to which an old account-book testifies as follows:

"November ye 24 1751 ye widow Reliance bumpus Dr for 16 pounds of porck 1 bushall of corn and 1 gallon of malases and 1 pound of Ches"—"July 1752 Reconed with Relyanc bumpus and all accounts balanced."

Her widowhood was soon followed by poverty, and then she turned to the selectmen for help. John Bishop, the town clerk, says:

When "the votable inhabitance convened in His Majesties name September 24, 1754 John Bumpus ye 3d Came Into ye meeting and maid the offer ye town that he would Keep ye widow Reliance Bumpus one year Kuming for six Pounds Thirteen Shillings and four Pence Lawfull money and ye Mordarator Put it to vote to know ye Mind of ye town whether they ware willing to allow ye sd Jno Bumpus ye 3d the money he asked to keep ye aforesd widow one year and ye vote Past in the Affarmative."

Thus the poor widows Bump and Bumpus, descendants of Edward Bompasse, who came to "new Plimoth" in the little ship *Fortune* from London in 1621, secured a place in recorded history. Other poor widows achieved the same distinction, and became their companions at the public crib. A warrant for a town meeting in 1757 stated a wish "To know the Towns Mind whether they will do anything for the Support of Sarah Chubbuck it being the Desire of her Brother Benjamin"—a request which suggests that family pride in this respect was not a virtue universally appreciated. In the same year Jane George joined the poor widows' band, and became

famous, inasmuch as she participated in its joys and sorrows for fifty years.

The prices at which the poor widows were farmed out varied annually, but in 1770 their value was uniform at £3 each *per annum*, taken as they ran. Their keeping was so profitable, in services rendered by them, as to induce the town to vote repeatedly "Not to build a poor-house," and a convenient plan for disposing of them was adopted; it was to sell them at auction. At a town meeting in 1776 it was voted, "to vandue the Widow Lovell." She was accordingly set up by the selectmen, and, as the records state, "was struck of to Josiah Stevens for to keep one year for the Sum of nine pounds Six shillings & if She did not live the year in he to have in that proportion." But she "lived the year in," and continued to appear at the annual auction. In 1782 the town voted to buy her a shirt, and then sold her again. After transfers to various homes her death is disclosed in this record of September, 1784: "Voted for a winding sheet and a shift for the Widow Lovell eight shillings." And that was the end of her. But Jane George lived on, and into the next century, surviving all her contemporaries. Through nearly two generations the standing inquiry by the farmers was—Who's going to buy George? She began to be one of the town's poor in 1757; she was set up at vendue for the last time in 1808, when, before she passed from the public stage, dilapidated as she undoubtedly was, the town voted to pay "for Extra Mending Jane George four dollars."

Not every one who came to town meeting was allowed to vote there. The laws of 1692 described qualified voters as owners of real-estate in fee simple, and "inhabitants who are ratable at twenty pounds estate." In 1743 the laws compelled voters to be personally present at the meeting, and all could vote on town matters who had a ratable estate of £20 value in the town; but at the elections of representatives to the Great and General Court at Boston, only those could vote who owned a landed estate yielding an annual income of forty shillings "at the least." This qualification was fixed by the charter of William and Mary, and it is worthy of note that the same ruled in the first municipal corporation in England of which there is an authentic record, one granted in the year 1439 by Henry VI. to the town of Kingston-upon-Hull: \*

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\* My authority for this is Merewether and Stephens's *History of Boroughs and Municipal Corporations*, 1835; although a corporate existence by royal favor has been erroneously claimed for towns at an earlier date.



“ To remedy the great evils arising from the elections being made by outrageous and excessive numbers of people dwelling in the counties, most part of small substance, pretending to have a voice equivalent to the most worthy knights and esquires.”

Our narrative shows that the town meeting was a primary and not a representative assembly. There was no appeal from its decisions. A moderator was chosen at each session to preside over it. Men sat with their hats on, as in the House of Commons, and as this was a place where all were on a uniform level in regard to personal rights and opinions, there were frequent disagreements and disorders among those present. A province law of 1715 gave special powers to the moderator, because, as the law recited, “ by reason of the disorderly carriage of some persons in said meetings the affairs and business thereof is very much retarded and obstructed.”

In some respects the town meeting resembled the parish vestry meeting of Old England two hundred and fifty years ago. Extracts from the vestry book of a small Somerset parish, begun in 1666 and continued nearly a hundred years, which were published in the *London Times* of August 20, 1886, show a degree of similarity in the business transacted by the two. The vestrymen, for example, discussed expenditures for taking care of the church or meeting-house, for “glazing the Church windes,” for “minding the bell whell,” for killing foxes, “hedg hoggs,” rooks, sparrows, and other farm pests. The vestry clerk wrote his “regester booke” (sometimes spelt “rad-gester”) in words of the same illiterate formation as those we have quoted from the town-meeting records. He may be considered as the original of the town clerk. It may also be noted that some of the customs observed in the town, as the arrangement of the congregation by rank in riches and titles, the sale of town paupers at public outcry, the appointment of dog-whippers to beat out dogs in meeting time, and the practice of nailing on the meeting-house (or church) door wolves' heads, and other similar trophies, captured for the town's bounty, were all inheritances from the English parish.

Nevertheless we may believe that the colonial town meeting, in its complete character, was an institution of New England origin, and not an imitation of anything that had existed on the other side of the Atlantic.

WILLIAM ROOT BLISS.

## A GREEK GIRL'S OUTING.

IT was near the close of the third year in the 102d Olympiad (about 350 years before Christ), during the last week of the month Elaphebolion, which corresponds to our April. Morning had dawned fair on Olympus, but the clouds that veiled its awful summit hid from mortal sight the home of Zeus and Hera, and hung like a curtain of white samite before the gate of heaven. To the west and southwest stretched the "storm-buffeted" Ægean, now, however, lying as calmly as a sleeping child, and bathing the fair islands of the Cyclades in summer balm. Fairest of all was Delos, the smallest of the group—the birthplace of Apollo and Diana. Supernatural in its very origin, it had risen from the sea at the stroke of Neptune's trident, and floated on the waves of the Ægean like a fair emerald until Zeus, the all-powerful, moored it to the bottom with chains of adamant, that it might be a place of refuge for Latona in her hour of trial.

Such an atom of an island as it was—only seven or eight miles in circumference, and its breadth but a third of its small length. Mount Cynthus ran from north to south, terminating in a plain that on the west side reached the sea. In this plain stood the city of Delos, with its art, its commerce, and its sacred places. In fact, so sacred was the soil of the whole island in the eyes of ancient Hellas, that, by the enactment of a law so strange that the whole world wondered, it was denied the holy chrism of birth and death. Mothers went to the adjacent islands to give birth to their children, and Rhenea, her nearest neighbor in the group of the Cyclades, was the graveyard of Delos.

On the banks of the little river Inopus, near Lake Trochœides, stood the villa of the noble Greek Theodorus, its white walls gleaming out in bold relief against the dark background of an olive grove. Above it rose the barren heights of Mount Cynthus; but the house itself was set in the midst of luxuriant palm-trees, and surrounded by gardens of wonderful beauty. It was neither the historic Greek house, nor the palace-house of the Homeric poems; Theodorus had followed his own taste, deviating at will from tradition and custom alike, and the result was charming.

The villa was long and somewhat narrow. From a beautiful vestibule, supported by graceful Ionic columns, doors opened on either side into two square rooms, forming respectively the reception chambers of the master and mistress of the domain. From the vestibule itself one passed into a long corridor, on one side of which were apartments in daily use; on the other, an open court, with its exquisitely carved colonnades, its tessellated pavements, and its fountain tossing high the sparkling, perfumed spray that took on every hue of the rainbow ere it fell back into the great basin carved from the marble of Hymettus. Beyond this court was a large square chamber, the living-room of the fair wife of Theodorus, the lady Aurelia.

Here, then, we find her this April morning in the 102d Olympiad—2236 years ago—a beautiful and stately matron, with her dark hair coiled low, jewels in her delicate ears, and wearing a long, soft chiton of white woollen stuff, fastened on the shoulders with jewelled clasps. Her shapely arms were half hidden, half exposed, as she bent over her embroidery frame, and drew in and out the silken threads with which she was forming the petals of a rose. A pair of white Sicilian doves swung beside her in a golden cage. A gay macaw, brought by her lord when last he came from Carthage, chattered on its perch, or swung by one claw as he ruffled his glittering plumage in feigned anger.

The room was almost bare of furniture; a couch or two, covered with rare eastern tapestries, a small table of porphyry and another of carven wood, a bronze toilet-case of exquisite workmanship—this was all. But there were statues of Apollo and Diana on either side the doorway; rare frescoes adorned the walls and ceilings; there were costly rugs from Babylon; and from Persia, wonderfully wrought jars and pitchers of silver, inlaid with gold.

The fair mistress of all this luxury was not alone. At the lower end of the room were three young maidens—slaves, no doubt—busy with distaff and spindle, while they talked merrily with one another in low undertones. Evidently the lady Aurelia was not a hard task-mistress. Indeed, the slave maidens seemed more light-hearted than she; for her eyes turned often, with the gloom of speculation in them, toward a young girl who sat near her, idly rolling and unrolling a small parchment scroll. She, too, had her embroidery frame upon her knee; but the bright silks lay tangled in her lap, as with upturned, thoughtful gaze she looked across the

shining sea to the far north, where the lofty, snow-crowned head of Mount Olympus hung like a pearl in the azure heavens.

"What have you there, Leucippe?" asked the lady Aurelia, at last, dropping her needle half impatiently. "Embroidery is better for you than so much reading. What scroll is that?"

"It was left in my father's chamber, yesterday, by his friend Speusippus, the nephew of Plato, who was his guest at dinner. Hear this, my mother."

Unrolling the scroll she read as follows: "O thou who art the king of heaven, grant us what is useful to us, whether we ask it, or whether we ask it not! Refuse us what would be hurtful to us, even should we ask it!"

The lady Aurelia's lip curled slightly, as she said, "A lofty sentiment, truly; but, for my part, I doubt if the great gods hearken to half-hearted petitions. I put no 'ifs' or 'whethers' in my prayers. What I ask for, that I want. Who wrote the words?"

"They are credited to some ancient poet whose name is not given," answered Leucippe. "The little scroll contains a collection of poems and noble thoughts chosen and copied by Phocion, as a birthday offering to Plato. How his friends and pupils love him!"

"Always 'Plato, Plato'!" cried the mother. "Methinks the men of Athens are going mad!"

"And not the men only, if to love Plato be madness," replied Leucippe. "My father told me yesterday that a young Arcadian girl, named Axiothea, after reading some of the dialogues of Plato, had quitted everything, even to the giving up of her woman's dress, in order to attend his lectures at the Academy."

"And did my lord, your father, approve such unmaidenly behavior?"

"He did not say so," was the low response; "yet he threw no stones at her. My father is generous—even to women."

"Cora, bring hither your lyre, I would have music," said the lady Aurelia, calling to one of the maidens at the lower end of the room. "Leucippe, make greater speed with your needle, or that robe will not be finished in time for the festival. It will be to our shame and disgrace if the vestments of Diana are not renewed ere then."

For half an hour there was no sound in the room save the clear ringing of Cora's voice, as she sang song after song to the soft accompaniment of the lyre.

Meanwhile Leucippe's needle flew with feverish haste. "See, my

mother," she cried, at last, "I have not been so idle as you think! Two hand-breadths more, and this broad border will be finished. Will it win for me the favor of the goddess, do you think?"

"Certainly, my child; that is, if you make the offering willingly."

"And will she, in return, grant me my desires?"

"Yes," answered the mother, a little dubiously. "Depending, doubtless, somewhat on the nature of the desires. However, your poet, whom you quoted an hour ago, would have us so ingeniously word our requests that our prayers will be answered, even in their denial. What do you want now?"—with a strong accent on the last word.

Leucippe flushed until her cheeks were crimson. "I have never left this little island," she said, under her breath. "I am tired of blue seas and blue skies; tired of Delos! I would see something else."

"An island which is sacred to the most high gods, my daughter. We who dwell here are indeed favored among mortals. Look yonder! see how Apollo frowns upon your discontent."

A shadow from the flickering leaves fell upon the face of the statue at that moment, so that it seemed indeed as if there was a frown upon the bending forehead and in the deep-set eyes. Leucippe made a slight involuntary gesture, as of deprecation.

"But there are other sacred places in Greece; there are other temples as holy as ours, and perhaps even more magnificent, and I——"

"Hush!" cried the mother, rising with outstretched hand; "this is blasphemy. Do you not know that from this very window your eyes can behold one of the great marvels of the world? Where will you find such another altar, builded by Apollo himself when he was but an infant of four years; and not of gold, nor silver, nor precious eastern woods, but of the horns of goats slain by the goddess Diana upon this very Mount Cynthus, the rugged heights of which are behind you?"

"I know it, my mother. How can I forget that which you have taught me from my childhood up? But our great Apollo is worshipped elsewhere, and there are other gods than he. Perhaps there are gods we never heard of—who knows? Gods that are as great as Apollo, or even as Zeus himself. How can we know, we who are not gods? They do not tell us, and be sure they never will."

The lady Aurelia looked at her mutinous daughter with uncom-

prehending, yet troubled, eyes. It was the old, old story of the hen and the duckling. "This comes," she said, severely, "of too much reading. If I had my will—but you are too like your father, always asking strange questions, and trying to answer them; questions that seem to me idler than the empty wind. Women should attend to their households, their spinning and weaving and needle-work, and leave vain speculations alone."

The young girl arose and threw herself upon her mother's breast impulsively. "Nay, mother mine," she cried, "do not blame me that I ask questions. I would not be irreverent to the great gods. The wise men at Athens must have dared to ask them, for do you not know they have erected a new altar, not to Zeus, nor Apollo, nor Athene, but to the Unknown God? Who is he but a god of whom our traditions and our priests do not tell us? Mother!"

"What, my child?"

"My father goes to Athens next week, and thence to Delphi, to attend the Pythian Games, where, as you know, Cleomenes enters the lists, and is to contend for one of the prizes in poetry. He has written a hymn to Apollo. Do you suppose, if I make haste to finish this chiton for Diana, and carry it to her with many prayers, she will put it into my father's heart to take me with him?"

Her mother's eyes brightened with a slow smile, as she looked for a moment at her daughter, without speaking. Then she said: "No intervention of the gods is needful to induce my lord Theodorus to let you have your own way. However, you will do well to finish the embroidery."

"That I shall, and carry it to the temple to-morrow," cried Leucippe, as eagerly as if she had never questioned the supremacy of her Delian gods. "Only promise me, dear mother, that you will not interfere if my father does but consent to take me with him."

The beautiful embroidered robe was finished on the morrow, and laid, with what maidenly sighs and prayers we may not know, upon the altar of Diana. How much the goddess bestirred herself to influence the heart of Theodorus in behalf of her young votary is also hidden from us, but when he started on the journey to Athens and Delphi, Leucippe went also.

The mother did not really protest against this, in spite of what she had said to Leucippe; knowing that she herself received from her husband an honorable consideration, a tender courtesy, not often bestowed upon their wives by the men of Greece, and remembering

how freely he had encouraged her to walk by his side in all things, she could not interfere in his management of their young daughter. As Leucippe had said, he was generous, even to women. This generosity was his by inheritance. There had always been in Greece families of high rank and fortune who still followed, both in theory and in practice, the usages of the old Homeric days as to the position of women; they were a law unto themselves, and did not hesitate to trample tradition and custom under foot. Of such a race came Theodorus. His own mother and sisters had been carefully and broadly educated. He had found in them companions and friends, capable of sharing his thoughts and sympathizing in his aspirations. If he found any lack in his beautiful wife, she never knew it; but it was to his young daughter that he turned for the fulfilment of his hopes. It was his will that she should share the studies of his ward Cleomenes; should read the same books and be trained by the same masters, in so far as the difference in their ages would permit. The two had grown up like brother and sister. Even after Cleomenes had attained his majority, had journeyed to Athens to take formal possession of his inheritance, and, armed with spear and shield, had kept solemn vigil in the sanctuary of Agraulus before taking the oath by which all Athenian youth consecrated themselves to the service of their country, he had returned to Delos, and for two years longer had been one of the household of Theodorus.

The little harbor of Delos was alive with the white sails of the bird-like craft that flew hither and thither on that fair spring morning, but like a giant among pygmies towered the black hull of Theodorus's own galley, the *Cygnus*, with its six ranks of rowers, its richly carved prow holding aloft the silver swan, and its pavilion of purple silk, under which his fair daughter could recline at will. Cora accompanied her young mistress, and Manette also; the latter a matron of calm and dignified aspect, who, as she had been Leucippe's nurse from her birth, now held in the household the position of a trustworthy friend rather than that of a servant.

Who can describe, or even imagine, the rapture of that first delightful voyage, as the stately barge wound its way among the islands of the Cyclades? Past Rhenea, with its crowded tombs, where the long ranks of the Delian dead lay buried; past Tenos, with its venerable groves and its superb temple, sacred to Poseidon; catching a glimpse of Andros, with its verdure-covered mountains and its life-giving springs; skirting fair Syros, and shunning wild and

rocky Gyaros, fitted only for a rendezvous for robbers and banditti ; stopping for an hour at beautiful Ceos, where the shepherds consecrate their flocks to Aristæus ; and then on, rounding the sharp point of the Attican peninsula, and up the blue Saronic Gulf into the famous harbor of the Piræus, one of the three sea-gates of Athens.

It was a clear, moonlit night. Leucippe and Theodorus stood near the prow of the boat. Her veil was lifted, and her dark hair, loosened from its fillet, floated back upon the wind ; her hands were clasped over her father's arm, and her breath came quickly as she leaned forward with parted lips, and cheeks glowing with excitement. The two towers of the port were passed. Behind them, to the southwest, the tomb of Themistocles gleamed like a white star. Before, lay Port Cantharus, with its frowning arsenal. In the dim distance soared the shadowy heights of Mount Hymettus. Suddenly the vessel veered to the left, and the Acropolis rose before them, strong and clear in the moonlight.

"Look yonder, my daughter," cried Theodorus, as he bowed his head in swift salute ; "behold Pallas-Athene !"

There she stood, the colossal warrior-maid, the white wonder, the pure, majestic guardian of Athens, with the clear, dark Grecian sky above and around her, in her hands her glittering spear and shield, and beneath her feet the magnificent temples and towers of the sleeping city.

"Think you Cleomenes is here, my father ?" asked Leucippe, as the galley neared the quay.

"Not he," was the answer. "He is at Delphi with the other contestants long before this, vexing the night with the rehearsal of his hymn. He has worn out both voice and cithara ere this, I apprehend. Ambition is a good thing ; but he who enters the lists at Delphi must be prepared for defeat, and so must his friends as well."

"I am not prepared for it," cried Leucippe, eagerly. "My brother Cleomenes can do anything."

Theodorus smiled under cover of the darkness, as he placed Leucippe in the light carriage that was to convey them up the long street of Theseus, to the city.

"Thy brother Cleomenes," he said, ironically, with a slight emphasis on the brother, "is quite a promising youth, but he has yet to prove what metal he is of."

The carriage stopped at length before a large and handsome house, that of the Archon Antimachus, who had long been the



closest friend of Theodorus. It was built of the purest marble, once white as snow, but now softened and mellowed by time ; and the exquisite carvings of columns and capitals, with their delicate outlines and light traceries, looked in the soft moonlight like shadows flung by the flickering ilex leaves. Between it and the street was a court, or yard, but a few feet in depth, where the green turf was like velvet, and containing a stone altar with a small statue of Zeus, to which they paid mute reverence as they passed it on their way to the brazen door, with its inscription of welcome.

Here they were received with true Grecian hospitality by Antimachus and his wife, Lystrate; and from this beautiful home, after three days, Leucippe wrote thus to her mother :

"LEUCIPPE, DAUGHTER OF THEODORUS, TO THE LADY AURELIA, *Greeting*:  
The favor of the gods be with thee, O my mother ! The *Cygnus* will return to Delos to-morrow, and my father bids me write thee that we are thus far safely on our journey. Of our voyage I will tell thee hereafter ; but now thou wilt be glad to know of our welfare and happiness, and that we reached here just in the midst of the great Panathenaic festival. On the very night after our arrival was the great torch-race in honor of Hephæstus and Pallas-Athene ; and the whole world seemed ablaze as the lithe, swift runners darted toward the goal, each striving to keep his torch alight. Only the handsomest and fleetest youths in Athens are allowed to contend ; and our Cleomenes was there, though my father said he would not be. Art thou not glad ? He did not take the prize, for one was swifter-footed than he ; but he kept the torch blazing to the very end. I threw him a garland—for thy sake.

"Lystrate, who loves thee well, is very kind to me, as also her daughter Marcia, whom Cleomenes thinks the most beautiful maiden in Athens. I do not know how that may be ; I think I have seen as fair, even in Delos. But she is good and fair, and is just my age, so that we are good comrades. Yesterday was the chief day of the festival, when the peplos was offered to Athene ; and the matrons and maidens walked in the great procession, carrying costly vessels of gold and silver, to be used in the sacrifices. Nay, I mistake. The vessels were borne by the matrons, while the most beautiful and graceful of the maidens carried on their heads baskets filled with flowers, fruit, and frankincense ; and—can you believe it ?—Antimachus says all beauty is sacred to the most high gods, and on this day, of all the year, the fair Athenian virgins walk unveiled !

"I walked with Marcia in the brilliant train ; Antimachus and Lystrate would have it so, as I am their guest, and my father is almost an Athenian. It was well I had my best attire with me. I wore the white silk robe wrought with the silver bees, and the fringed border ; and was glad indeed that Cora had not forgotten the golden pins and the ear-rings my father brought from Tyre.

"Last night Antimachus asked me what in all Athens I wanted most to see. I could not tell him an untruth. I told him it was not the temples, nor the Parthenon, nor the finest sculpture of the whole world. It was Plato ! But I do not expect it, though Marcia says he is but a man, like other men. Farewell, my mother. My father sends thee greeting. The gods be with thee !

"THY DAUGHTER, LEUCIPPE."

It would be pleasant to linger with them in Athens; to tell how, under the roof of Antimachus, Leucippe did indeed, with downcast, reverent eyes and throbbing heart, listen to the voice of Plato, which seemed to her as the voice of a god; and how her host, won over by her beauty, her modesty, and, more than all, by her eager yearning after truth and wisdom, swore by Minerva herself that she should go to the Academy and listen to the lectures. Do not the chronicles declare that Lystrate, the wife of Antimachus, and Leucippe, the daughter of Theodorus, did on more than one occasion cover themselves with himations of some dark, inconspicuous fabric, and, unnoticed and unmolested, attend sundry lectures of Plato at the Academy?

But in a week the Pythian Games were to begin at Delphi, in Phocis; and thither they went, accompanied by Antimachus, Lystrate, and Marcia. Embarking at Pagæ, they made the harbor of Cyrrha, a small town at the foot of Mount Cirphis. Between this mountain and Parnassus lies a long valley in which the chariot and horse races were held, and through which the river Plistus runs, between the fairest of blooming meadows. But without making long delay here, they took one of the direct roads to Delphi.

The city presented itself to their view in the form of an amphitheatre on the south-west declivity of Mount Parnassus. It lay in a secluded, mountainous region, picturesque with wild peaks, rude rocks, and precipitous cliffs. Even at a great distance they were able to distinguish the splendid domes and towers of the Temple of Apollo, and the sheen of the army of statues that adorned the town; but not the sheen of polished marble alone, for many of them were covered with gold, and reflected the rays of the setting sun with a dazzling refulgence.

To Leucippe's young eyes the scene was one of startling magnificence; for, even as they looked, advancing slowly over the plain and down from the hills, came long processions of boys and girls, each vying with the other for the palm of grace and beauty. From the mountain heights and the sea-coast alike, a vast multitude was hurrying toward Delphi.

The next day our party, under the guidance of Antimachus, began their examination of the sacred riches of the city. Masterpieces of art met them at every step. Here were the treasures of the Athenians, the Thebans, the Cnidians, the Syracusans. Here were many shrines, and statues of gods and heroes that could not

be counted; here were sumptuous offerings of kings and princes; here were stored in dazzling array the splendid gifts of Croesus; here, with wondering eyes, Leucippe beheld the necklace worn by Helen of Troy, and immense palm-trees, the leaves of which were silver and the fruit gold.

At last they entered the temple, over the gate of which was a tablet containing a word of two letters, which has been variously interpreted. Its real significance seems to have been "Thou art." Hard by was another inscription, "Let no one approach these places but with pure hands." Within, one of the first things to attract the attention of our travellers was, standing amid the statues of the gods, the seat in which Pindar sang his Apollinean hymns, for thus highly did Hellas honor her poets.

For many hours Leucippe looked and listened. "My eyes are tired of seeing, and my ears of hearing," she cried at last. "I can bear no more. O my father, let us go hence!"

"But have you no question to propound to the oracle?" asked Theodorus. "For one, I do not care to come so far and go away no wiser than I came."

"The Pythia does not mount the tripod until to-morrow," said Antimachus. "We can return then, and you can ask whatever you wish."

Antimachus spoke with grave sincerity; but in the eyes of Theodorus there was the lurking devil of unbelief. Even then wise men among the Greeks, while, perhaps, heartily believing in the gods themselves, had begun to question the validity of the oracular utterances.

How brilliant the sky seemed, how pure and clear the air, as they emerged from the temple, which was cloudy with smoke and incense! At the foot of the hill, a deputation from the Peloponnesus, laden with gifts and garlanded with flowers, had just arrived and were forming ranks; while the shouts, the music, the imposing ceremonies, the tumultuous joy, the rapidly changing spectacles, all united to make the prospect august beyond comparison.

But now the contests at the theatre were about to begin, and a vast multitude was surging thither. Almost without willing it the party of Theodorus was borne on with the crowd, until its members separated at the door, where Lystrate and the two girls were led by the ushers to the seats assigned to the women. Six poets had entered the lists, the subject being the combat between Apollo and

the serpent Python. Each poem was, in fact, a hymn to Apollo, sung by the author himself, to the accompaniment of his own cithara.

Leucippe listened intently, as one after another strode upon the stage, lifted his resonant voice, bowed, and departed. The applause was vehement, each poet being loudly cheered by his own following. Yet it was not easy to say which had won the popular heart. At length, when five of the six contestants had thus gone their way, the herald announced "Cleomenes!" Forth stepped a dark-haired Grecian youth of noble form and face, who wore his white chlamys, lined with purple, as if it had been a royal robe, so free, so unconscious, was his bearing. He was the youngest of the six. As his eye wandered over the vast audience before he struck the first chords upon his cithara, it was quiet and unmoved, until it fell upon Leucippe, and he recognized her, veiled though she was. Then, raising his hand involuntarily, while his cheek changed color, he gave a slight, half imperceptible salute, and bowing low to the amphictyons, began his hymn. Leucippe blushed like a rose, even beneath her light veil, as she drew back and hid her face for a moment behind the heavy folds of Lystrate's deploidion, and then, forgetting herself in the singer, leaned forward to listen, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes. The last low note of the cithara died away into silence, and the young minstrel stood motionless, white to the very lips. For a moment the house was motionless and silent also. Then the vast assemblage swayed to and fro, and from thousands of throats loud cries of applause swelled upward, echoing and reëchoing in the vaulted roof. Cleomenes had won the palm, which was presented to the victors on the spot as an earnest of the forthcoming crown; and as he left the stage—was it by accident?—one green spray fluttered downward, and fell upon Leucippe's hand.

All night the youth of Delphi paraded the streets, singing verses in honor of the victors in these and other contests, while the populace made the air ring with tumultuous clamor. Even the echoes of Parnassus, awakened by cymbal and trumpet, seemed to join in the universal joy.

The next day our friends repaired to the temple once more, gave their questions in writing, and awaited their turn. That night Leucippe, sleepless from excitement and fatigue, wrote again to her mother:

"LEUCIPPE TO HER MOST BELOVED MOTHER, *Greeting*: Health and peace to thee while we are absent one from the other. There is much to tell thee about

all the wonderful things we have seen and heard. Cleomenes won the prize—as I was sure he would—and is to receive the olive crown in honor of his victory. My father was pleased, I know, though he mocked at me, and pretended to make light of it.

“Thou knowest how much I have desired to see the Pythia of Delphi. To-day I have seen her. We went to the temple at early dawn, but the crowd was already great. Indeed, many devotees had remained in the court all night; for the Pythia can be approached only on certain days, and mounts the tripod but once a month. However, we propounded our questions, and, by the favor of a young priest who is known to Antimachus, were able to gain a standpoint from which we soon saw the priestess as she passed through the temple, accompanied by some prophets, priests, and bards, who entered with her into the sanctuary. Dear mother, she was not, as I had thought, grandly beautiful, a sibyl, a prophetess, lifted above humanity by the strength of the divine afflatus. She seemed but a poor, weak woman. Melancholy and dejected, she moved with reluctance, like a victim dragged to the altar. She ate of the fragrant laurel leaves, and threw handfuls of them into the sacred fire as she passed. Upon her pale and wasted forehead a garland of laurel pressed heavily.

“All around the temple were the bleeding victims; for there were a great number of strangers who wished to consult the Oracle. The cries of the victims blended with the songs and the music. We were purified with consecrated water, and, for himself and for me, my father offered sacrifices. Then we waited in a little chapel till the priest came for us. We were led into the sanctuary—a deep cavern, thick with burning incense and other perfumes—in the middle of which is the aperture from which issue the prophetic exhalations. Over this opening in the ground is placed the tripod, so thickly covered with branches of laurel as to prevent the vapor from spreading throughout the cavern. If it had not been for this precaution, it may be that we should ourselves with one accord have begun to prophesy! But, O my mother! I did not think consulting the Pythia would be like this. Worn out with fatigue, for it was now near night, she refused to answer our questions. The priests reviled and threatened her, and even held her by force upon the tripod, from which she vainly strove to escape. I would have fled, so frightened was I, but my father said, as we were there, he chose to see the end of it all. They gave her to drink of some noisome water which flows through the cavern. Soon her bosom began to heave and she was seized with strange convulsions, all the time uttering low cries and inarticulate moanings. Suddenly, with wild eyes and foaming mouth, she tore the fillet from her head, while she pronounced some incoherent, rambling words to which the priests eagerly listened. Having mentally arranged them in some kind of order, they gave them to us in writing. The Oracle had spoken!

“The answers were obscure, for the most part, or were such as could be understood according to one's own wishes. For instance, my father asked, ‘What is the best form of worship?’ and the answer was this: ‘Conform to the received religion of your country, whatever it may be.’ After reading it he tore it up, saying to Antimachus, in a low voice, ‘I need not have come hither to learn that. It is what any priest in Delos would have told me.’

“But the poor Pythia! I cannot rest to-night, for thinking of her woes. Would the priests be so cruel to her if they themselves believed her voice to be the voice of the god? Dost thou think so, my mother? Thou, too, wouldst have asked the question, even thou, if thou hadst been here. I have seen too much. But

now I am tired and would fain sleep. Menos will bear this to thee on the morrow. I seal it with the scented wax thou gavest me. The favor of the gods be with thee ! Farewell !

THY LEUCIPPE."

Yet, in spite of this assertion that she had already seen too much, the young Greek maiden was quite ready to extend her travels and to go with her father, when, shortly afterward, he announced his intention of journeying across the Sea of Crissa to Ægium, and thence overland through Achaia to Olympia, where the Olympic Games were to open on the eleventh of the month Hecatombæon.

The inns of Greece were poor and ill-kept, being seldom patronized by the upper classes. Therefore Theodorus was most fortunate in having friends wherever he went. At Olympia he was the guest of one who dwelt just outside the Altis—a sacred wood of vast extent, surrounded by high walls, and crowded with temples, altars, statues, and public buildings. Of all these the great Temple of Zeus was incomparably the most magnificent. Yet it was not its sculptured brazen gates, its myriads of marble columns, its elaborately carved pediments, its many shrines, its lengthening aisles and porticos, that attracted Leucippe's eye and held her spellbound. Passing by all these splendors, her attention was at once captured by the statue and throne of Zeus, masterpieces of Phidias and of the art of sculpture as well. The statue was a colossal figure of gold and ivory, which, though seated, rose almost to the ceiling. In its right hand it held an image of Victory, also of ivory and gold ; in its left, a sceptre of rare workmanship, surmounted by a golden eagle. The throne, resplendent with gleaming metal and precious stones, was adorned in every part by the skill of the painter and the sculptor. But it was the face that moved Leucippe to tears, and held Theodorus in mute ecstasy. " In it," says Anacharsis the Younger, " the divine nature is imagined with all the majesty of power, all the profundity of wisdom, and all the mildness of clemency. Heretofore, artists had represented the sovereign of the gods with ordinary features only, devoid of elevation, and marked by no distinctive character. Phidias was the first who represented the divine majesty."

" Phidias must have ascended into heaven and beheld Zeus face to face," said Leucippe, in the low tones of reverent wonder. " Where else could he have found the lofty conception embodied here ? "

" Poets would say so," said Theodorus ; " but Phidias himself, when asked a question similar to yours, quoted the lines of Homer, where-

in he says that at one look of Zeus mighty Olympus trembles. It was blind old Homer who inspired Phidias."

Long they remained gazing upon that face, so divinely gentle, yet so awful in its sublimity. Then they silently withdrew, and as silently walked homeward through the shadows of the sacred Altis, where no sound was heard but the faint breath of the wind in the tree-tops. Just beyond the walls they passed what had been the workshop of Phidias, and paused reverently, while Theodorus bowed his head and made obeisance to the shade of the immortal master, the grandest of the Greek sculptors, whose great soul passed from earth to heaven through gloomy dungeon bars.

"I go to the Stadium this afternoon," said Theodorus, later on. "What will you do with yourself, my Leucippe, for you know no woman may behold the Olympic Games?"

"Yet, in good truth, the women have their own games; do you not know that, my father? I will take Manette and Cora, and go to the Temple of Hera."

So, while Theodorus went by the road of the Barrier to the great hippodrome, and to the Stadium, with its two splendid altars, where the athletes of Greece were to run for glory, if not for life, Leucippe, with her maids, retraced her steps to the Altis. Here, near the temple of the great goddess Hera, sixteen women, noble matrons of high lineage and exalted worth, presided over the races of the girls of Elis.

Leucippe wandered about the temple, while waiting for the games to begin, but the only thing which deeply interested her was the cedar coffer in which the baby prince, Cypselus, afterward ruler of Corinth, was hidden by his mother when foes of his father were seeking his life. Long before the trumpet sounded, however, they had taken their places in the amphitheatre, which enclosed them from curious eyes; for if the women might not see the games of the men, neither might the men see the games of the women. It was a fair instance of tit for tat. Yet the races of that day were well worth seeing, and were far from immodest: one by one, as a female herald pronounced their names, the beautiful young competitors, clad in short white chitons, loosely girded, with bare arms, and their long hair floating unconfined, darted into the course and flew toward the goal like so many birds, their light feet scarcely touching the ground. The victor not only received an olive crown, but won the right to place her portrait in the Temple of Hera.

Talking eagerly with her nurse, Manette, while Cora followed in their steps, with her veil thrown back, and her fresh young face lifted to meet the kisses of the soft sweet air—for was not every man in Elis at the Stadium?—Leucippe strolled slowly through the Altis on her way to the nearest of the massive gates. As she approached it, she caught the glimpse of a lithe, manly figure, half hidden in the shadows, and her heart gave a leap.

“Thy veil, thy veil, Leucippe!” cried Manette, hastily rearranging its folds, for she was no false duenna, to wink at improprieties. But the fair, flower-like face had been recognized, and the youth advanced quickly.

“Nay, nay, Manette, it is only I,” he cried. “Do you not know Cleomenes? I have been waiting at the gate an hour for thee, Leucippe,” he whispered, bowing over her hand.

“But why art thou not at the Stadium, Cleomenes? When didst thou come? Why art thou here?”

“I can answer thy three questions in a breath,” he said softly, as Manette dropped behind. “I came three hours ago. Did I not know thou wouldst not be at the Stadium, and was I not sure I should find thee here? Months ago thy father gave me leave to tell thee that I love thee, Leucippe. I called thee sister when a boy, but now that I am a man I woo thee for my wife.”

As the youth said this, the voice that had rung out so clearly in the theatre at Delphi faltered as it sought the favor of the maiden; but the sequel proves that Leucippe’s answer was favorable to his suit.

The true Olympic Games, beginning with magnificent ceremonies, and sacrifices to the gods, lasted five days. The last day of the festival was set apart for the crowning of the victors, and it is not easy for later ages fully to comprehend, or to sympathize with, the enthusiasm which prevailed. The ceremony was performed in the Altis, preceded by pompous sacrifices; then, clothed in richest apparel, and bearing palm branches in their hands, the victorious athletes marched to the theatre, to the sound of flutes and trumpets, attended by an immense concourse, some on foot, some mounted on stately horses, and some in magnificently decked chariots. The great choruses chanted the Hymn of Archilocus, after which the heralds announced the name of him who had gained the first prize of the Stadium; and as the chief president placed upon the victor’s head a crown of wild olive, gathered from a tree grow-



ing near the Temple of Zeus, the plaudits of the vast assemblage reached the skies, while to all Greece it seemed that the fortunate one had reached the acme of human glory.

All this, and much besides, Leucippe saw, even if debarred from the sight of the games themselves. Theodorus had planned a long and lingering journey homeward, but Leucippe, now that her heart was consciously awakened, and the crisis of her womanhood had come, longed for her mother. Joyfully, therefore, she acceded to the proposal that they should strike directly across Arcadia to Thyrea, a small port on the Gulf of Argos. Here the *Cygnus* awaited them, and bore them on her swift white wings home to Delos.

Several months later occurred the quadrennial festival at Delos in honor of Apollo and Diana, and there could be no more auspicious time for a wedding than immediately after the close of sacrifices and offerings which could not fail to win the favor of the gods and put them in good humor. At least, so thought the lady Aurelia, in whose hands the matter rested; for it was usually the mother of the bride elect who fixed the day for the nuptial ceremony. Numerous were the preparations and ceremonies in the house of Theodorus. Marcia, daughter of Antimachus, and friend to both Leucippe and Cleomenes, who had been invited to the marriage, tells the story in her letter to her cousin Ismene, at Athens:

*"Health and greeting!* I am fain to write to thee, Ismene, for my head is full and my heart also. Would thou hadst been here! Never did I see maiden so beautiful as Leucippe was yesterday, when she became the wife of Cleomenes. The festivals were superb; methought them as fine as ours at Athens, which, in truth, I did not expect. But doubtless the gods themselves assist the Delians, seeing that they labor under such disadvantages; while they do not hesitate to leave us to our own devices.

"Early in the morning of the great day of the festival I ascended with Theodorus and Leucippe to the top of Mount Cynthus—which is truly of but moderate height. From it we beheld the whole group of islands of which this little Delos is the centre: they lie in the clear ocean, even as the stars in the high heavens, some near, some afar off, yet all seemingly linked together by the channels of bright water which flow between; separated, yet united. Their inhabitants are friends and neighbors. When the great solemnities at Delos begin, all lesser altars are deserted and the fires go out: even as we looked, heralded by joyful music, vessel after vessel issued from the various harbors and flew over the shining water toward us, bearing incense, rich offerings, and perfumes. Their masts were wreathed with flowers, and gay streamers fluttered at their prows, while the fresh wind swelled the purple sails, and the glancing oars gleamed in the rays of the rising sun. Even the oarsmen wore garlands of roses. Canst thou imagine aught more beautiful? Meanwhile a great throng had assembled on the plain beneath us. Then

suddenly clouds of smoke arose and enveloped them ; and we heard a thousand voices exclaim, ' The incense burns on the altar ; let us hasten to the temple.'

" But I will not delay, now, to tell thee of the processions, the dances in honor of Latona (in which Leucippe and Cleomenes joined, as was fitting), and all else that filled the four days of the festivals. When all was over, and silence and tranquillity again reigned in Delos, came the marriage day. Methinks every one on the island arose before dawn. I peeped from my lattice ere the sun was up, and lo ! the whole court, and even the street itself, was filled with men, women, and children, bearing flowers, and offering prayers and oblations, while they waited to see the bride come forth. Of course, I had been up nearly all the night, helping to prepare the perfumed water for the bath, to dress Leucippe's hair with fragrant essences, and to make ready the wreath of poppies, which would droop in spite of all my care. You should have seen the purple marriage robe, wrought with rich embroidery of gold by her mother's own hands—the lady Aurelia being wondrously skilled in all needlework. I helped array her in it, and was allowed to clasp about her neck the necklace of precious stones, the gift of Cleomenes. Leucippe's gift to him was the wedding garment, in which he looked like a god. She wrought it herself, and truly she must have been most industrious since her return from Olympia ; I wonder at her patience, even though Eros helped her.

" After Leucippe was ready, I ran to my chamber to array myself in the beautiful white robe with ornaments of silver that she had given me for the occasion ; and which, as you will see it in due season, I need not here describe. Then I, too, hastened to the court, that I might the better behold the spectacle. Forth they came at last, Leucippe led by Cleomenes, and followed by her parents and an officer who had just drawn up the marriage contract. Mounting a chariot, they proceeded to the temple. The people thronged about them, strewing flowers in their way, and crying out to Apollo and Diana to send favorable omens, and avert such as portended evil. I was in advance of them, in a carriage with Dion and Paulina, when suddenly I was terrified by the sight of a black crow perched on a tree by the roadside ! Happily, however, the crowd, surging round us, kept the chariot back, till the dreadful creature had been driven off with hoots and cries : it would have been woful indeed if Leucippe had seen it, or heard its ill-omened voice, and I think her mother would have gone mad. At the gate of the temple the priests met them, presented the branches of ivy, and led them to the altar. I need not tell you of the sacred rites, which are the same here as with us, or of the nuptial ceremony.

" It was night when we returned to the house of Theodorus, Cleomenes having no house of his own in Delos. As the bride and groom swept over the threshold, a basket of fruit was placed on their heads for a moment, as an omen of plenty. Then came the banquet, with songs to Hymen ; and several poets sang epithalamiums of their own composing, which, I am fain to say, became somewhat wearisome. My eyes grew heavy with sleep after the fatigues of the day, and I was glad when, after the dancing women had departed, the lady Aurelia lighted the nuptial torch and led Leucippe to the chamber prepared for her.

" The bridegroom will carry his bride to Athens after the new moon, and I go with them. Therefore we shall soon meet. Farewell, my Ismene, and may the gods grant thee a husband as handsome as Cleomenes, and as much in love with thee as he is with Leucippe !

" THY COUSIN, MARCIA."

JULIA C. R. DORR.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### NEW FIELDS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

ONE of the marked features of the times is the energy with which scientific investigators are pushing their researches into new and untrodden fields. Nowhere is this activity greater than in psychology, a science which seems to be extending its boundaries in several different directions. Kant put forth the dictum that the methods of exact experiment and mathematical calculation could not be applied to mental phenomena. But he had been in his grave scarcely a generation when, under the stimulus of Herbart, a school of psychologists arose, whose specialty was the application of the very methods rejected by Kant to the phenomena of mind. That branch of psychology to which the name of psycho-physics has been applied marks a definite extension of the limits of psychology, bringing, as it does, into the purview of the science such problems as the time measurements of various mental operations, and the determination of the exact ratios that exist between variations of the external stimuli and the corresponding changes of intensity in the sensations of the different senses.

Psycho-physics is not the only new territory, however, which the psychologist has invaded. He is now seeking to make conquests in an opposite direction. At the time when Carpenter's *Mental Physiology* first appeared, it may be said that the subjects of hypnotism, dreams, hallucinations, and kindred phenomena constituted a *terra incognita*, regarding which only the vaguest ideas were entertained. It scarcely occurred to the psychologist that these were subjects about which he need trouble himself. But within a few years the phenomena of hypnotism, especially, have come into prominence; and the investigation has received a powerful stimulus, as well as important contributions, from the group of French hypnotizers at Nancy, whose experiments are reviewed in connection with the general problems of hypnotism by Mr. Edmund Gurney, in the April number of *Mind*.\* In this article, and in a second one in the July number of the same journal, Mr. Gurney brings the present stage of the inquiry concerning hypnotic phenomena under review, and outlines a number of very important problems which the results of recent researches have brought forward for solution. That the psychologist must be prepared to grapple with these problems, as well as with the kindred subjects of dreams and hallucinations, is evident. The field seems to be rich in the possibilities of valuable results for mental science.

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\* *Mind*, April, 1887. "Further Problems of Hypnotism."

And not only has great industry been aroused in the investigation of this general field, but in a certain portion of it a special line of research has been marked out, which has awakened a high degree of interest both among specialists and in the minds of the general public. Had any one ventured, a few years ago, to predict that psychology would invade the peculiar domain of so-called spiritualism, and succeed in conquering a portion of it for herself, he would have been suspected of laboring under a mild form of lunacy. But the organization in London, several years since, of a Society for Psychical Research, numbering in its membership some of the leading scientific minds in Great Britain, with correspondents in other countries, marked the beginning of a new era. The society's programme contemplated the investigation of the entire sphere of extraordinary psychical phenomena; but very soon a definite line of inquiry began to absorb the greater portion of the attention and industry of its members. This definite line embraced all that mass of actual or alleged instances in which the mind of one person has been impressed by that of another through supersensory channels, or at least in a way which could not be accounted for by the ordinary modes of communication through the senses. The results of several years of persistent research have been summed up in two huge volumes, prepared mainly by Mr. Edmund Gurney, the corresponding secretary of the society.\* Mr. Gurney's books give us a very favorable impression of the spirit and methods of the society. Its labors seem to give a decisive answer to the question whether such phenomena are open to scientific treatment. The popular opinion, heretofore, has been that they are not, and that the sphere in which they lie is one which only fanaticism or superstition would venture to invade. The first question, of course, and the most important, is whether a sufficient number of well-authenticated cases of the phenomena considered can be obtained, to justify the conclusion that minds have some super-ordinary mode of communicating with one another, which is inexplicable by known laws. Persons who have had any experience in investigating alleged marvels have found, as a rule, that the facts shrink so under investigation as to leave little to be explained: the phenomena of the so-called mind-reading, for instance, turn out to be, for the most part, muscle-reading, and the skilful interpretation of ordinary signs. The action of the committee appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the alleged facts of spiritualism is a case in point. Their report is entirely adverse to the claims of the spiritualists, asserting that a general unwillingness to submit to fair scientific tests was met with, and that, invariably, where such tests could be applied, the spirits failed to materialize, and nothing turned up to disturb the ordinary equanimity of nature.

Mr. Gurney and the society which he represents recognize the necessity for extreme caution in dealing with materials so exposed to fraud and delu-

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\* *Phantasms of the Living*. By Edmund Gurney, M.A., Frederic W. H. Myers, M.A., and Frank Podmore, M.A. Vols. I. and II., pp. lxxxiv and 573; xxvi and 733. London, 1886: Trübner & Co.

sion ; and an entire chapter of the first volume is devoted to a careful discussion of the possible sources of error, and to the evidential value of different kinds of testimony.\* But after excluding all the instances which are vitiated by possible fraud or incompetence on the part of the witnesses, Mr. Gurney has remaining a collection of over seven hundred cases which, in his opinion, possess evidential value. They are sufficient, he concludes, to prove "the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense."† To represent this supersensory mode of communicating impressions the term *telepathy* has been coined.

Assuming that a sufficient number of genuine cases has been collected to prove the existence of some mysterious mode of communication between different persons, the question as to the explanation of this phenomenon, or whether, in fact, any explanation is possible, is one on which opinions may differ. And even among those who believe in the possibility of explanation different theories are held. The telepathic explanation proposes a *natural* solution, as opposed to the quasi-supernaturalism of spiritualism ; and a *psychical* solution, as opposed to those who would give a purely physical account of the phenomenon.

In considering the merits of the telepathic hypothesis material assistance will be derived from following Mr. Gurney's excellent classification of his facts. The cases are distributed under the two main divisions, *experimental* and *spontaneous*, with a number of instances which the author classes as *transitional*. The experimental cases naturally yield the most definite results, the conditions being determined beforehand by the operators. They are mostly hypnotic in their character, and may be classified in two different ways : (1) according as both agent and percipient‡ are cognizant of the experiment ; or the agent alone, while the percipient is unconscious that any one is seeking to influence him ; or (2) according as the hypnotic *rapport* operates between persons in proximity or at a distance. A number of examples are given under each of the four heads ; sufficient, as Mr. Gurney thinks, to establish the fact of telepathic communication, which he translates *thought-transference*, in the experimental sphere. The competing hypotheses in the experimental sphere are the spiritualistic and the physical. The former is rejected on two grounds : first, because the general character of the phenomena does not necessitate the introduction of quasi-supernatural agencies ; and, secondly, because a natural explanation, other things being equal, must always be given the preference in science. The objection to the physical hypothesis is rested on the ground of its insufficiency. In cases of proximity the *rapport* might be explained as a species of "nervous induction," but the *rapport* at a distance, and especially in cases where the percipient is unconscious of any attempt to influence him, cannot be satisfactorily ex-

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\* Vol. I., c. iv., pp. 114-172.

† Vol. I., p. 6.

‡ The agent is the one who conveys the impression, the percipient the one who receives it.

plained by any purely physical hypothesis. Mr. Gurney concludes that the psychical hypothesis of thought-transference, or telepathy, is the only one that will adequately account for all the facts. The only thing remaining to be accounted for, on this hypothesis, is the origin of the hypnotic *rapport* itself, as existing between persons at a distance; and Mr. Gurney is of the opinion that it is not necessary (even if it were possible) that any physical effluence should pass from the agent to the percipient, but that the only condition of the telepathic communication which it is necessary to presuppose, as existing between them, is "the permanent impression of their past relations to one another." \*

Under the head of spontaneous telepathy, in which the communication is not deliberately sought, and "where the agent and percipient, as a rule, are far apart," a vast collection of examples is given, both in the body of these volumes and in the supplement. In these cases the agent is usually either in great distress or in the crisis of death, and the percipient has either an inner impression of some sort which does not materialize in any external form, or he is the subject of a hallucination in which the presence of the agent is manifested to one or more of the senses. The spontaneous cases, like the experimental, admit of a twofold classification: (1) according as they are subjective, or objective (taking the form of hallucinations); or (2) according as there is but one percipient, or a group of percipients, each of whom has substantially the same impression, or perceives the same object. Besides the spiritualistic and physical explanations, another competing hypothesis, that of chance-coincidence, enters the field at this point. The physical explanation, if the genuineness of the facts be admitted, is here obviously insufficient. It requires a great stretch of imagination to suppose that any species of nervous induction or molecular transmission can account for the waking vision which a man in India has of a friend who is dying in London at the moment. The spiritualistic hypothesis is excluded on grounds already indicated. Mr. Gurney gives special attention to hallucinations, the stock in trade of the spiritualists, and argues, we think conclusively, that even in instances where the telepathic impression is presupposed, the hallucination itself, or the bodying forth of the impression in sensory form, is subjective, having its source in the mind of the percipient, and developing in accordance with the suggestions of his past experience; and, in case there are several percipients, being transmitted telepathically from one to another. On this latter point, however, there is some difference of opinion. Mr. Myers, the author of the Introduction, and of an extended note in the second volume, † prefers the hypothesis that, where there is a group of percipients, each derives his impression directly from the agent, who, at the moment of death (as is mostly the case), has a clairvoyant vision of the group. Whatever may be thought of these suggested explanations, they are at least natural, and avoid the quasi-super-

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\* *Mind*, July, 1887, p. 403.

† Vol. II. On a suggested mode of psychical interaction, pp. 278-316.

naturalism of the spiritualistic hypothesis. There remains, then, only the hypothesis of chance-coincidence, which is the favorite in this field. If A, in Calcutta, has a waking vision of his friend B, who is dying in London at that moment, why cannot the phenomenon be explained as a chance-coincidence? Mr. Gurney replies, that a single instance, or a few instances, could be so explained; but in a chapter in his second volume, devoted to a review of the theory of chance-coincidence,\* he contends that if the examples cited be admitted to be genuine, they are far too numerous to be accounted for in such a manner. The probability of accidental concurrence is tested mathematically, and, assuming the soundness of the data, the conclusion seems to be overwhelmingly against it.

Mr. Gurney's conviction, which is shared by his co-laborers, is that the evidence, after making all necessary deductions, is sufficient to prove the existence of a mode of psychical communication between minds, to which the name telepathy has been given. He does not believe that the phenomena, when scientifically investigated, yield any strong support to spiritualism. On the contrary, he believes that a natural explanation is possible, and that, of the various scientific suggestions advanced, telepathy, or the psychical explanation, is the one that is most strongly borne out by all the facts.

It is, perhaps, too early to form a decided opinion as to the value of the conclusions which have been reached. The investigators seem to have used every reasonable safeguard against error in collecting their data. Telepathy involves no intrinsic impossibilities, and is obliged to encounter fewer difficulties than any of the competing hypotheses. It has also the great merit of being an attempt to bring a whole class of phenomena under the dominion of psychical laws. Its great defect is its indefiniteness. It is, as yet, but a name for something that is not understood. Whether it admits of explanation, and whether its laws can be definitely determined, the future alone can decide. In the meantime the friends of scientific progress cannot but rejoice that a new sphere for inquiry has been thrown open; while the steps already taken stimulate the hope that the continued application of scientific methods will lead to more important results in the future.

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#### AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.†

To see *Boswell's Johnson* in a new edition is no more remarkable nowadays than it once was to see *Doctor Goldsmith* in a fresh and vivid waistcoat. But that which does not excite our surprise may yet stimulate our

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\* Vol. II., c. xiii., pp. 1-28.

† *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Including Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford. 6 vols., 8vo. London: Henry Frowde. New York: Macmillan & Co.

observation, and it is a matter of record that at least on one occasion *Goldsmith's* sartorial out-blossoming caused so much comment among his friends and called forth so many philosophical reflections from the learned that it has become historical. These six volumes from the *Clarendon Press* are no less opulent and luxurious in their way than the famous "bloom-coloured coat," and, if we may imagine that celestial minds take note of things terrestrial, it is quite certain that the great lexicographer and his faithful historian find a larger and more reasonable satisfaction in the typographical honor which has been done them by the *University of Oxford*, than poor Noll found in the brief splendor conferred upon him by his tailor.

It is manifestly inappropriate to write about the Leviathan of Letters in a light or frivolous vein. Even that most vivacious and respectfully irreverent of critics, *Mr. Augustine Birrell*, falls into the use of "the editorial we" when he comes to *Doctor Johnson*. But since it is now sure that the awful Doctor who once scornfully refused to visit "this rebellious land" will never have a chance to reconsider his decision, and since it does not require the insight of genius nor the painful labors of industry to perceive that Doctor Hill has performed his task, as editor of this edition, with rare devotion and skill, let us play the *Rambler* or the *Idler* for a while, in our thoughts about this old friend who comes to us so finely dressed.

There are some books with which we can never become intimate. However long we may know them they keep us on the cold threshold of distant acquaintance. Others drag us in only to bore us, and make us execrate the day of our introduction. But if there ever was a book which invited to friendship and delight, it is this of *Boswell's*. The man who does not know it, is ignorant of the best cheer that can enliven a solitary fireside. The man who does not love it, is insensible alike to the attractions of sturdy virtue and the amusement which is afforded by the sight of a great genius and an engaging ass keeping company.

But, after all, we have always had our doubts about the supposed "asininity" of *Boswell*. As *Doctor Johnson* said, "A man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense." It is only fair to take his own explanation of it, and allow that when he said or did absurd things it was to draw out his Tremendous Companion; and when he made record of them it was because he had sense enough to know that the only way to be perfectly entertaining is to be perfectly frank.

*Boswell* threw a stone at one bird and brought down two. His triumphant effort to write the life of his friend just as it was, with all its eccentricities, appurtenances, and surroundings, has won for him the highest honor that can befall an author. His proper name has become a common noun. It is hardly necessary to use a capital letter when we speak of a boswell. And his pious boast that he had "*Johnsonized* the land," is far less true than it would be to say, (and if he were alive he would certainly say it,) that he has boswellized biography. I wonder what *Mr. Froude* or *Professor Masson* would give for such fame.



The success of this book appears the more wonderful when we remember that out of the seventy-five years of *Johnson's* life less than two years and two months were passed in the same neighborhood with *Boswell*. Yet one would almost think that they had been rocked in the same cradle, or, if this seem irreverent, that the *Laird of Auchinleck* had slept in a little trundle bed beside the couch of his mighty friend. We do not mean by this that the record is trivial and cubicular, but simply that *Boswell* has put into his book as much of *Johnson* as his book will hold. Let no one imagine, however, that a similar success can be attained by following the same recipe with any subject. The exact portraiture of an insignificant person confers information where there is no curiosity, and becomes tedious in proportion as it is precise. The first thing to be done is to catch a giant for your hero, and in this little world it is seldom that one like *Johnson* comes to the net.

What a man he was,—this “old struggler,”—how uncouth, and noble, and genuine and profound,—“a labouring working mind, an indolent reposing body!” What a fund of cheerfulness in the bosom of his melancholy, what a kind heart beneath his rough manner! He was rude, but not cruel; proud, but not vain; his prejudices were parochial, but his intellect was universal. There was enough of contradiction in his character to make it interesting, and enough of simple faith to make it consistent. It was not easy for him to be good, but it was impossible for him to be false, and he fought along the line of his life with manly courage straight to the end.

We suppose that *Americans* ought to harbor a grudge against him on the score of his opinion of our forefathers. You remember he said of them, during their little controversy with *King George*, that they were “a race of convicts.” But we can afford to laugh at that now; and, upon my honesty, there is less offence in it than there is in *Mr. Matthew Arnold's* suave advice or my Lord *Fitz-Noodle's* condescending praise. If a man smites me fairly on one cheek, I can manage to turn the other out of his reach; but if he deals with me as “a poor relation,” I cannot help looking for a convenient, and not too dangerous, pair of stairs for his speedy descent.

We may safely claim *Doctor Johnson* as a Tory-Democrat, on the strength of his great saying that “the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands.” And when we put beside this his defence of card-playing, on the ground that it “generates kindness and consolidates society,” we may differ from him in our estimate of the game, but we cannot deny that, in small things as well as in great, he spoke as a friend of humanity.

His literary taste was not always good; in some instances it was atrocious. But his admiration was a matter of principle: his own style was the result of genius. It will never do for us to underrate it in this age of “slipper-shod” and “dressing-gowned” English. He was a master, not only of thoughts, but also of words. They marshalled themselves at his command and moved forward in serried files. He had the art of saying what he meant, and saying it in the only way. He could smite like a battering-ram, or touch with a needle. He understood the shading of synonyms

and the value of antithesis. The language does not contain a more pointed and powerful phrase than that which he threw off at an uncertain *Mr. M' Aulay*, when he called him "a bigot to laxness."

It is common to suppose that he did a great deal to oppress and overload our English tongue by introducing new and clumsy words. His opportunities undoubtedly were large, but he declared that he had not added above four or five. When we observe that one of these was *peregrinity* we find cause for gratitude that he refrained so much; but when we remember that another of them was *clubbable* we are thankful that he did not refrain altogether. For there is no quality more easy to recognize and more difficult to define than that which makes a man acceptable to the company of his fellows; and of this *Doctor Johnson* has given us a fine example in his life and an appropriate title in his word.

It has become clear to us that one source of *Doctor Johnson's* greatness lay in the fact that he was, in the highest sense, a man of sentiment. His affection was equivalent to his intellect, and he felt as deeply as he thought. This is not the general opinion, but it is true. And it is only another proof that no man can come to much, who is not often unreasoning in his loyalty, and whose emotions are not powerful enough to lead him sometimes into absurdity.

His life was an amazing victory over poverty, disease, and sin. He conquered almost all that he enjoyed. But greatness alone could not have insured, nor could perseverance alone have commanded, three of his good fortunes: that *Sir Joshua Reynolds* painted his portrait; that *Mr. James Boswell* wrote his biography; and that his WIFE said of him that "he was the most sensible man she had ever met."

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#### HODGE'S THEOLOGICAL LECTURES.\*

DOCTOR FAIRBAIRN has recently sharpened his pen to speak of the vogue into which Mr. Matthew Arnold and Professor Huxley have come as writers in the field of theology, wherein the one "has exercised his rare and excellent gifts, unencumbered by the responsibilities and insight of a too curious or too sympathetic knowledge," and the other "disports himself in a state not very remote from a state of nature." "Why," he asks, "will men not only tolerate, but even applaud and follow, practices in the theological that they would not for a moment allow in the physical sciences?" No wonder that, in such circumstances, men are more interested in religious controversy, which may at least be racy, than they are in theological science. When the masters of other sciences, on that ground alone, assume to teach

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\* *Popular Lectures on Theological Themes.* By the Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary. 8vo. pp. 472. Philadelphia, 1887: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

this science, of which they are profoundly ignorant, there may, indeed, be confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but there is little likelihood of the advancement of knowledge; and it is inevitable that the queen of the sciences should be forgotten while we blindly follow the priests of her subjects. Nevertheless there is a theological science, if men would but listen to those who have knowledge in it. And that old saint within whose capacious mind was garnered all that the subordinate sciences, mental and physical, could teach in his day, was eternally right when he preferred it to all others: "Of course," says Augustine, "it is far more excellent to know that the flesh will rise again and will live forevermore, than anything that scientific men have been able to discover in it by careful examination. . . . It is also far better to know that the soul which has been born again and renewed in Christ will be blessed forever, than to discover all that we are ignorant of touching its memory, understanding, and will." Of course, we echo; but who will show us any truth?

The significance of this volume of lectures by the late Dr. A. A. Hodge (which comes to us, unhappily, as a posthumous work) is, that it is an attempt by a thoroughly competent hand to explain to the people the great subjects with which theological science deals. The reader perceives at once that he is in the hands of a master, whose "masterliness is penetrated and guided by full and accurate knowledge"; to whom theology has not been the recreation of idle vacation hours, but the serious business of a very earnest life. Nor will he read far before he comes to understand that this writer speaks to us on these themes with the same kind of authority and the like skill with which Professor Huxley publishes a popular treatise on biology, or Mr. Geikie a geology for the people. In a word, Doctor Hodge's book is a scientific treatise, wrought by a master in his specialty, for the reading of the cultivated layman.

Probably no one was ever better fitted than Doctor Hodge, by nature, learning, and grace, to be the expounder of theology to the people. His powers of lucid explanation and brilliant illustration were marvellous. And the subjects which he treats were his own in a sense in which few men make any subject their own. In the quiet of his heart, he had, with loving incubation, brooded over all these problems until every shell had broken and the living truths had issued forth, to be greeted by his admiring wonder and adoring love. When once perceived, they became not only the furniture of his mind, but the precious treasures of his heart: he apprehended them with a clearness of intellectual perception that illuminated them in every part; and he embraced them with a warmth of personal faith that was ready to stake his soul upon them. Dean Church somewhere says that the need of our day is for men who will take high views of truth. If there is one quality which, above others, characterizes Doctor Hodge in these lectures, it is his apparent inability not to take his survey of each subject from a height far above that from which it is usually regarded. The first effect of this is a great breadth of view, which insures that all the elements of each problem

will be perceived ; and will be perceived in their due relations and proportions. This is finely illustrated in the treatment of the genesis of the Scriptures ; and even better in the remarkable lecture on the nature of God and his relation to the universe, which, just because of its great comprehensiveness, presents a conception of the Divine Being which is very noble : "God is at once the unfathomable Abyss, the transcendent Father, King, and Judge, the immanent and vital Spirit." It is clearly the immanence of God, which he called the "religious" side of the conception, that Doctor Hodge most lovingly dwell upon ; and it would be interesting to trace out the deep influence which a clear hold upon this conception exercised upon his whole theology, enlarging and everywhere perfecting his apprehension of the vital essence of things—of Providence, of miracles—and even determining his attitude toward the modern fanaticism of the "faith cure." But nothing can surpass the vividness of his realization of the infinite unknowableness of the Divine Essence : "The sphere of a creature's knowledge, be it that of an infant or of a man, or of a philosopher or of a prophet, or of saint or archangel in heaven, will float as a point of light athwart the bosom of that God who is the infinite Abyss forever." Doctor Holmes tells us of ideas which, when once they are conceived, expand the mind, by their inherent nobility, to a greater capacity, and leave it permanently enlarged. Surely, all who sympathetically read Doctor Hodge's effort to explain God's relation to the universe may expect to obtain an abiding expansion of mind from it.

The fine charity and tolerance of spirit which color the whole book is but another fruit of the breadth of view which was habitual with its author. Orthodoxy, with him, was not "my" doxy but rather "our" doxy, and its primary criterion, inclusiveness : "Orthodoxy is always Catholic truth, embracing and integrating all the possibly separate and apparently incongruous parts and aspects of truth." And as his doctrine, so was his practice. Witness his view over the heads of the combatant camps of Calvinists and Arminians : "Here, as everywhere else, there is essential truth on both sides of every controversy, and the real truth is the whole truth, its entire Catholic body. . . . The difference between the best of either class is one of emphasis rather than of essential principle. Each is the complement of the other. Each is necessary to restrain, correct, and supply the one-sided strain of the other. They together give origin to the blended strain from which issues the perfect music which utters the perfect truth." This is not indifferentism, it is not weak tolerance of error : he does not stint blame where condemnation is due. He does not shrink from saying plainly : "Arminianism, in the abstract, as an historical scheme, is a heresy, holding half the truth." And the book is brightened everywhere with incisive references to and refutations of the false beliefs, whether of fanaticism or rationalism, of the day. Not indifferentism ; but inclusive, because high and broad, views, constitute the key-note of the book. It is the heart that makes the theologian : and Doctor Hodge's eminence, as any reader of this

book will see, was due to the fact that he put his heart as well as his mind into his theology.

These are "popular lectures on theological themes," so the title informs us. They certainly ought to be. And if such books can only reach the thinking of the people, what an earnest of sound views and true faith will they be !

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#### McCOSH'S RECENT WORKS.\*

THE philosophic series which Doctor McCosh now presents in two handsome volumes has been before the public several years, and has met with a very favorable reception. The author is recognized as the foremost living champion of a thorough-going realism; and in the present volumes he ranges over a wide field of topics, on all of which he has reflected deeply and has something fresh and weighty to say. The first volume is expository, opening with an introductory chapter on "What an American Philosophy Should Be," in which various theories and schools are passed in review, and the conclusion is reached that realism is best adapted to the genius of the American people. The body of the volume is devoted to the discussion of such weighty and vital themes as "Criteria of Divers Kinds of Truth"; "Energy"; "Efficient and Final Cause"; "Development: What it Can Do, and What it Cannot Do"; and "Certitude, Providence, and Prayer." Throughout, the doctor takes a realistic view, and aims to establish positive truth. The second volume is historical and critical. It opens with a chapter on "Realism: Its Place in the Various Philosophies," in which the doctor aims to show that while a thread of realism runs through most philosophies, yet the majority of the errors into which philosophers have fallen have arisen from their failure to plant themselves squarely on a realistic foundation. The body of the volume is devoted to such historical topics as "Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a Notice of Berkeley"; "The Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, with a Notice of the Scottish School"; "A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy"; and "Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as Culminated in his Ethics." The historical criticisms are clear and incisive; and the two volumes, taken together, form not only a very important contribution to philosophy in general, but also a weighty plea for that realistic view to the exposition and defence of which the distinguished author has devoted the best years of his life.

The first volume of Doctor McCosh's treatise on psychology has already been noticed in this REVIEW.† The present volume, *The Motive Powers*,

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\* *Realistic Philosophy*. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. Vols. I. and II., pp. 252 and 325. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Psychology: The Motive Powers*. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 267. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, July, 1886, pp. 137-139.

completes the treatise ; and deals with the practical side of the mind under three heads, the emotions, the conscience, and the will. The larger part of the volume is devoted to the emotions, the discussion of which forms, perhaps, the most original feature of the book. The doctor's theory of the emotions has already become well known through his earlier work, *The Emotions*, which was published several years ago. He rejects the neurological theory of Bain and others as inadequate, and traces emotion to a fourfold root. The primary source of emotion is the *appetence or emotive principle*, which is original in our nature, and which must be aroused before the emotion can act. Another necessary element is what the doctor calls the *idea*. The emotive principle does not move blindly, but in response to the presence of some moving object or idea. Thus, in terms of the illustration given in the opening chapter, the emotive principle of family affection excites the feeling of sorrow only when appealed to by the announcement of a brother's death. Two other elements which enter into emotion are the *organic affection or nerve excitation*, and the *conscious feeling*. Every emotion, the author claims, has these four aspects. An elaborate and interesting discussion of the four elements is followed by a classification of the emotions. Various methods of classification have been adopted by different authors. Doctor McCosh finds his classification on the ideal element, and takes as his *fundamentum divisionis* the distinction between emotions aroused, respectively, by animate and inanimate objects. The first class is subdivided into retrospective, immediate, and prospective emotions. Under the second class the æsthetic emotions are grouped. The author's treatment of æsthetics, and especially of natural beauty, is one of the most interesting portions of his book. A glance at the remaining divisions of the volume must suffice. Doctor McCosh insists that the conscience is not a mere emotion, but contains both a cognitive and a motive element. It cognizes intuitively the distinction between right and wrong, and the moral quality of particular acts. The cognition is accompanied by a feeling of approval or reprobation, and the concrete voice of conscience includes both. Moral distinctions are given directly by conscience, and do not spring from utility, or from sensations of pleasure and pain. The will is the choosing power, and acts both spontaneously and deliberately. The author repudiates the current distinction between will and motive. An impulse or incitement becomes a motive to choice only when it has received the assent of the will. Into the dispute about freedom and necessity he declines to enter ; but as every volition is accompanied with the conviction of freedom, he considers the belief in the freedom of the will well founded.

The two volumes of the *Psychology* are designed to be used as textbooks in colleges and schools. They cover the entire field of psychological doctrine ; and combining, as they do, clearness of style, conciseness of statement, and masterly analysis of topics, their merits entitle them to wide notice and extensive use.

## THE JUBILEE SUMMER IN ENGLAND.

THE feelings with which patriotic Englishmen looked forward to the approach of the Queen's Jubilee were, in some respects, plain and easy to understand, but were also in many important ways unusual and abnormal. The Jubilee summer opened upon an England wearied almost to the point of hopelessness because of the apparently endless continuance of hot political strife over questions whose proposed solutions seemed equally hopeless. The rancorous debates and recriminations provoked by the situation which Mr. Gladstone's latest proposals on the Irish question had occasioned produced an unhappy and uneasy impression on the people. There seemed to be no means at hand for putting out of sight the spectre of Ireland. The large measures of relief proposed by the late government had been condemned and the ugly alternative of coercion remained. Ireland was again to be forced into good behavior, with not as much prospect for success in the experiment as had attended previous efforts of the same kind. Between these two, conciliation and coercion, there seemed to be no stable middle ground. The withdrawal of many leaders and men of social standing from the Liberal fold was unpleasantly suggestive of new lines of political division and ominous for the stability of traditional social distinctions. There was no power in public view intelligent enough to control the unfortunate drift of things—unfortunate, whether seen through the eyes of a Tory, a Liberal Unionist, a Gladstonian, or an Irish Home Ruler. The government in power was believed to be courageous, but it was not believed to be able to grasp the new and complex difficulties with real remedial measures. What they would not do was tolerably well understood. They would not yield to any proposal which seemed to them dangerous to the integrity of the British Empire. But what they would do was what few ventured to believe could be certainly known. The Crimes Act, to force a peace in Ireland, and the Land Act, to smooth things somewhat afterwards, indicated the extent of positively announced policy. In the midst of all the wrangle and confusion of tongues came the Jubilee as a welcome interruption. For perhaps a week Ireland sunk out of English sight. London swarmed with six or seven millions of people—an assemblage of human beings greater than is recorded to have gathered together at any one place in the history of the world—and witnessed the august spectacle of the royal procession to Westminster Abbey. This, the greatest of the Jubilee ceremonies, was in every way impressive. It had nothing of the "show" or exhibition about it. It was a stately and worthy demonstration of the greatness and dignity of the British Empire in the nineteenth century. But as soon as the climax of the celebration was past, the bitterness of politics broke out as furiously as ever, and the most one can truthfully say of the Jubilee is that it was the greatest incident of the summer. It did not give the tone of feeling which ruled the minds of Englishmen. They looked forward to it with hope, with anxiety, with longing. They were immeasurably proud of its

grandeur, and then discouraged to find it had done so little to better things in general. The newspapers kept serving to the public from day to day exciting and elaborate reports and discussions. If an Englishman had been disposed, even at that late hour, to make a determined attempt to view the situation calmly, it is doubtful whether he could have long withstood such a constant diet of feverish reading as was made up each day for the press. Everything bore the impress of a controversy which had lasted so long as to disorganize. Central principles were, indeed, discussed, but personal abuse and attack were more freely employed. Both were often to be heard from the same speaker or found written by the same writer. Noted men, of whom better things were to have been expected, indulged freely in this vituperation. Professor Tyndall's exploits in this line, and the conduct of the London *Times* in regard to "Parnellism and Crime" are but two out of scores and hundreds of instances. To an outsider it seemed not unlike the mob described in Virgil, where the stones and firebrands and arrows are flying, but, unlike the ancient mob, no one appeared whose aspect quelled it.

The progress of time brought no hopefulness. For awhile attention veered to the Anglo-Egyptian question, in the hope that trouble at home might be balanced by advantage abroad. But it was not to be so. English national pride was humiliated by seeing the Queen's signature left dangling before the Sultan in the hope of securing his agreement to the Anglo-Turkish convention. Then began the series of bye-elections. One after another they have come. At the first the government papers were astonished, and then began to make light of them. But this has now changed into a feeling of genuine alarm which might easily run into a panic. The percentage of change in the voting is sufficient, if kept up, to reverse the majority in the House of Commons and call back Mr. Gladstone. And now a new element of danger is added in the proclamation of the Irish National League. This the Old Tories feel to be a consistent and laudable measure, and from the Liberal Unionists, who begin to call it "impolitic" and a "tactical mistake," opinion shifts away to the open denunciation with which the measure is received by the Opposition. It looks very much like a desperate measure, even should it prove to be a strong one.

From the tone of this article one might easily imagine that the Jubilee summer in England was taken up with thinking and contending about Ireland, and very little else. Such is the fact. The one thing which has filled the public view throughout—save only for a few days—has been Ireland, and promises to be Ireland for some time to come. Meanwhile the dulness of trade and a rainless summer have come in to aggravate the general despondency. The country was parched and baked and the lawns burnt brown. The harvests, too, came sooner than the farmers were used to make ready for them. Things seemed either not to come right or if the right thing came it did not come at the right time. In the cities the shops were full of wares but not so full of buyers. Only once, and that was when the strangers at the Jubilee spent some ten millions of pounds, as the tradesmen



estimate, did the prospect brighten a little. Some of the outer symptoms and motions of a business revival appeared, lingered a little, and then disappeared.

It was a saying of Beaconsfield that there was nothing the public liked so much as shows and processions. How much of his policy was built on this would be interesting to know, but the conduct of the people of England during this discouraging summer affords some interesting proofs of the truth of his saying. The places of amusement were more extensively attended than was to have been expected. People turned from their general discomfort to get some relief in the endless variety of displays and ceremonies of all grades which were to be seen. The "season" was prolonged beyond its ordinary limit, and the number of displays which attracted great crowds was also extraordinary. The summer's pleasures may not have been so heartily enjoyed as they would have been had the Queen's Jubilee coincided with business prosperity and tranquillity in home politics, together with the maintenance of British *prestige* abroad. But for all that it was better than sitting about in debate over the solution of the spectral Irish problem, and talking heatedly and thinking to no purpose of theories of land and rent, tenants rights and landlordism, and the vexed intricacies of Home Rule in its relation to the integrity of the British Empire. One thing at least is very clear. Many would now vote to return Gladstone to power merely for the sake of seeing a change from the depressing monotony of the ever-present Irish question. They may not like his solution of the matter, but they like the present outlook still less.

Several causes are now beginning to operate in favor of relieving the stress of affairs. The formidable defection of most of the university Liberals, which looked like an unanswerable protest on the part of enlightened minds against fallacious statesmanship, is gradually being interpreted as the manifestation of that streak of conservatism which marks most men who live in the atmosphere of great vested interests, whether academic or commercial. Then, too, the fright over a possible disruption of the British Empire has lost its exciting influence, and men of all parties see that the wheels of nature are turning around as usual, with England at least temporarily safe. Some are beginning to question whether she had really been of late in such frightful danger as government orators had described in speeches of alarming character. This reaction of feeling carries with it those beginnings of distrust which are so apt to arise when one has been led to believe and feel more strongly than his own uninfluenced judgment would naturally suggest. The government orators are not continuing the attempt to inflame stubborn resistance to Home Rule by repeating their first efforts. The angry emotions at first roused are beginning to burn out from want of fuel. Fortunately for the Gladstonians, and unfortunately for the others, the old fuel will not burn again so easily. Mr. Gladstone also has eased matters by abating something from three points which provoked much contention, and by his expressed willingness to abandon the use of the imperial credit to

carry out a scheme of land purchase, and to allow Ulster a separate treatment, as well as to retain the Irish members at Westminster, has won many who have heretofore wavered or antagonized him. To this may be added the conciliatory effect of the speeches made by Irish representatives to the constituencies holding bye-elections. When the Irish members openly proclaim at the hustings in England that they do not desire political separation, but only home control of purely Irish matters, and a generous settlement by England of the terrible land trouble, it must be conceded that, in appearance at least, an approach is being made toward a better mutual understanding.

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BOOKS RECEIVED,

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

- ADAMS.—*Notes on the Literature of Charities*, pp. 48. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Baltimore, 1887.
- ANON.—*Antiqua Mater, a Study of Christian Origins*, pp. xx, 308. London, 1887: Trübner & Co.
- ATKINSON.—*The Margin of Profits*, pp. 123. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- BIRKS.—*Justification and Imputed Righteousness*, pp. xxiv, 230. London and New York, 1887: Macmillan & Co.
- HUNTINGTON.—*St. Paul's Problem and its Solution*, pp. 218. New York, 1887: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- MACKELLAR.—*Hymns and a Few Metrical Psalms*, pp. 193. Philadelphia, 1887: Porter & Coates.
- SMITH.—*The American University*. Oration before the New York Delta of Phi Beta Kappa, pp. 31. New York, 1887: Printed for the Chapter.
- TOLSTOL.—*My Confession and the Spirit of Christ's Teaching*. Translated from the Russian, pp. x, 242. New York, 1887: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

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## SHELLEY.

THOSE who have faith in the value of contemporary literary criticism will do well to study the judgments passed upon authors in the English periodicals during the closing years of the last century and the beginning of this. In almost all cases political bias determined the attitude of the critic toward his victim or his idol. It is safe to say that Lord Byron might have run away with anybody's wife in England and retained his popularity as a poet, if he had been a Tory, and the genius of Shelley would have been recognized at once, if he had not been a democrat. It would be interesting to inquire how much the present Shelley revival is due to the fact that he was a dreamer of an Utopia for humanity, and a rebel in his time against nearly everything that was established in ethics, religion, and government.

Shelley was born in 1792, and died, aged twenty-nine, in July, 1822. Up to the time of his death his published works, which had a very limited circulation, were treated for the most part with the contempt of silence. When it was impossible to ignore him, he was alluded to with incredible bitterness. As early as 1819, *Blackwood's* alone of all the great authorities wrote of him with discrimination and appreciation of his rank as a poet; the *Examiner* of Leigh Hunt was his sole defender. It will be instructive to recall some of the contemporary criticisms of a poet whose rank by common consent is with the greatest English bards, whose *Cenci* is regarded by his worshipping society as the finest tragedy since Shakespeare wrote, and the *Prometheus Unbound* by some as the

noblest poem in the English language, and who is accounted by one of his biographers the greatest *man* of his generation.

In 1819 the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in a brief notice of *Rosalind and Helen*, said :

"We speak our sincere opinion in saying that if we desired to bring a poetic sanction to the basest passions of the human heart, or the most odious, revolting, and unnamable crimes of human society, we should seek it in the works of certain poets [Byron and Shelley] who have lately visited the Lake of Geneva." . . . "This work may seem utterly unworthy of criticism, but the character of the school gives importance to the effusions of the writer."

In 1819 the *Quarterly Review* opened upon the poet. *The Revolt of Islam* it declares insupportably dull and laboriously obscure ; it condemns the poet as a man, and a philosopher of lawless love, and hints at his disgusting private life.

"The *Prometheus Unbound*," it says (1821), "belongs to a class of writings absolutely and intrinsically unintelligible. His poetry is all brilliance, vacuity, confusion. Its predominating character is frequent and total want of meaning. Poetical power can only be shown by writing good poetry, and this Mr. Shelley has not yet done. Of Mr. Shelley himself we know nothing, and desire to know nothing. Be his private qualities what they may, his poems are at war with reason, with taste, with virtue ; in short, with all that dignifies man, and that man reveres."

It speaks of his "impiety, doggerel, and nonsense," and declares that "Mr. Shelley's poetry is, in sober sadness, drivelling prose run mad."

In the same year (1819) *Blackwood's* passes judgment upon the proscribed poet, and incidentally defends him from the brutal stupidity of the *Quarterly*. In commenting on *The Revolt of Islam*, it condemns his pernicious opinions concerning man and his moral government, his superficial audacity of unbelief, his overflowing uncharitableness toward almost the whole of his race, and his disagreeable measure of assurance and self-conceit, but respects his powerful and vigorous intellect, and his genius. He is of the Cockney School so far as his opinions go, but differs from them by the genius born in him. "Hunt and Keats, and some others of the school, are, indeed, men of considerable cleverness, but as poets they are worthy of sheer and instant contempt." *The Revolt of Islam* is called "a fine but obscure poem, with an arrogant purpose, hurriedly written and unfinished. Mr. Shelley, whatever his errors may have been, is a scholar, a gentleman, and a poet ; if he acts wisely and selects better companions, his destiny cannot fail to be a glorious one."

In reviewing *Rosalind and Helen*, it says it sees

"in this highly gifted man much to admire, very much to love, but much also to move to pity and sorrow. For what can be more mournful than the degradation of youthful genius, involving in its fall virtue, respectability, and happiness?" "His fame will yet be a glorious plant, if he does not blast its expanding leaves by the suicidal chillings of immorality."

In *The Revolt of Islam*, in nerve and pith he approached Byron and Scott, and in *Rosalind and Helen* he touches, with equal mastery, the gentler strings of pathos and tenderness, that responded to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Wilson.

In noticing *Alastor* (1819), *Blackwood's* again speaks highly of the two poems just named, and of this one, the first showing his genius, and says:

"He has been by the critics either overlooked, or slightly noticed, or grievously abused. In the *Quarterly* he has been treated infamously and stupidly. Comparing the latter's 'motionless prose' with the other's 'eagle-winged raptures,' one does not think of Satan reproving sin—but one does think, we will say it in plain words and without a figure, of a dunce rating a man of genius. He *exults* in calumniating Shelley's moral character, but he *fears* to acknowledge his genius."

This notice is intended to be full of encouragement:

"If he will but listen to the voice of his own noble nature, the poet may yet be good, great, and happy."

In the *Prometheus Unbound* (1820), Jupiter is thought to represent all religion, and his downfall means that of all religion and all moral rulers.

"It is quite impossible there should exist a more pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality, than is visible in the whole structure and strain of this poem; which, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all the detestation its principles excite, must and will be considered, by all who read it attentively, as abounding in poetical beauties of the highest order, as presenting many specimens not easily to be surpassed of the moral sublime of eloquence, as overflowing with pathos and most magnificent description."

The critic makes no special mention of the glory of this poem, its almost unapproachable lyrics. Of the other poems in the volume under review, the "Ode to the West Wind," that "To a Skylark," and minor pieces, all of them abounding in richest melodies and great tenderness of feeling, the most affecting is *The Sensitive Plant*. Quoting several passages, the writer says: "These are passages which we do not scruple to place upon the level with the very happiest of the greatest productions of Mr. Shelley." The article in-

dignantly repels the accusation of the London magazines that *Blackwood's* praises Shelley because he is pecuniarily independent, and abuses Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt because they are poor. This is an imputation foul and false. For Keats and all the Cockney Poets the writer "feels a contempt too calm and profound to admit of any admixture of anything like anger and personal spleen. We should just as soon think of being wroth with vermin." But as to Shelley, he is destined to leave a great name behind him. His principles are, however, more undisguisedly pernicious in this volume than even in his *Revolt of Islam*. If the departed critic is conscious of what is going on in this upper (or lower, as the case may be) world now, the present reputation of Keats must cost him some moments of uneasiness.

*Blackwood's* notice of *Adonais* (1821) is by another hand, and is an out-and-out slander of both Keats and Shelley. The writer gives an imitation of his "odoriferous, colorific, and daisy-enamored style," beginning: "Weep for my Tomcat! All ye Tabbies weep!" In 1820 the *London Magazine* condescended to take notice of *The Cenci*:

"The trouble with the author is personal vanity rather than vicious propensity. The radical foulness of moral complexion of this composition, disgusting, dangerous, is almost redeemed, so far as literary merit is concerned, by uncommon force of poetical sentiment and very considerable purity of poetical style." . . . "This tragedy is the production of a man of great genius and most unhappy moral constitution."

The same opinion was expressed in the *Biographie Universelle*. *The Cenci* is "*une véritable monstruosité: . . . Son Prométhée déchaîné offre moins de ces horreurs que l'imagination dérégée de Shelley se plaisait à enfanter.*"

In 1822, when Shelley had just passed beyond the reach of even the most slashing review, the *Gentleman's Magazine* contained a notice of an elegy on the death of Shelley, by Arthur Brooke, in which it delicately intimates its opinion of the dead poet. Up to this time it had neglected Shelley, except in a short, contemptuous notice of *Rosalind and Helen*. Now it says:

"Mr. Brooke, an enthusiastic young man, who has written some good but licentious verses, has here got up a collection of stanzas for the ostensible purpose of commemorating the talents and virtues of that highly gifted individual, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"Concerning the talents of Mr. Shelley we know no more than that he published certain convulsive caperings of Pegasus laboring under colic pains; namely, some purely fantastic verses in the hubble-bubble, toil and trouble style; and as to Mr. Shelley's virtues, if he belonged (as we understand he did) to a junta

whose writings tend to make our sons profligates and our daughters strumpets, we ought as justly to regret the decease of the devil (if that were possible) as of one of his coadjutors. Seriously speaking, however, we feel no pleasure [such a tender heart has the scholarly critic after all] in the untimely death of this Tyro of the Juan school, that preëminent academy of infidels, blasphemers, seducers, and wantons. We had much rather have heard that he and the rest of the fraternity had been consigned to a monastery of La Trappe, for correction of their dangerous principles and expurgation of their corrupt minds. Percy Bysshe Shelley is a fitter subject for a penitentiary dying speech than a lauding eulogy ; for the muse of the rope rather than that of the cypress ; the muse that advises us ' warning to take by others' harm, and we shall do full well.' "

In contrast to this tirade of what then passed for literary criticism, we will quote from the notice of Shelley's death in *The New Monthly Magazine* of the same year (1822), in which some of the reasons for the reviewers' treatment of Shelley are plainly stated :

"Mr. Shelley was a man of talents of a very high order, but they have not been justly appreciated. His opinions were opposed to a strong party in politics, which, had he ranked on its side, would have made the freedom and openness of those opinions the proof of virtuous honesty, or, at most, the ' venial error ' of youth. The reverse being the case, however, the latitude of his ideas both prevented his receiving common justice from those who would be thought the impartial literary dictators of the day, and furnished them with the ground of attack which they systematically made, without regard to truth or honor, to defame and persecute him. Whatever may be our idea of Mr. Shelley's sentiments on points on which we cannot agree with him, his private character was most estimable, and he had the merit, and a merit of the very first order in those days it is, of being no hypocrite. Mr. Shelley was an optimist and enthusiast, who imagined in his youthful reveries that man was capable of greater happiness than he seems to enjoy, and a much more worthy being than he will be this side the millennium. His notions were often romantic, frequently absurd, to the philosopher, but never directed to any object but what he imagined was for the benefit of his fellow-man, to relieve whose distresses he often involved himself in difficulties, and, disregarding the sneer of worldly-minded prudence, looked solely to the good he could effect.

"Mr. Shelley has never been fairly treated as a poet ; his works are full of wild beauties and original ideas, too much intermixed with fanciful theory, but they display a rich use of language, and imagination rarely surpassed."

How dangerous the trade of the reviewer may be, is illustrated by an article on Shelley in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1839 :

"The unbearable coxcomby of the ' intense ' and mystic school of versifiers, who made him their model—including both the Shelleyites of the old connection and those of the new, or Tennysonites—had well-nigh rendered his name a synonyme for all that is affected, vapid, and unintelligible. Nor has his memory as yet entirely recovered from the unmerited discredit thus brought upon it. That his imagination was of the very highest order, was unequalled in the loftiness of its aspirations by that of any contemporary, is now scarcely a matter of controversy ; so much have he and others changed the poetical taste of this country since the time

when he was set down, with the full appreciation of the critical part of the community, as a dreamer and a mountebank."

The *Edinburgh Review* had already made a record on Shelley in a review of his *Posthumous Poems*, in 1824 :

"A remarkable man, an honest man, with all his faults. His poetry is what astrology is to science. He was 'all air'; disdainful of the bars and ties of mortal mould. He ransacked his brain for incongruities and believed in whatever was incredible. Almost all is effort, almost all is extravagant, almost all is quaint [the poor, hard-worked word], incomprehensible, and abortive, from aiming to be more than it is. His poetry is a confused embodying of vague abstraction. Wasting great powers by their application to unattainable objects, with all his faults a man of genius, an uncontrollable violence of temperament gave it a forced and false direction. The fumes of vanity rolled volumes of smoke, mixed with sparks of fire, from the cloudy tabernacle of his thought."

No lack of imagination in this reviewer; it seems just an accident that he was not himself a quaint and abortive poet.

Shelley is certainly an enduring phenomenon in the world, in both his personality and his poetry. But not more astonishing is the treatment this genius received at the hands of his contemporaries than the attitude toward him of the present Shelley Society, a coterie of the highest intelligence and sensibility, which makes of him a veritable "cult," in default, perhaps, of other religion broad enough and "humanitarian" enough to satisfy the æsthetic mind of this very æsthetic century. It seems a pity, in view of many possibilities, that Shelley was not a Hindoo instead of an Englishman. We owe to his editor, Mr. Forman, working with the industry and enthusiasm characteristic of this day of the specialization of literature, a magnificent edition of his works, in verse and prose; and later, to the Shelley Society, the rescue and reproduction of everything, down to the least fragment that can be traced to the jejune exercises of his boyhood, edited with a textual reverence that is scarcely accorded to Shakspeare. The lofty effort is not to elucidate the meaning of Shelley, either in the text or the pious notes, to enable the reader to comprehend his often obscure allusions or to grasp his often vaporous purpose, but to give to the turn of a comma or the position of a hyphen exactly what Shelley wrote with his swift quill. Sometimes, borne aloft on the extreme flight of Shelley's imagination, the reader finds himself plunged into a profound perplexity whether Shelley could have used, in a critical moment, a colon instead of a semicolon. So much depends upon it. So immensely important it is to learn whether the inspired pen meant to make a circumflex or



a dash. It is the perfection of textual editing, rivalling the scholarly readings of Chaucer. We cannot but be grateful for the splendid text, for the reproduction of first editions in facsimile, as a matter of curiosity, also, for the rescue from deserved oblivion of his novels; but we are more impressed with the reverent spirit in which all this is done. So absorbed is the attitude of the worshippers of the Man and the Poet, that the spectator must be indeed insensible who does not remove his hat and stand with bowed head while the procession, with its image and incense, is passing.

In fact, however, the interest in Shelley is perennial. This is shown in the reproduction of reminiscences and recollections, in the multiplicity of new biographies, and the labors of an enthusiastic society. There are few names in literature which attract the attention and excite the curiosity that Shelley's does when seen in print, few in whose personality there is so much interest. And this is the more strange because no classic poetry is so remote from general sympathy and appreciation as his. Although a great number of quotations from him are among the most familiar in the language, Shelley is read only by a select few; and yet any anecdote or trait of the man attracts universal interest. This is due partly to the tragedy of his life, but not altogether to that.

Shelley is one of the most perplexing problems ever presented to the critic. We seek in vain for a key that shall harmonize his conduct and his theories with his personal qualities. The spectacle of a bad man with correct theories is common enough. Shelley was not a bad man, and yet his conduct needs frequent condemnation, and, wild as are most of his theories, there is an element of nobleness in most of them. He is a bundle of inconsistencies. When we are about to refer his eccentricities of conduct and of manner to a disordered mind, he surprises us with masterly clearness and intellectual vigor, with patience, sanity, and sagacity in his difficulties, even in his business perplexities. If we wonder at his stultifying worship of such a platitudinous prig as Godwin, we are amazed at his patience and gentleness, and justice toward Godwin when the latter's meanness was revealed. His throwing himself into the Irish cause, with his journey to Dublin, was the freak of a boy, but his address to the Irish people was full of the sound common sense which was just what they did not wish to hear. Nothing is more impracticable than his general theory of life and of humanity, but in the presence of actual facts he had comparatively few illu-

sions. The millennium sketched in his poems he did not expect except by slow processes. He was at war with society, but he was not a misanthrope, and he bore the legitimate result of his insane revolt with courage; he never whined. He railed at the tyranny of law, at conventionality, at Christianity, but he did not rail at men and women. He professed abhorrence of the institution of marriage, and yet he willingly submitted to the ceremony twice with Harriet Westbrook, and once with Mary Godwin; and his reason for this deviation from principle was due to tenderness and chivalry, the feeling that a false social position bore much harder upon the woman than upon the man. He was not a libertine by intention, like Burns, and he was quite incapable of such conduct as Byron's toward Jane Clairmont and their daughter Allegra, but he would have liked to reconstruct society on the Wollstonecraft basis of so-called free love. In nearly every one of his longer poems there are passages that would be rejected if now first offered to a publisher, passages touching the limits of a prurient imagination, and yet nothing shocked Shelley more than coarse and indecent stories. But as to these passages, it may as well be said here that they indicate a lack of robust virility in the fibre. Manly men, however depraved in conduct, do not write in that way of the passion of love. We should expect such poetry from the sickly imagination of a eunuch, and Shelley has in these effeminate excursions a modern follower.

It would seem that time enough had elapsed since Shelley's death for his poetry to be estimated apart from the man. But it is not. The critic who starts out with the best intentions to examine his poetry simply as a literary product inevitably drifts into a study of his life and character. The one cannot, it would seem, be interpreted without the other, although so much of the poetry is un-human, and in the vaguest supersensual regions.

It is not the purpose of this paper even to sketch the life of Shelley. For the Shelley Society perhaps the last word has been said in the monumental life by Edward Dowden, a work of immense painstaking and careful detail. It leaves scarcely any hour of Shelley's life unaccounted for, and is an evident attempt to do justice to his memory. But for all that, and although it corrects many errors of previous writers, it is somewhat disappointing; it hardly gives us a new view; the author does not employ his well-informed judgment in any adequate estimate of either Shelley's

character or of his poetry, and if we depended on this book we should have only a shadowy idea of his personality. For that we must go to Hogg and Medwin and Trelawney and Peacock, and we can still profitably read the recollections of Mrs. Shelley, and the admirable, though adoring, biographical sketch of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and the capital résumé of his life by Mr. John A. Symonds.

It is an explanatory fact that nearly half of Doctor Dowden's voluminous work is occupied with the memoir of a boy. We are studying an immature life, and the note of immaturity must be kept in mind in estimating Shelley's conduct, as well as the ethics of his poetry. He was visibly growing, morally and intellectually, up to the day of his death, and there is nothing sadder in the annals of literature than the reflection on our probable loss in his premature departure. But it must be noted of this marvellous being that the boy's mind had a man's power of expression.

It is too much to say that under the most favorable circumstances such an abnormal creature could have had a smooth or happy career. His inborn eccentricity would have probably drawn him into revolt. But he met early two misfortunes. One was a social surrounding of conventional Christian morality that disgusted him, accompanied by a harshness that infuriated him; he was a wilful boy, but affectionate; he could have been ruled through his affections, but, unfortunately, this method was not tried with him. Treated with alternate indulgence and tyranny, he never had, either in his conduct or his studies, anything like discipline. It was difficult to have respect for the "orthodoxy" of the country squire, his father, whose morality, as Mr. Symonds notes, "was purely conventional, as may be gathered from his telling his eldest son that he would never pardon a *mésalliance*, but would provide for as many illegitimate children as he chose to have." The other misfortune was falling in with two books, the *Political Justice* of William Godwin, and *The Rights of Woman*, by Godwin's first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. These books, whatever they may have contributed to "progress," books which could be read without injury by an adult, set the boy afloat in a weltering sea of sociology, without rudder or compass. Already, at Eton, where he read Godwin's book, he had cast off nearly all moorings; the date of his acquaintance with the free thought of Mary Wollstonecraft is not given, but he was familiar with its atmosphere before he met Mary Godwin, who was bred in it.

On one point, however, Shelley was reserved; he thought the movement for female suffrage premature.

In many respects Shelley remained a boy to the end; it was necessary to make the same excuse for his sudden impulses and eccentricities, that it is for the actions of a child who has no sense of responsibility; sailing paper boats on a pond gave to the author of immortal poems the same delight it gives to an infant; his appearance nude after a sea-bath before a dinner party at the Villa Magni, the summer of his death, was the freak of an impish child rather than of a man void of decency. Shelley did not hold himself accountable, and in time his friends learned not to hold him accountable. "You never can tell what Shelley will do," seemed to be explanation enough.

He was a marvellously beautiful youth, and yet the beauty was unearthly, something less than the angels of the old masters, something less than that of a virile man. The description of him by Hogg, at Oxford, when he was seventeen, is accepted as substantially correct.

"His appearance," says Hogg, "was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumped, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the purest red and white, yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last appeared of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. . . . His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet the effect of the whole was extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious conviction, that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls), of the great masters of Florence and of Rome."

In his movements there was a mixture of awkwardness with agility, of the clumsy with the graceful; he would stumble over a marble floor, or up a facile carpeted stairway, but would thread a rough wood-path with unerring dexterity. His eyes—they look out

at us from the portraits like those of a startled creature of the forest—were large, blue, unfathomably dark, and lustrous. His hair was brown, but very early in life it became gray, while his unwrinkled face retained to the last a look of wonderful youth. Mulready is reported to have said that he was too beautiful to paint. But his voice, says Hogg, "was excruciating; it was intolerably shrill, harsh, discordant." It was evidently a falsetto voice, sometimes softened, low, and thrilling, but becoming piercing and unearthly when he was excited, vibrating in accordance with the high-strung passions of his life. Adequate portraits of him were never made. Doctor Dowden reproduces the well-known one from the painting by Miss Curran, and one, the head of a child, from a drawing by the Duc de Montpensier. The first is entitled to the Hebrew epithet of "wonderful"; the other is the ideal of exquisite loveliness. In both, however, is the weak, effeminate chin, which conveys the same note of character as the falsetto voice. There is something uncanny in the beauty.

The total impression we get of Shelley from his portraits, from the personal descriptions, from the minute study of his life for twenty-nine years, is that of a unique creature, incapable of being characterized by any epithet that does not need qualification. For the most part he was un-human, in perfect sympathy with "natural" things, with the negative virtues of the mythical Faun. At times, we doubt if he had such a thing as a conscience. But he had the keenest sense of justice, a passionate hatred of cant, hypocrisy, lying, tyranny; the most delicate perception of right and wrong, according to his Godwin ethics; he was an ardent lover of his kind, an optimistic believer in the perfectibility of humanity; a hater of the conventional; tender-hearted, as quick to relieve suffering as sensitive to perceive it; unselfish (except in his oblivious Faun-like moods), and generous to prodigality; with an unequalled courage of his opinions, and absolute disregard of public censure in acting on them, except (as in the case of the ceremony of marriage) where others would be injured; and in spite of his social theories, and his elopement with Mary while his wife Harriet was still living, and notwithstanding many passages in his poems, a pure man—the antipodes in this respect of the more human and more manly Byron.

We have said that he launched himself into the world without compass or rudder, and yet to himself his guiding principle was Love—love to his fellows and desire to do them good. But this

was an inadequate guide with his false views of life, of the true conditions of existence. "To represent evil as external," says Dowden, "the tyranny of a malignant God or Fortune, or an intellectual error, is to falsify the true conception of human progress." Shelley lived and wrote on a false philosophy. "Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law that should govern the moral world," he wrote, in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*; alas, that the noblest and purest aspirations that ever kindled poetic genius should have stopped at "humanity" as a chained Titan of indomitable virtue, and never have perceived the all-harmonizing essence of Divine Love.

In the conflict of his theory of love and the inexorable facts of human life is found the key, though not the excuse, of his relations with Harriet Westbrook and Mary Godwin. When Shelley was nineteen and Harriet sixteen, he easily persuaded her to elope with him and be married in Scotland. She was a bright, pretty, amiable girl, in whom Shelley thought he had an appreciator of his spiritual and intellectual aspirations. His rash act was dictated not so much by love as by a chivalrous impulse to rescue her from what he conceived to be an unhappy home. He married into vulgar associations, of which Harriet's elder sister, Eliza, was an increasingly unbearable part. Shelley bore his mistake bravely, long after the incompatibility of their natures was apparent, and until his wife had borne him two children. In this time of his restlessness he came into contact with the Godwins. It was a curious household. There was Godwin, the great moral philosopher, full of selfishness and conceit; there was the ordinary mischief-making widow, who had become the second Mrs. Godwin; there was her daughter Jane, whose fate was to be Byron; there was the lovely Fanny, the illegitimate daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, who ended her own life by poison; there was the sweet, serious, intellectual Mary, "child of love and light," the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft; into this society came the radiant Shelley, who was about to desert Harriet and run away with Mary, aged seventeen. Between these two there was personal attraction, perfect intellectual and moral sympathy, perfect love. But Shelley cannot escape responsibility for the ruin of Harriet's life. After the desertion he did not lack in kindness to her so far as her support went, and he used every effort in law to recover possession of her children and maintain them. Harriet, after various vicissitudes, committed suicide. If

Shelley's conscience seriously pricked him for find any evidence of it. It has been said that faithful to him before he left her. In January to Mary, "I learn just now from Godwin that Harriet was unfaithful to me four months before you." It was in July, 1814, that Shelley crossed Mary, accompanied by Jane Clairmont. It is old-fashioned notions, and it casts a strong light on his moral condition, to read that on the 13th of August, 1814, he wrote to Harriet from Troyes, calling her "My Dearest Harriet," signing himself "Ever most affectionately yours," giving her details of his journey of elopement, and saying (with Mary by his side):

"I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never be wilfully injured."

Is this Universal Love or Universal Slop?

The union of Mary and Shelley seemed ideal; for a time it was; and, looking back on it after the tragedy of nature that snatched Shelley from her arms, so it appeared to her. But we read between the lines that Mary's life in Italy in the last years was far from happy. There were many reasons for this. Shelley was the loveliest and sweetest of beings, but often his kinship seemed to be with the irresponsible creation rather than with man. It is difficult to domesticate a sprite. Shelley was elusive to the ties of ordinary life. Mary must often have felt that she had married Endymion, or a waterfall, or a sunbeam, or a gnome. After he had flitted, mingled with the universal elements, he was an angel, a spirit of sentiment, a radiant being, not of this world. It is pathetic to note Mary's efforts to keep herself intellectually abreast of Shelley, and be the companion of his erratic and swift-moving mind. They led a nomadic life, without centre or home (which a woman's heart craves). She was in a false position in society, they were permanently short of money and in debt, the pecuniary embarrassments of her father and his voracious demands on Shelley distressed her, she was ill, her children died, gloom thickened about her. All this could have been borne if she had been sure of Shelley's love, of its continuance. She would not admit to herself that she had a shadow of doubt. Perhaps she had not. She was one of the noblest and most magnanimous of women. In her indignant vindication of Shelley from the story of his relations

when Jane Clairmont, which she addressed to Mrs. Hoppner (but which Byron, with an amazing want of heart and generosity, never delivered), she declared that the love between Shelley and herself had increased daily and knew no bounds. But it is not in a wife's nature that she should not have been disturbed by her husband's perilous sympathy with the beautiful Italian girl in the convent of St. Anna, Emilia Viviani, to whom he addressed that most impassioned of love poems, *Epipsygidion*. And then there was the presence of Jane Clairmont in the household, or Shelley's constant correspondence with her. And if she was ever uneasy as to their warm friendship, her uneasiness would not have been quieted if she had known the sort of letters they exchanged, in which Jane is addressed as "dearest"; letters that contained such sentences as this:

"I wrote you a kind of scrawl the other day merely to show that I had not forgotten you, and as it was taxed with a postscript by Mary, it contained nothing that I wished it to contain."

Shelley's interest in Emilia was for a time intense, but, no doubt, almost wholly ideal and poetic; he wrote of her to Claire (as Jane is always called), "There is no reason that you should fear any mixture of that which you call *love*." Claire was sentimental; she complained that Shelley did not take an interest in her pleasure or in her pain, and needed constantly to be assured of his love and interest. As a woman and a comrade for Shelley she was not to be compared to Mary, but she might be less *exigeante* as to his conduct, and her letters and scraps of diary show that she had a certain dash and picturesqueness, not to say piquancy, which Mary lacked. We need not suppose that Shelley would ever have deserted Mary for her, but Shelley was an unaccountable creature, who might very well give a wife moments of anxiety.

There is no longer, we imagine, any room for discussion of the position of Shelley as a lyric poet. He is second to no one in our language. If we want an exact definition of what we mean by "poetry," we turn to his. It was his natural language. He wrote as a bird flies. And his flights are only to be compared to the strong-pinioned eagle, which soars in ever-widening spirals into the empyrean. Both go out of mortal ken. How prodigal he is! Image on image, flight above flight, imagination on imagination, scaling the heavens, and when the amazed reader thinks the climax is reached, lo! the unconscious ease with which he soars to more aerial regions. If you attempt to turn this verse into prose, the



meaning escapes. It is poetry. The unapproachable melody of it, also! It is as untranslatable as music. It is possible for a person, sensitive to harmony, to read pages and pages of his poetry, with exquisite delight, having only the vaguest consciousness of the poet's meaning, with that sense of enjoyment that one has in listening to an orchestra.

"From visions of despair I rose, and scaled  
The peak of an aerial promontory,  
Whose caverned base with the vexed surge was hoary;  
And saw the golden dawn break forth, and waken  
Each cloud and every wave."

It was always from an aerial promontory that Shelley viewed life. The critics said he was all "in the air." And yet no lyric poet has given to our language more exquisite thoughts, which serve us as familiar expressions of deepest love, passion, and experience. We might call this strange creature an orchid living upon air, an ungainly plant blossoming ever and anon into the flower of the Holy Ghost.

It is hardly hyperbole to say that Shelley's natural ear heard the "melody of the spheres"; the intuitive harmony of his verse is as evident in the opening of *Queen Mab* as in his maturer efforts, in the lyrics of *Prometheus Unbound*, in *The Sensitive Plant*, "The Cloud," "Arethusa," "Lines to an Indian Air," and a score of the most familiar poems in the language.

Shelley's melody, his aspirations, his lofty spirit are always comprehensible, not always his meaning. He had a burning interest in humanity, his passion for the good of the race would not let him sleep, and his views, in conversation and in his prose, of the regeneration of mankind did not lack common sense; and, no doubt, the wildest flights of his muse seemed to him to have a direct bearing upon human affairs. Greatly stirred by the revolutionary portents in Italy, Spain, Greece, he could not refrain from striking a "practical" blow; the triumph of humanity was at hand, and he was in a feverish haste to publish *The Revolt of Islam*, to aid the good cause. It was as if one now should compose a symphony, to be performed before a select few in Pisa, in aid of Irish Home Rule. Few people could guess the poet's meaning. Shelley was deficient in humor. There was nothing ludicrous to him in the boy's attacks on the Titans of tradition, custom, faith, historic Christianity. Yet how simple was his arrogance; or how simple it would have been, if

there had not peeped forth, in the spirit in which he wrote of Christianity, impish mischievousness and malice. His friends said that he was the sweetest, the loveliest, the most tolerant of men. He was tolerant of everything but law and Christianity.

In the little circle of intimates in Italy, which regarded him with affectionate apprehension as a being from another planet, Shelley had the sobriquet of the Snake. This was given him from his gliding habit of noiselessly appearing and disappearing, and probably not from more occult ophidian qualities. But the epithet was not unfitting, and evidently not displeasing. So close was he to nature that we can believe there was nothing loathsome to him in this reptile. The woman, beautiful as morning, sitting on the sand by the vast sea, has a serpent in her bosom. Even Cythna and the Snake are congenial passengers in the mysterious boat which sails between sea and sky (the usual track of Shelley's voyages), beyond the ocean and the ethereal mountains, to an isle girt by the deserts of the universe. And it is all so beautiful that the reader himself almost forgets his repugnance, and ceases to care whither the poet is taking him.

Shelley's impulse to write was not accompanied with that quality of genius which is more eager for perfection and maturity in its work than for publicity. He was born with a pugnacious and proselyting spirit; but we can hardly account for his early publications except upon a deficiency of both humor and taste. It seems incredible that a person at any age could have written, much more published, such utter trash as his two prose novels, *St. Irvyne* and *Zastrozzi*. It is little mitigation of the offence that *St. Irvyne* may have had a German origin, and it is no credit to the influence of Charles Brockden Brown if his psychological romances, which Shelley read with delight, inspired these fantastic absurdities.

The failure to recognize what would be simply horrible and repulsive to the common mind is shown in his notion that *The Cenci* would be at once accepted as an acting play in London. We acquit him, as De Quincey does, of being attracted to this subject by its loathsome aspects. What no doubt attracted Shelley—who accepted the then current version of the story—was the light in the conduct of Beatrice, and not the horrible background of her action. He may have been insensible to the horror of it—but it is to be noted that in the play he only hinted the most revolting details. And in no other poem does he come nearer to the human

heart, in infinite pathos and tenderness, than in this revolting and wonderful drama.

From one point of view Shelley had more love of humanity, more sympathy with nature, than Byron. But it is curious to observe the effect of the same experience upon the characters of these two men of genius. They spent some time together in Switzerland, and made a memorable voyage in an open boat around the Lake of Geneva. The outcome of this experience for Byron was *The Prisoner of Chillon* and the incomparable third canto of *Childe Harold*. For Shelley it was "Mont Blanc" and the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty."

It is unnecessary to discuss Shelley's hatred to Christianity. He did not deny God; but he did deny the God of Christianity, as he understood him. He was by nature essentially religious, and, with his tenderness to suffering humanity and his quick benevolence, it is amazing that he should not have had a glimpse, in the principle of Universal Love he sought, of the true character of the historical Jesus as an influence in human affairs.

But it is necessary to consider his moral code and his conception of the government of the world, when we are challenged to accept the *Prometheus Unbound* as the greatest poem in English, except the dramas of Skakspere. For there is something more needed for a great poem than the acme of lyrical beauty and the highest flight of the imagination. Its basis in relation to human life and the moral forces of the universe is to be taken into account. Shelley was accustomed to regret that Christianity had displaced the beautiful religion of the Greeks. Now, the key-note of the Greek faith, as expressed in the *Prometheus Vincetus*, is the inexorable nature of the moral law, the Hebraic conception of the omnipotent sweep of this law—though Prometheus brought light to humanity, he could not escape it. In the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, Zeus stands for Law, for Faith, Christianity, Custom, Superstition, Wrong, for every tyranny over the human mind; Prometheus for the Universal Love which dissolves all law and leaves man free. A magnificent poetic conception! But to what does it lead? What basis has it in any conceivable system of ethics, philosophy, or revelation, for human nature? That way lies anarchy. It would seem that Shelley had no clearer conception of the inexorable moral law of Æschylus than he had of the inexorable law of Love of Jesus of Nazareth.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

## A SCHEME FOR CHURCH REUNION.

THE religious problem of the time is church reunion. The minds and consciences of Christians have of late been wonderfully aroused to a realization of the wrong, inconsistency, and inexpediency of the present divided state of Christendom. It is wrong, because it is manifestly not in accordance with the mind of Christ; inconsistent, because it is not what the profession of the Christian principles of love and brotherhood should produce; inexpedient, because it is producing weakness and inefficiency in a system which has still the gigantic work before it of reducing the majority of the inhabitants of the world to its obedience.

The awakening to this realization is due to the change which is passing over the thought of the age. As we look back in history, we can see how each age has had its own characteristics. The mind of Christians at one time was entirely occupied with certain truths or principles, and that of another time with others, for which it was thought necessary to contend even to the persecution of those holding contrary views. But now the age of religious polemic is departed. Not only is persecution no longer possible, and a truce declared between those religious contestants who formerly felt it a matter of conscience to oppose each other to the death, but there is wide-spread respect and tolerance between those who still fundamentally differ. The Romanist and Protestant no longer feel constrained to believe each that the other will necessarily be damned, or to accuse each other of being guilty of the grossest crimes. Liberty of conscience, which a previous age secured, has now been followed by a greater blessing still, a true tolerance and respect for conscientious conviction. But still Christendom is divided. Though all profess to serve the same God, to be guided by the same revelation, and to be seeking the same ends, they do not live and work together as brethren should; and although this is seen and felt more and more every year, no efficient remedy is suggested. The Romanist feels that unity and uniformity must be enforced at all cost. The majority of Protestants deem no remedy possible but an inter-denominational sympathy, which many have tried now

these many years to practise, but which has done nothing to abate the evils of division. So each Christian body goes on alone, and new ones are still formed, each hindering and interfering with the other, and bringing weakness and contempt upon the whole Christian system.

But is there no alternative? Is there not a third possibility, viz., a real, practical union of Christians upon essential principles, with absolute liberty and tolerance upon all things non-essential? Is not this the theoretical relation of Christians now? We all hold of each other that we shall be saved, and that we are doing the Lord's work, if we cling to that which is essential in the Christian faith; while each denomination is at liberty to follow its own theories and customs. Why, then, should we not put our theory into practice? The common answer is that it seems impossible to reach any general agreement as to what the essentials of the faith really are. But this ought not to be so. It implies either that the principles of the Christian religion must be very indefinite, or that the opinions of Christians about them are singularly at variance.

The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has lately put forth a statement of what, in its judgment, are the fewest necessary terms in an agreement for a reunion of Christians. That statement has been criticised by many, even within the body in which it originated; and, while it has been received with courtesy, or even hailed with pleasure on account of the spirit manifested, by those without, still it is not generally regarded as affording a practical basis for reunion. Nevertheless it is believed by many to be the only possible basis: and it is held that reunion would be practicable, if the desire for it were as strong and general as it ought to be, if there were more freedom from prejudice, more single-hearted desire for the glory of God and the benefit of his church. The proposition is not that any existing body should absorb the others; but that a new organization should be formed by the coalescing of existing denominations, through the reception of certain essential principles, allowing outside of them the fullest liberty in all present beliefs and practices, as well as in any new ones which may be devised. It is the object of this paper to consider these principles, and to sketch in outline a scheme by which a reunion might be effected on them.

The first one of them is the reception of "the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the revealed Word of God." As

to this, there will be, doubtless, but little question. All professed Christians now so receive them. If there are some who attach an equal or kindred authority to the books of the Apocrypha, or other books, they would be at liberty still to do so, provided they did not impose their belief upon others. And those who regard Catholic tradition as of equal value with Scripture would be in the same position. But as those who reverence the Apocrypha and tradition still admit that there is nothing necessary to salvation that is not contained in, or may be proved by, Holy Scripture, they will not naturally object to this principle, which recognizes the Scriptures as *par excellence* "the revealed Word of God." Nor does this principle involve any definition as to how the Word of God is contained in Holy Scripture. No theory of inspiration is insisted upon. None has ever received universal consent, and, therefore, none could be required. Every one must be at liberty to hold what theory he chooses, so long as he professes his belief that the Scriptures are the Word of God. But so general is the agreement among Christians as to the fact of inspiration, and the questions concerning its degrees and kinds are so subtile and metaphysical, that there might well be, and probably easily will be, union on this simple statement of undisputed truth.

In regard to the second principle, the reception of "the Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith," there may be more difficulty. For while, as a matter of fact, it is believed that this creed is received by all Christians, with the exception of the small body of Unitarians, and, perhaps, one of the divisions of Quakers, still there are those who hold that it is not a *sufficient* statement of doctrine. But even these must admit that it contains a statement of all the *essential* truths, those which are necessary to salvation; and the whole of Christian history proves that the moment you go outside of the Catholic creeds there has been division and dispute, diverging opinions and schools of thought, so that nothing could be more futile than to attempt to impose more elaborate confessions. Further, as there would be full liberty in every congregation to hold and teach any catechisms, articles, and confessions whatsoever, that did not contravene these creeds, nothing more ought to be insisted on. Every year of late has brought with it further and further relaxation in regard to creed-subscription, in almost every Protestant denomination, and as those who hold to the Westminster or Augsburg confessions, or the Thirty-nine Articles, can now

consider each other as Christians, and largely fraternize, why should they not, and ought they not, to be in one communion, even though they cannot agree in the details of dogmatic statement?

But there will be more difficulty still with the third principle which requires the use only of "the two sacraments—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by him." But here, again, those who hold that there are other sacraments besides these two, acknowledge that they "are not *such* sacraments" nor so "generally necessary to salvation"; and, therefore, belief in, or use of, them should not be imposed upon all. And as all Christians do professedly adhere to and practise these two, there should be no difficulty in insisting upon them. But no theory in regard to them can be demanded. There have always been different opinions in the church concerning their *modus operandi*, precise efficacy, and importance; and as the widest differences of view in regard to them obtain, even among the members of the same communion, no special theory could be, or ought to be, enforced, so long as all loyally comply with Christ's positive command.

But it will be noticed that in maintaining as a principle the necessity of these two rites alone, and of the simple use of the proper elements, with the words of institution, in their celebration, the whole principle of the necessity of a ritual, and of ritual uniformity, is yielded. Moreover, this proposition comes from that body which, through all its history, has been the greatest stickler for these things. It was not from difficulty in accepting Episcopacy, but from unwillingness to conform to the Liturgy, that English non-conformity arose in 1662; while the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in this country have hitherto uniformly insisted upon the acceptance and exclusive use of minutely detailed forms of worship. But now, in the desire to secure this priceless blessing of unity, and feeling that she has no right to insist on any non-essential, this same Episcopal Church, as represented by her highest officers, declares that she will, for her part, no longer allow that which has constituted a wall of division among Christians to bar the way to union with those with whom she may be able in other things to agree. Surely a great step toward reunion has been taken in this spontaneous offer to yield the acceptance of liturgical rites, even of one so binding upon herself as that of Confirmation; but the extent and importance of the concession proposed, as affording a solution both of the litur-

gical questions which have long been agitating the Episcopal Church itself, and in regard to her relations with other bodies, does not seem as yet to have been at all appreciated either within or without her communion. It is evident that it completely removes what has hitherto been considered one of the most insuperable barriers to reunion.

In considering the fourth of the principles referred to, we come to the most difficult of all. It is that which makes an essential to reunion the acceptance of "the historic episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of his church." To many minds the maintenance of this seems to close the door to the hope of union between Episcopal and non-Episcopal churches. But ought it to do so? If there is a willingness to throw down barriers on the one side, ought there not to be a willingness to do the same on the other? It is folly to suppose that union between bodies so long and so widely separated can be effected except by real and large concessions from each; and if non-liturgical bodies can secure the concession of so important a matter as freedom from the restraint of a prescribed liturgy, is it too much to ask that they, on their part, should be willing to accept an Episcopal regimen—especially modified as herein proposed—when the Episcopal Church declares that this regimen is something which it cannot give up? But why should it not give it up? Why should not *all* the concessions be on one side? Why should the historic episcopate in any form be a *sine qua non* to reunion? For many reasons. First, because it is a matter of conscience with a vast majority of the members of the Episcopal Church. They regard the episcopate as a divine gift, which has come down to them through eighteen centuries of Christian history, and they dare not give it up; they believe that it possesses an authority and grace which are found nowhere else; they could not conscientiously submit themselves to any other form of church government, or receive the sacraments from clergymen in any other orders. As narrow and bigoted as this may sound to some, it is, nevertheless, a fact; a fact which must be fully and considerably weighed in any honest and earnest effort to promote church unity. And over against this must be put the other fact that non-Episcopal bodies do not reject Episcopal orders *per se*. They do not deny their validity. And in general, Presbyterianism or Independency, and the other forms of



church government prevalent among Protestants, are not severally maintained because they are believed to be the only true and divinely ordained forms, but from choice or expediency, or from the belief that they correspond most closely to the primitive model. The general belief is that Christian churches are at liberty to organize under one or other of these forms, as they may see best, while none is divinely prescribed. Moreover, in the general Protestant sentiment the validity of a sacrament does not depend in any wise upon the orders of its administrator. Thus the question of a particular form of church government, or of the validity of its orders, is not a matter of conscience among those who do not possess the historic episcopate. They are ready to acknowledge any form of church government as proper, or to receive the sacraments from any hands. Is it reasonable or possible, therefore, that those with whom this is a matter of conscience should yield it up, and those with whom it is not a matter of conscience should insist upon what is merely an opinion or a preference? The situation is this: A, B, C, and D, while having each their own preferences, nevertheless all regard and acknowledge one another, and also E, as true Christian churches, whereas E does not so regard any but his own. It is manifest, therefore, that there can be no union between E and the others, unless they conform to his church in this regard; and as they already acknowledge her as one of many that are true and valid, whereas she can only acknowledge the one, is it not reasonable and right that they be the ones to yield.

But, secondly, the possessors of the historic episcopate feel that its possession imposes upon them duties in regard to their relations, not simply with Protestants, but with that far larger section of Christendom embraced in the Roman and Oriental communions, which must eventually be considered in any scheme of Christian reunion. Without this episcopate, any hope of an ultimate reunion with these communions would be impossible. Could any consideration, therefore, justify the giving up, for the sake of union with one or two small bodies, that which could alone make reunion possible with those far larger bodies which have so long embraced the vast majority of Christians.

And, thirdly, it is believed that among those with whom union is now contemplated, the majority are already members of Episcopal churches; *i. e.*, the adherents of all the various forms of church government put together do not equal in numbers those who

adhere to Episcopacy. Now, if one body is to be formed, there must be one form of government, and one of the existing forms must necessarily be chosen, for it would hardly be suggested that another entirely new one should be invented. And if one must be chosen, which would so naturally and reasonably be the one as that which already, as a matter of fact, contains the majority of those contemplating union, especially when there is no other single form which has anything like such general acceptance? If Episcopal churches are taunted with intolerance for their adherence to this form, they may well ask, if they were prepared to give it up, where they could find one more generally acceptable? Not only is it a fact that for fourteen centuries all Christendom was so constituted, and that for the last three centuries nine-tenths of Christendom has been so constituted, but among all the various forms of church government adopted by the remaining tenth, not one has obtained any but the most partial acceptance. Wherein, therefore, is the presumption and folly and arrogance we hear so much of, in the assertion that this fourth principle is an essential in any scheme of union? And if there is to be an Episcopacy, it must be "the historic episcopate," not a new one, which those possessing the historic episcopate could not recognize, which could bear no relation to the ancient churches, and which could not maintain its own unity. If it is admitted that one can give an authority he has not received, and that one man or any number of men can institute a true branch of the church of Christ in this age, or in any age, then, there is nothing to prevent indefinite divisions among Christians, and no reason, beyond that of practical utility, why they should be united. The historic episcopate is the centre and bond of unity in the historic church.

And yet that episcopate is not, as it may appear to many, the one often seen in papal and state-oppressed churches, but one that may be "locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of his church." If the adherents of Episcopacy have granted them the great Ignatian principle, "Let nothing be done without the bishop," they, on their part, will be equally ready to yield the maintenance of the axiom having the same authority, "Let nothing be done without the presbytery." They are quite ready to acknowledge that, in the past, and in portions of the Episcopal Church to-day, the voice of the presbytery has been, and is, too little heard.

But in the free Episcopal Church in this country its position is already recognized and guaranteed, while the presbyters and the laity constitute coördinate branches in her legislatures. Matters could be similarly arranged in the union proposed. Its dioceses could be made much smaller than those in existing Episcopal churches, so that the presbyters in each diocese might constitute, as they should, a real "corona" round the bishop, with whom he would be obliged to take counsel before proceeding to action. And "adaptation" could be so made that in those divisions and graded assemblies in which the Catholic would recognize the province, the diocese, and the parish, the Presbyterian would find his synod, presbytery, and congregation. Further, as the union proposed would involve absolute freedom in each congregation to select its own manner of service, whether liturgical or extemporaneous, ornate or plain, with instrumental music and hymnody, or only vocal psalmody, and its own teacher and school of doctrine, the Congregationalist would find preserved for him the principle for which his system has contended. And as this freedom of choice might easily extend to the having of a settled or itinerant ministry, or the methods of the revival and class-meeting, the Methodist could retain the great characteristics of his system. The principle and power of the episcopate maintained, this willingness for local adaptation is, manifestly, ample to secure safeguards against its abuse, or to utilize any feature that has proved serviceable in other systems.

It is said, however, that this scheme could never be carried out, because it would involve reordination of those not already in Episcopal orders; and that this would never be submitted to, because it would be a confession of error and inconsistency, an acknowledgment that all the acts of past ministries had been wrong and inefficacious. But it would be nothing of the kind. It must be remembered that it is not the absorption of other bodies into one of those already existing that is proposed, but the formation of a new body; and if in that body a particular form of ordination were required, any one, to whatever denomination he had belonged, might submit to receive it without the slightest reflection upon his past ministry. What is ordination, in the Protestant view, but the bestowal of a benediction; and why should it be received but once, and from but one source? Did not Saints Paul and Barnabas receive a laying on of hands for the performance of a special work, after they had each for a long time exercised their apostolic minis-

try? And have the clergy of to-day less need of such benediction? Would the spirit of these apostles approve of brethren keeping aloof from brethren, simply because the one part believed that the other part would receive, through laying on of hands and of prayer, a special grace and authority? If objection were made to the formularies now generally employed, there would be no need of using them in such ordinations. They are not essential. No form of words to be used in ordination was given by Christ or his apostles. Those in use are comparatively modern. Some such one as this might be employed: "Receive the grace of God for the ministry whereunto thou art called," whatever it might be. This would be perfectly valid in the view of the most scrupulous Catholic, and would involve no inconsistency in the one receiving it, no matter how much he might be persuaded that he had already been exercising a similar office in a different body. If the only thing that prevented a reunion between the Church of Rome and the Anglican communion were scrupulosity on the part of Rome as to the validity of Anglican orders, the writer of this article would not for a moment refuse to receive Roman ordination, though he is himself perfectly persuaded of the validity of the orders in which he is; and he would consider his action no sacrilege.

If the non-Episcopal bodies would only remember the way in which they came to be constituted as they are; and how many of them made efforts to obtain the episcopate, or professed that they were only waiting until it could be received; or on what occasions they have offered to receive a "moderate episcopate," and if they were really in earnest in their desire for reunion, and willing to sacrifice something to gain it, there ought not to be the difficulty in regard to the episcopate that is so largely looked for. If consistency and the maintenance of one's private opinions are considered of more importance than to secure the inestimable boon and power of a united Christendom, then, of course, the adherence to this last principle will prevent any union between Episcopal and non-Episcopal bodies. And it may be added that if this be the spirit manifested, there will be no more likelihood of union between Presbyterianism and Independency, or any other of the forms into which non-Episcopal bodies are divided. But if there is a real desire for unity, and willingness on all sides to secure it by any fair and reasonable sacrifice which does not touch the essence of the faith; then, it is submitted that these four principles together afford

a basis, and the only possible one, for a union involving mutual concessions, but honorable alike to all.

But if all this is admitted, how could a union on these terms be brought about? By some such process as this: Let the representatives of the various denominations, some of whom have already been appointed, confer together; and if they should agree in recommending a union on these principles, and such recommendation should have been duly ratified, each existing denomination would resolve to merge itself in a new body, to be known, in this country, as, the Church of the United States. Such a designation would not only be the true name by which the body of Christians in this nation should be known, but it would be hailed with joy by many. The Protestant Episcopal Church is already dissatisfied with her designation, and many in other Christian bodies are beginning to feel that a title derived from the name of a human founder, or from terms denoting theological or ecclesiastical peculiarities, is no fitting description for so august a body as the church of God. There can be no question that the scriptural designation of the church was from the locality in which it was planted, as the Church of Corinth, of Ephesus, of Rome, etc.; and to this let us return.

Next, let the whole of the United States be divided up into districts corresponding to the province or synod, and the diocese or presbytery; and a provision made for the holding of constitutional assemblies therein, composed of all the clergy, and representatives of the several congregations. Let all those now ministering to congregations, who have not already received ordination from some branch of the historic episcopate, receive a laying on of hands, with some simple formula which shall be adjudged sufficient to set them apart for their work in the new organization. Diocesan assemblies being held, let fitting men be freely elected to the position of bishops, with due provision for those already in similar positions, as the bishops of the Methodist and the Episcopal churches. Let those so elected be also duly set apart for their office; the bishops of the Episcopal Church having already pledged themselves by the terms of their declaration to the bestowal of this gift of ordination, provided the conditions they ask be complied with. Finally, enabling acts from the State legislatures could be obtained, providing for the transfer of the property of the various denominations to suitable trustees under the new organizations; and other matters requiring local adjustment completed, the new church would be duly organized and equipped.

Then the great work of consolidation and up-building would begin: the weeding-out of churches in districts where there are too many, and the placing of them where they are needed; arrangements for different congregations and clergymen who are now simply impeding one another, to work together in harmony; the amalgamation of missionary boards, or, at least, agreement to act so as not to interfere with one another, to the distraction of the bewildered heathen; real fraternal intercourse between those who are now so separated from, and ignorant of, one another; the manifestation before the world of that essential note of Christian character, unity of spirit; the upraising of an enormous power for righteousness and holiness, which must of necessity command respect and obedience; the saving of that fearful amount of energy and treasure now consumed in the maintenance of denominational pride and isolation; and the facilitation of the task of preaching the simple way of salvation, which is now often so difficult, through its complications with the teachings and commandments of men.

But, it is asked, how will it be possible for those differing in their theology from the strictest Calvinism to the broadest Latitudinarianism, and in their practices from the baldest Quakerism to the most advanced Ritualism, to dwell together in the same communion, sit together in the same assemblies, and work together in harmony? But why not? If the four great principles agreed upon were maintained (recognized by all as alone essential to the faith and structure of the church), why should not each be willing to leave to the others freedom of belief and practice in things indifferent, and to work heartily together for the ends and interests involving all? Do we not now practically so tolerate each other, without having the fellowship and power which would come from acknowledged and cordial union? Certain it is that, if Christians do not so combine to put into practice the principles of love and charity which they profess, and become willing to sink their differences in united action to uphold the cardinal principles of the faith, the progress of intellectual and scientific infidelity, of worldliness and indifferentism, of human sin and passion, will gain more and more headway, and the church of God be more and more weakened, or more and more fall into contempt; unless, indeed, when union be found impracticable, some one denomination succeed in absorbing the membership of the rest.

GEORGE WOOLSEY HODGE.

## THE AMERICAN IDEA.

INSTITUTIONS rest of necessity upon fundamental conceptions, either of right or of policy, and institutions are beneficent or the reverse according as the ideas that lie at their base are sound or unsound.

In times of disturbance like those in which we are now living, when strange theories are propagated, when discontent is rife with things as they are, when proposals are seriously put forward, the carrying out of which would amount to a revolution of system, and when organized efforts are made to establish and enforce ideas precisely the reverse of those upon which our institutions rest—it is the part of wise men to make diligent inquiry as to causes and consequences, and especially to ask themselves, first, whether or not there is aught of unsoundness in the fundamental ideas on which we have built; and, secondly, whether or not we have, in any essential particular, suffered our institutions to lapse into errors and wrongs that make them violative of fundamental ideas. Let us attempt some such inquiry.

American institutions, American social life, and American industry have hitherto rested securely upon one broad and simple conception, namely, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The fathers formulated this idea, not as theorists make phrases, but as earnest men speak the truths that life has taught them. The circumstances of the colonial state had forced upon their minds this new and true conception of the natural freedom and the equal rights of men. They had learned their lesson in conflict. Their perceptions of the rights of all men had been quickened by their resentment of the wrongs done to themselves in the enforcement of other ideas. The long-continued and very grievous denial of their rights had forced upon them a contest in which they were ranged upon the side of truth by the compelling power of self-interest and the instinct of self-preservation. Suffering oppression in their own persons, they had learned, as men had never learned before, to

understand what human rights are. The long debate in which they had been engaged, with hereditary privilege for their antagonist, had shown them the ugliness of privilege, and taught them to perceive truths that were concealed from the eyes of men otherwise placed. Without privilege of any kind to plead in their own behalf, they were compelled to set themselves against privilege, and to plead natural and universal right as their defence against oppression.

They were not indulging in glittering generalities, therefore, when they challenged "the opinion of mankind" with the declaration that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They were setting forth a simple truth, and on that truth they built a nation; for, if we examine our institutions closely, we shall discover that everything of an essential nature in them is directly referrible to the doctrine of the liberty and equality of individual men.

Of that we shall speak presently. Let us first ask ourselves whether or not the broad assertion made in the Declaration of Independence is true. Men have been found, even in America, to doubt it, chiefly because they have not quite understood what it means. They have contended that the doctrine of equality is contradicted by the observed facts of life; that men are not, in fact, equal in capacity, wealth, enjoyment, stature, or anything else. The Declaration of Independence was never intended to suggest that they were so, but merely that the natural rights of men to live their lives in the way that seems to them best, to pursue happiness in their own fashion, and to enjoy the fruits of their own industry, are equal and unalienable; that all men are by nature free, no man having shadow of right to abridge the liberty of any other by the undue exercise of his own—in a word, that no man may rightfully make or call himself any other man's master, and that no government may justly create inequality of right or privilege among men.

This doctrine I hold to be true, not vaguely and generally, as some have thought, but literally and absolutely; as true as any proposition in mathematics. For proof, it seems sufficient to say that if men are not of right free, it must be that somewhere there exists the right to oppress them; that if men are not created equal in natural rights, it must be that some are endowed by their Creator with rights superior to those that are given to others; if all men are not equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of hap-



piness, it must be the natural right of some to deprive others of these things ; which is only another way of saying that the worst and cruellest forms of slavery of which history anywhere makes record were righteous, and might be righteously restored—a doctrine too repugnant to the sense of justice to need refutation.

It was in logical pursuance of this American idea that the fathers instituted self-government, personal, local, State, and national. If all men are free and equal, no man, or set of men, may of right interfere in any matter that concerns only some other man or set of men. In all that concerns the individual alone, each man must be absolutely a law unto himself. It is his right to determine for himself that which relates only to himself, without restraint or interference from any other individual, or group of individuals, or from government in any of its forms. In all that concerns only the people of a locality—be it town or village, city or rural province—the people of that locality have the absolute natural right to decide for themselves, without consulting the wish of any other people. In all matters that concern the State, and that only, it is the right of the State to decide without interference or restraint. In all that concerns the Nation as a whole, a like right of self-government, exclusive of interference from any source, exists. In general terms, it is the right of each unit, from the individual to the Nation, to be self-governing in affairs that concern itself, without asking permission or taking counsel of any other unit, whether greater or smaller. All this follows of necessity from the doctrine of individual freedom and equality of right.

It follows, too, that government, under our conception of fundamental truth, must be strictly limited in its functions ; that it must equally abstain from all unnecessary interference with the individual, whether it be to aid or to restrain endeavor. Government may no more interfere to help than to hinder, for if it comes to the assistance of one man, or group, or class of men, it gives advantages to that man, or group, or class, which it withholds from others ; and to do this is to set aside and destroy that equality of privilege and opportunity which we hold to be the unalienable right of all men, the one thing for the protection of which governments are rightfully instituted among men.

For about a hundred years we lived under the rule of this American idea and were happy. We began by repealing those laws of primogeniture and entail which were designed to create and maintain

a privileged class. We forbade all connection between Church and State, because the existence of such connection is repugnant to the American idea of equality before the law. After long travail we abolished human slavery, as we had before abolished all property qualifications for the suffrage and all removable inequalities of representation, because these things were repugnant to the American idea. If we still retain in our statute-books certain laws designed and operating to give advantage in business to certain groups of men, it is only because human nature is frail and timid, and we have not yet ventured fully and perfectly to apply in practice the doctrine which we stoutly maintain in theory; and it is to be said, on the other hand, that we have, at any rate, advanced very steadily in the direction of the truth toward which the fathers set our faces.

The first and greatest result of the adoption of this American idea was the exaltation of manhood. Both our institutions and our life recognized manhood as the supreme object of regard. Government existed, with us, only for the sake and at the behest of men as men. Its function was clearly understood to be to protect the individual man in the enjoyment of perfect liberty, to secure to each man the right to live his own life in his own way, and to make the best use he could of his capacities and opportunities. Under the operation of the American idea, manhood, for the first time in the history of the race, counted for its full worth. For the first time in history, every man entered upon the struggle of life with the inspiring consciousness that no man was his superior by prescriptive right, that no man could control his affairs for him, that no barrier was set to his endeavor, and that the fruits of his endeavor, whatever they might be, were absolutely his own, to use as might please him. For the first time in history, a nation of men felt that they might rightfully stand erect in any presence but that of the Deity.

Can there be question that such a consciousness was ennobling as well as inspiring to men? Can it be doubted that such a system tended to the advancement of the race, and the creation of a higher, and ever higher, type of manhood? Is it not manifest that virtue as well as happiness must thrive under a system so securely founded in truth, and so stimulating to endeavor? The facts of our national history give the answer to these questions. The republic has grown in population, in wealth, in education, and in stalwart virtue, as no other nation on earth ever grew before. Wealth is more equally distributed here than anywhere else, even in this latter end

of the century when great fortunes startle us with their number and their magnitude. Ours is, and for more than a generation has been, the greatest, richest, freest, and happiest country in the world; a land of such abundance that even the poorest and most unskilled laborer may sit down under his own roof to three full meals a day, may see his children clothed as the children of unskilled laborers are in no other land, and may enjoy the consciousness that free schools are open to them, not in charity, but on equal terms with those given to the offspring of his well-to-do neighbor. In one sentence, under the beneficent operation of the American idea, this has been, and is, a land in which a man is permitted and encouraged to feel that his manhood makes him the equal of all other men, in which free institutions secure to him and to his children not only the right but the opportunity to make the utmost use of their capacities. No career is closed to him or to them by prejudice or prescription. No institution of learning shuts its doors in the face of his children, or sets degrading terms upon their admission, because of his or their "condition in life." He and they are free men, contending on equal terms with other men for the prizes of life, great or small, material, intellectual, or spiritual.

Surely it is a great and glorious thing to live in such a land and under such a system; and certainly it should be the unalterable will of every man so placed, that institutions so beneficent shall be guarded, preserved, and perpetuated, even at cost of his own life, if necessary. The idea which has given birth to it all should be deeply graven in every mind and heart; and every man should jealously resent whatever violates it, or threatens to set it aside. For it is the acceptance of this idea which has made all this possible. Even the material abundance, of which mention has been made, is due—so far as it results in providing for the wants of the poor man—much more directly to the beneficence of the American idea than to the fertility of our soil. Under other institutions that fertility would be taxed to support an idle and luxurious landlord class, to maintain great armies, to sustain a State Church, and to pay for the pomps of a court. With us, the man who tills the soil owns it, and the fruits of his labor pass from him to the consumer, in exchange for other products, by the most direct channels, at the smallest cost, and free from all tithings in progress. It is to this fact that the laboring man, with us, owes his ability to have meat on his table every day in the week, and his reasonable hope that his

children will be better off, both materially and intellectually, than he.

The oppressed, the poverty-stricken, and the hopeless of other nations saw all these things that they were good ; and they came to us by tens and hundreds of thousands, to share the benefits of our institutions, to be free men in a free land, where advancement and improvement were possible and even easy to those who were worthy. They came in good faith, to accept our ideas, to support our institutions, and to bring up their children as Americans. Such immigration gave us strength. The men composing it put the past behind them, and became Americans in thought and life, as earnest as we ourselves were in their determination to support and defend the republic, and as sincere as ourselves in their devotion to the idea on which our institutions are founded.

They believed, as we did, in the great truth that men are created free and equal, and that it is the function of government to protect men in their liberty and to secure to them their equality of right. They were patriots, deeply imbued with a sense of the dignity and worth of manhood, and the inestimable value of individual liberty.

But of late years we have been receiving immigrants of a very different character. Men, by thousands, have been coming to us, who utterly refuse to accept our ideas or to submit themselves to our system. Bred under the military despotisms of continental Europe, they have learned to regard all government with hatred and all law with loathing. They have no conception of the sacredness of individual right, no notion of the beneficence of individual endeavor in free air. They have brought with them destructive theories, wrought out in revolutionary conclaves in the beer-cellars of their native lands ; theories born of ages of oppression, and in their nature blinding to the possibility of liberty under law. They have learned in the bitterness of oppression not only to hate government, but to hold social order itself as their enemy. Their hatred of tyranny is not the enlightened hatred of injustice and oppression which free men feel, but a blind resentment against society for wrongs done to themselves and their fathers before them, under sanction of the only social system of which they have any knowledge. They have no desire to abolish despotism and to set up a better form of government in its stead, because they do not know and will not learn that a better form is possible. Their purpose is simply to become them-

selves the despots under some system of socialism, at best ; in a mad reign of anarchy and violence, at worst.

These men, even in their milder moods, are enemies of society and civilization. Their least offensive proposal is to use the free citizenship our institutions secure them, for the overthrow of those institutions, and the substitution in their stead of that form of despotism which is most paralyzing to manhood, namely, state socialism. They are not content with the liberty we give them to live their lives in their own way; they deliberately propose to themselves to compel all the rest of us to live our lives in their way, whether we like to do so or not. They refuse to become Americans, to accept American ideas, or to adapt themselves to American institutions. They hate our Government as virulently as they hated the governments under which they were born. They refuse even to acquaint themselves with the institutions they desire to set aside. So far as possible, they refuse to learn our ways or to accommodate themselves to our conditions; and there are American cities in which these arrogant enemies of ours—for that is what they make of themselves—have undertaken, by force of numbers and the power which numbers give in politics, to exclude the very language of America from American public schools.

A danger which presents itself in this aggressive attitude is, perhaps, not greatly to be feared. We are strong enough to restrain this obstinately alien element from mischievous activity, and to keep it within bounds. But, unfortunately, the perverse ideas of foreign theorists have been propagated here in subtle forms, very alluring to half-educated minds, and many thousands of Americans, native and naturalized, have been seduced into acceptance of them in lieu of the great, universal, and eternal truth laid down in the Declaration of Independence, which I have called the American idea.

Without quite knowing what they were doing or whither their courses tended, American workmen, in a natural but misguided effort to benefit themselves, have joined secret societies organized for the express purpose of setting the American idea at naught by depriving other men of their natural rights. Trades unions, Knights of Labor, and similar associations have asserted their right to exercise a tyranny wholly foreign to the spirit of American institutions, and utterly subversive of human liberty. Under the American idea, every man is free to work, or to hire others to work, upon the best terms he can make. That liberty the labor organizations have

sought to take away by violence. They assume not only to compel their own members to work, or to quit work, at the behest of their little bosses, but to lay like commands upon free men who owe no allegiance to them, and to compel the doing of their will by physical force, by social ostracism, and by the ingenious cruelty of the boycott. We have seen almost the entire trade of the country brought to a halt for weeks at a time by command of one man, of bad character and low intelligence, who openly declared that he gave the order merely to "show his power." We have seen all the street-car lines of two great cities "tied up" at command of a secret conclave, by way of compelling the public to enforce an illegal and unjust demand that a corporation should discharge all the men in its employ and give their places to others. We have seen the business of a poor widow ruined by a boycott, because she employed bakers who did not belong to a particular secret society. Even while these pages are passing through the press, we see a trade union endeavoring to compel employers to discharge faithful and capable workmen and work-women, because they do not choose, or are not permitted, to become members of that union; to establish the right of a voluntary association arbitrarily to say who shall, and who shall not, be allowed to earn a living by labor.

These are but sample instances of what has been going on all around us for several years; and instead of resenting such violations of human right, as subversive of that liberty which is our most precious possession, legislators of every degree have weakly encouraged the wrong-doing, because they were too selfish and too cowardly to risk offending men who have votes, and influence with voters. As statesmen, it was obviously their duty to inquire whether or not these manifestations of a lawless spirit were prompted by any injustice in the laws, or by any failure in their enforcement. That duty they have shirked; but, in most meanly selfish recklessness of the general welfare, they have sought to ingratiate themselves with the conspirators against liberty by demagogic utterances and enactments. Mayors, members of legislatures, and even governors of States have thus degraded themselves; and party conventions have most obsequiously courted the "labor vote" in the same fashion.

The time has come for all of us to remind ourselves that we are Americans; to reaffirm the great fundamental truth on which our system rests; to insist that individual liberty shall be protected to the uttermost at any cost; to abide by the American idea at all times

and in all places; to enforce it in all our relations with men; to make its observance the test of merit in public men, in legislative measures, and in political parties. We all love liberty and desire the continuance of free institutions in this land of ours; but too many of us are selfish and cowardly; too many of us fear to suffer loss or inconvenience by setting ourselves boldly in opposition to whatever tends to the denial of the truth. We cringe in fear, when we should stand upright with a firm front. We basely surrender rights that should be dearer to us than life itself, rather than risk paltry pecuniary losses. And our political parties—both of them—have shrunk in most cowardly fashion from any honest dealing with the matter.

But the spirit of the olden time is not dead, though it sleeps. Already men are waking to the consciousness that it is not mere disturbance that we have to deal with, but an actual threat to the republic, and the liberty which the republic secures. Even in the ranks of the secret societies that were organized to establish tyranny, there is revolt against tyranny. American men are not good subjects for the fantastic tricks of despotism, even when they are themselves the actual or supposed beneficiaries of it. They do not serve masters patiently for any considerable length of time. The trades unions were absorbed into the larger organization of the Knights of Labor, in order that their un-American purpose of destroying individual liberty and subjecting manhood to a degrading bondage might be the more quickly and surely carried out; but as members of the larger organizations they have themselves felt the galling effects of bondage, and many of them are in revolt. They refuse to submit to despotism even while engaged in an effort to impose despotism upon others. They are inspired to resist encroachments upon their rights by an indwelling consciousness of the eternal truth and justice of the American idea, even though they owe their own organized existence to an attempt to set that idea aside.

These are hopeful indications; and, for one, I have faith to believe that the American people, native and naturalized, will, in the long run, prove to be thoroughly loyal to the American idea of individual liberty and equality of rights, though they are sometimes forgetful of it because of the temporary blindness of self-interest. If those of us whose eyes are not thus blinded do our part manfully, those who are now misled by false and mischievous teachings will presently come to a better mind, and see the truth as clearly as those who once held slaves now recognize the unrighteousness of that oppressive system.

Meantime, it should not be forgotten that the movements which we condemn as un-American and in derogation of the equal rights of men, have been instigated and made possible by the existence of actual wrongs and hardships. This American idea of ours is so true and so beneficent, that the discontents of our time could never have gained the force they have shown, if the truths on which our system rests had been faithfully carried out in practice. While we have held firmly to the theory that all men are free and equal, and that it is the function of government to secure to all an equal liberty to do the best they can for themselves, neither helping nor hindering any, we have in practice enacted some laws in violation of this principle, and have permitted certain men and classes among us to usurp privileges that others do not enjoy. Our system of taxation has been so framed as to favor a part of the community at the expense of the rest, to free some from the operation of the competitive principle, while subjecting the rest to it. It is not my present purpose to discuss the theory of the protection of infant industries, which many persons hold to be justified as patent laws are, upon the ground of a compensatory benefit to all. However this may be, the fact remains that, in very large part, our present tariff laws are without such a plea, and exist simply in order to give to some men advantages that are denied to others; which is clearly in violation of justice, and of the American idea of the function of government.

Again, we have failed to hold great corporations rigidly to their contract obligations toward the public. The only possible plea upon which we can justify the granting of exclusive corporate rights, and especially the right to make exclusive use of streets and other common property, to single groups of men, is that the grant is made, not with the purpose of favoring some at the expense of others, but in the equal interest of all, under a contract to the effect that the corporation, in return for a fair interest upon its actual investment, shall render to the whole people, upon equal terms, some form of service which cannot be rendered except by men in the enjoyment of such corporate privileges as are granted. In the case of railways, for example, the undertaking of the corporations is to furnish to the people the best facilities for the transportation of freight or passengers, at the lowest rate of charge that will yield a just and reasonable return in interest for the money actually invested. But this contract is broken, and the plea in justification of the grant of corpo-



rate privileges is taken away, when we permit the owners of the monopoly to take to themselves profits greatly in excess of what is fair. If a company issues stock and bonds in excess of its actual investment, by way of making that seem a reasonable return which is, in fact, a wholly unreasonable and excessive return, a wrong is committed which amounts to robbery—and robbery of this kind is done under cover of the law throughout the land. By the devices of stock-watering and the excessive issue of bonds, corporations are permitted to conceal the fact that their charges to the public for service are unjust, and in violation of the contract under which they hold their franchises. So far as the law permits such wrongs, it is unequal and un-American law, by which some men's rights are wrongfully abridged in order that the privileges of others may be wrongfully enlarged. So far as the law fails to set proper and effectual restraints upon this species of robbery and oppression, it fails of the purpose for which alone laws may rightfully be made, namely, the protection and enforcement of the equal rights of men.

Discontent has its origin chiefly in the popular consciousness that wrongs of the kinds suggested, and others like them, are permitted to exist under our system. Men feel that they do not enjoy that perfectly equal liberty which they know to be their natural right. They feel that they are oppressed by the denial to them of a perfectly equal chance with other men, and, in their impatience, they lose their faith in the system, and attribute to it as an imperfection that which is due in fact to its transgression.

The first step towards the permanent cure of discontent and the complete restoration of loyalty to our free system, should be an earnest endeavor actually and perfectly to reduce the American idea to practice. It should be the care of statesmen and publicists to search out every particular in which the law deprives any man of his perfect equality of right and privilege with other men, and every particular in which the law, by its imperfection, permits men to take to themselves rights and privileges in excess of their equal share. It should be the care of every citizen to insist that the principle of individual liberty and equality of right is fearlessly and relentlessly applied and enforced. Then shall our system work justice and righteousness, and then shall the American idea commend itself to all minds as the consummate flower of truth and wisdom in the regulation of human affairs.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

## AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE FRENCH ARCHIVES.

THE nature of the public sentiment which led Lafayette to help the Americans, and which finally forced a reluctant government to openly declare war against England, is clearly explained in Taine's *Ancien Régime*; it may be briefly summed up as a wide-spread philanthropic sentiment, due to the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, in which abstract ideas about "Nature" and the "Rights of Man" superseded all other ideas and theories hitherto accepted in relation to law, authority, and social development generally. The outbreak in America, being a rebellion against tyranny, afforded an opportunity to generous spirits like Lafayette's to carry them out. France and England, although at peace at that time, were hereditary enemies. But it was those new theories which filled the public mind, and prevailed especially among the cultivated class, which forced the French Government to aid the Americans.

Conrad-Alexandre Gérard de Rayneval was the first French minister sent to the United States. He belonged to an Alsatian family, and was for a time, anterior to this mission, chief clerk at Paris in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Sent to the United States in 1778, he returned to France in company with John Jay, in 1779, on account of ill health. During his sojourn of a year in Philadelphia he occupied a house within sixty paces of the State-house, where the Continental Congress met, and its members daily consulted him. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the sessions, especially when relations with the French were under discussion. Congress held its sittings with closed doors, and, as reporters were not then known, and no detailed record of the debates was kept, Gérard de Rayneval's correspondence is peculiarly interesting, furnishing, as it does, together with that of Luzerne afterwards, in the words of Mr. Bancroft, "the most complete reports which exist of the discussions in Congress from 1778 to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. . . . The French ministers knew how to obtain information on every proceeding that interested their country." Not only does he recount the doings and sayings of Congressmen, but his letters likewise contain reports on the political state of the

country, vivid pictures of the society of the day, and particularly interesting traits of prominent men. He died in France in 1790. To a philosophic mind he united great tact and sagacity, and was eminently qualified for his post.

Gérard de Rayneval reached Philadelphia early in July, 1778. The ship on which he came stopped at Chester, on the Delaware River, just below the city. Four members of Congress, with Hancock at their head, waited upon him on his arrival. In his account of his reception to the Count de Vergennes, July 15, he says:

“Nothing can equal the eagerness of members of Congress and other leading men to call on me and express their sentiments in relation to the alliance and on the steps taken by the King. I fear that I should be charged with exaggeration were I to state the terms which the most phlegmatic employ in their daily conversation with me. They call the King ‘Protector of the rights of Humanity,’ which is always the toast in his honor.”

Ten days after this, July 25, he makes some general comments:

“Party spirit exists in Congress, as in all bodies. Some want rotation in office, and others such an arrangement as will keep them in office—a sort of aristocracy.”

Two members of Congress had brought their sons to see the new envoy at Chester, in order to impress them early that the sending of a minister of the King to their country at this decisive moment was well calculated to fix their affections and their political principles.

Wishing to make some return for the honors paid to him on his arrival, he proposed a dinner with a ball after it. The obstacle to this affords a glimpse of social life. He says, August 24:

“But as they wanted to draw an absolute line of separation between Whigs and Tories, especially among the ladies, they gave me to understand that they would be obliged to me if I would not furnish, by my example, arms to either party. I regard this as treating matters rather seriously, but, besides this, a law of Congress is brought up which forbids public entertainments. This law emanated from the northern Presbyterians at a time when Congress fervently called upon heaven for its aid. Dispositions are now changed, and there are quite a number of senators who dance every week. Northern hardness becomes tempered alongside of Southern sensuousness; and yet there is hesitation in repealing this law. I presume, Monseigneur, you are not indifferent to knowing something on the moral disposition of the country.”

Subsequently, November 24, he has more to communicate on this subject:

“The Philadelphia papers contain two resolutions passed by Congress. . . . The second is a renewal of the request made by the States to interdict dances, spectacles, and races. The very day this resolution was published a public (theatrical) performance, given by army officers and Whig citizens, was to take

place. The following day the Governor of Philadelphia gave a ball, numerously attended. Congress, finding that its simple recommendation was not a law, prepared a resolution on the 16th to enforce it, which rendered incapable of employment any officer who should take part in or attend any spectacle. On the other hand, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina regard horse-racing as a national affair. It is the northern members, called the Presbyterian party, that delight in passing moral laws so as to keep their credit and rigor in full exercise. Such contests interfere with important business. It is plain to me that the delays which have occurred since I came originate in these."

The following item has interest in connection with the civil service :

"Congress has determined to give its President a salary sufficient for the usual display attached to the office. A house is hired for him, suitably furnished ; a butler to provide for his table ; and he is furnished with a carriage and horses."

Whether all this is owing to speculations, of which there are numerous instances, or to relieve the President of domestic cares, and give him more time to attend to public business, he does not know.

"In general," he says, alluding to Congress, "the pay of its members is not in accordance with the dignity of the post. Some States give their representatives very little, and always energetically dispute their accounts. No one member lives becomingly, and none can give a dinner except at a tavern. One result of this poor pay is, whenever a member finds that his business suffers, he leaves, and his State has no representative. The principle of rotation in office produces a similar effect. The southern members carry out this principle, while the northern members, especially from New England, seldom change their delegates, or other officers."

Political feeling is thus depicted :

"Everybody, almost, refuses to testify (against the insolence of the Tories). The Quakers, especially, are accused of rendering all sorts of services to the English army. . . . Scarcely one quarter of the ordinary inhabitants of Philadelphia now here favor the cause (of independence). Commercial and family ties, together with an aversion to popular government, seem to account for this. The same feeling exists in New York and Boston, which is not the case in the rural districts, where the people are more 'cultivators than merchants.'"

After this, August 12, an estimate of the Continental Congress is given :

"My purpose in this letter is to picture to you the responsibility and internal composition of Congress, as well as the way in which the States are disposed to regard its authority and organization.

"The result of my researches goes to confirm the idea I had the honor of transmitting to you on the credit which Congress enjoys. It has succeeded in securing the entire confidence of the State Government as well as of the citizens. Whatever emanates from it is received with a sort of veneration. This happy disposition is essentially due to the constant care it takes not to decide any important question before preparing the minds of the people for it, and after having

assured itself of their sentiments. This is also due to the unanimity with which important affairs are considered and to its extreme deference to the special (State) governments. The rights of State sovereignty are so carefully respected by it that the resolutions passed by some of the legislative bodies, often contrary to the measures recommended by Congress, do not affect the consideration in which it is held. An example of this is found in the important question of how the Tories shall be treated. Congress had recommended mild and legal measures. Some States, especially Virginia and the Carolinas, have, on the contrary, exercised the most arbitrary and rigid authority in this particular. . . . I content myself now by observing that the heads of the (State) Government, having no distrust and no suspicion of Congress aiming to extend its influence, are interested in maintaining a consideration for it by which they profit in turn. This policy is all the more beneficial because the most esteemed leaders and the best heads, which directed the Revolution at the start, have accepted the highest offices in their States, especially in the South. The really laborious and dull lives of the members of Congress, their remoteness from their own affairs, the luxurious habits and turn of mind, somewhat monarchical, of the large proprietors of the South, who have not organized their colonies on the popular principles of the North, and who are accustomed only to commanding a large number of slaves, have greatly contributed to this change (a deference to Federal authority); but the personal humor of these leaders has, so far, had no effect on the disposition of their constituents, who are still more concerned than those of the North in maintaining a rotation in congressional functions. Since I came here three members, one from Maryland, one from Georgia, and one from South Carolina, have been summarily removed without any charge being preferred against them, and these changes have been frequent for some time past.

"It is evident that the successive admission of so large a number of individuals into Congress prevents many able men from being there, men of such preponderating influence as when Congress was first organized. From this point of view it is not so well composed, although it contains persons of great merit. But I do not know whether, stopping at general results, its actual state is not preferable. It contributes, in effect, to a maintenance of the confidence which the slightest jealousy or distrust would soon impair. It forms a large body of subjects imbued with the principles peculiar to the common Constitution of the American republic, and always readily finding their way into heads organized according to other habits and in which old prejudices are often confounded with the current axioms of the day. A very great advantage is that Congress is kept dependent on the people, better preserves its general spirit, and is never in a condition to abuse its power. An equivocal expression escaping in debate suffices for the immediate revocation of a member, and, in multiplying this danger by the petty intrigues of personal jealousy, of which the best accredited are not found exempt after a too prolonged absence from their States, it appears that the ambition of private persons and of public bodies is thus restrained by a powerful curb."

Following this sagacious comment there are other remarks on questions which divide northern and southern sentiment; and the letter concludes with this statement, which will again serve our purpose further on:

"Another question which has warmly divided Congress is the rivalry between

Generals Washington and Gates. The division is almost that between the southern and northern States; the former support Washington, who is a Virginian. This general, whose conduct seems to have merited the esteem of Europe, and who couples virtues with talents, has been vigorously attacked with all the arms that envy can supply. The split was getting to be dangerous. The evacuation of Philadelphia and the battle of Monmouth decided the question, and the partisans of General Gates are reduced to silence. Fears, however, are entertained that the proud spirit of the latter may manifest itself on the junction of the two armies. Thus far, all has passed off well between the two generals."

The foregoing estimate of the Continental Congress on its good side is followed, in another letter of the same date, by an estimate of its weak side; the former is "*le Congrès en beau*" and the other "*les Vices du Congrès.*"

"I have thus far depicted the good side of Congress, because I have taken the point of view of its attachment to independence and to the alliance, which is the most important point for us. But it is now time that you should know it as well on its feeble side, so as to appreciate it as a whole. Most of the members who sit in Congress owe their places to their zeal for the American cause, as it is commonly called. But little attention, however, has been paid to the talents that are requisite for the enormous labor which every branch of the Administration demands, and which it manages exclusively. In some departments there is not a member who is familiar with their details. If one member happens to be more conspicuous than another on account of his intelligence, private jealousy and the principle of anticipating personal ascendancy throws him in the background. A competent merchant on the Committee on Commerce is transferred to that of Foreign Affairs, and again displaced because he is suspected of making money out of secret information. There are many colonels and generals in Congress, but none are employed on the war committees. The result is, Monseigneur, the Administration is extremely backward at all points wherever a fixed system and regularity in details are essential. The arrangements for the organization, recruiting, and regular service of the continental troops remain in suspense, as well as a number of other matters. The finances, especially, suffer a great deal. . . . Congress is the universal merchant and provider. You can appreciate the effect of a lack of order in such an immensely important detail, the accompanying loss and inconvenience, especially when you consider that, by this course, it enters into competition with private merchants, who cannot be forced to provide the State with the goods it needs.

"I am sorry to be obliged to add, Monseigneur, that personal disinterestedness and pecuniary integrity have shed no lustre on the birth of the American republic. All its agents have derived exorbitant profits from manufactures. A selfish and calculating spirit is widespread in this land, and although I can well see that limits are put to its extension, there is no condemnation of the sentiment. Mercantile cupidity forms, perhaps, one of the distinctive traits of the Americans, especially of the northern people, and it will undoubtedly exercise an important influence on the future destiny of the Republic."

The attentive observer of our legislation for the past forty years may decide for himself whether this is not prophetic language. The

writer continues to comment on those evils "which have existed since the republic began, and more than once imperilled its safety." In this connection he says :

"If the English had shown themselves, in America, one-half as energetic, confident, and courageous as they had only too often shown themselves elsewhere, they would have found very little resistance.

"The more apparent this contrast is here, the plainer does the hand of God appear in this event ; had it not been for the generous part taken by the king (Louis XVI.) at the decisive moment, there is every reason to believe that the resources of the country would not have sufficed to enable its independence to be obtained."

How true this observation is will be shown further on.

One of the most interesting letters of Gérard de Rayneval is that on the Quakers, dated September 18, 1778 :

"The following details in regard to the Quakers, which I have the honor to transmit to you, are of a mixed character.

"At the beginning of the troubles, when the colonies rebelled against the (English) project of deriving a revenue from America, the Quakers had the most influence in the government of Pennsylvania. With one exception, all agreed to defend by force of arms the exemption from every tax. Previous to this they had voted for the war against the Indians, and when the question of independence came up, the Quakers opposed it with all their might. Steps were then taken to excite the English and German population of the remoter sections of the colony, and Pennsylvania fell in with the sentiments of the other colonies. Upon this the Quakers made an outcry against war taxes, which placed them in such contradiction with themselves as to increase their discredit.

"During the occupation of Philadelphia by the English, proofs were obtained of the services rendered to them by the Quakers ; some of these were caught acting as spies, and, as it has been thus far the mistaken policy of the fraternity to support all individuals belonging to it, the odium and blame of this have reacted against the whole body. This devotedness did not preserve them from the exactions of the English, who disposed of whatever suited them, even of the furniture inside their houses. The Quakers furnished General Howe with money to redeem themselves, notwithstanding which their houses and gardens in Philadelphia were destroyed ; a prominent man among them who had given a considerable sum to Lord Howe, publicly reproached him, and declared that he would follow him wherever he went to recover the value of his dwelling.

"These barbarous proceedings, which have made more Whigs in America than there are Tories now, have not had the same effect on the Quakers. You will remember, Monseigneur, a document full of a kind of arrogance which they had circulated in the State of Pennsylvania, where they no longer are representatives. The only result was the indignation and contempt of the Whigs : but real or affected sentiment has no shame, and they rather borrowed glory from this on the ground of persecution. This feeling, however, did not last, and when the news came of the evacuation of New York (taken by the British), it was believed that, through secret intelligence, they were aware of it, and, afterwards, that they would try to make up with the actual Government. The President of Congress notified me that they would confer with me. They sounded him beforehand, and several deputations waited upon him, who confined themselves to recommending private matters.

They went further with me. I will relate, Monseigneur, how this embassy was prepared and carried out.

"Only the Quakers possessed any merchandise ; they had bought it at low prices of the English, at the time of the evacuation (of Philadelphia), and re-sold it very dear. This furnished me with opportunities to have relations with many of them, and the desire to judge for myself of the actual state of such a celebrated sect led me into conversations with them, which turned only on general matters relating to their sect and to their principles. One day, one of them bluntly said to me : 'Thee hast a good deal of trouble in finding furniture. Come into our houses and select what thee likes ; thee wilt then address thyself to Congress, and Congress will take from us to give to thee at any price thee pleases.' I felt the full force of the insult. I asked him why he did not pay voluntarily. 'Our religion forbids us,' he replied. 'I fear then,' said I in return, 'that, as people say of you, you have an easy conscience when you are called upon to give money and take trouble for things which do not suit you, and that a religion which has no other public influence in society than to produce avarice and an inordinate love of ease and indolence must strike enlightened people as a mask for hypocrisy.' I manifested a desire to have this doubt cleared up. This led to a discussion, which ended by the Quaker telling me that he would bring me a person who knew more than himself, able to solve my doubts, and with whom I could explain myself in French. The name of this person is Benezet, son of a French refugee, who has turned Quaker, and who is a man of intelligence and learning. He prepared me for the mission by sending me one of the brethren, who praised highly the merit and virtues of this sort of patriarch.

"Finally he came, and we had several conversations on the history, principles, and career of his sect. It was only at our last interview, two days ago, that he at last declared, yielding to my arguments, that, agreeing with most of the fraternity, he thought that the Quakers ought to submit to the actual Government and pay taxes, without questioning the use to which they might be put ; but that they had weak brethren among them, whose scruples they were obliged to respect. I made him sensible of the dangers of this mistaken policy, one which involved a loss of public esteem universally, and warranted the distrust and rigorous measures of the Government. I remarked to him that since they had been able to secure the confidence of the English Administration, the principles of which differed so much from their own, it would be easy to come to terms with a government tolerant in principles and which would not persecute them when once combined with it. Sieur Benezet seemed to have resolved to expound these truths ; he ended by begging me to favor the fraternity, and especially to exercise my good offices in behalf of some Mennonites affiliated with them, who had been imprisoned and fined for not taking up arms. I replied that it was not in my mission to arrest the energies of the American Government, and that when the Quakers had performed their duties they would no longer be in fear of persecution.

"The President of Congress expressed his best thanks to me for the way in which I had conducted myself in this affair, and begged me to treat the ulterior demands of the Quakers in the same fashion."

Subsequently, May 16, 1779, he says :

"The Quakers keep constantly asking me to mediate in their behalf and to give them advice. I have confined myself to recommending them to again become citizens and to resume their place in the republic. They begin to realize the illusion



of their expectations, and there is good reason to believe that, however the campaign may turn out, the sect will submit. This would be of great advantage to the United States, because the number, wealth, and consideration of the Quakers is, alone of itself, that which gives standing to the Tory party. Congress, to which I report the requests of the Quakers, is satisfied with my conduct and with my replies to them."

De Rayneval's first interview with Washington, who came to Philadelphia to arrange the campaign for the following year, is recorded under date of December 25, 1778:

"General Washington arrived a few days ago, amidst public acclamations. I have had repeated conversations with him. It is impossible to express one's self in better terms on the alliance, and the gratitude due to his Majesty, who is called their benefactor. . . . Washington seems to deserve, as a man and a citizen, as much praise as for his military talent."

On the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1779, the French envoy orders a *Te Deum* sung in the Catholic Church. In his reports on the anti-patriotic sentiments of various sectarians he is not partial to those of his own religion:

"It is the first ceremony of the kind in the thirteen States, and it is thought that the *eclat* of it will have a beneficial effect on the Catholics, of whom quite a large number are suspected of not being very much attached to the American cause. My chaplain delivered a short address, which has obtained general approbation and which Congress has demanded for publication."

The foregoing extracts add to our stock of information on colonial society at the time of the Revolution, and are especially interesting on account of the observer's point of view. They give a good idea of the writer's intellectual powers, his intelligence, his knowledge of men and of society, his tact and impartiality, in short, of the spirit in which he fulfilled the difficult mission intrusted to him. Equally entertaining and instructive matter abounds in subsequent letters. Not the least interesting is the information he gives of men who played secondary parts in the revolutionary drama, but who were not the less valuable agents in achieving the independence of the country. One of these men is Doctor Cooper, a clergyman of Boston, friend of Doctor Franklin, and "one of the best speakers in Massachusetts." Doctor Cooper had voluntarily published several articles in defence of Count d'Estaing, against whom, as well as against the French generally, General Sullivan had excited public sentiment in New England. Pleased with these articles, de Rayneval expressed his thanks to Doctor Cooper, and engaged a mutual friend to propose to him to further exercise his talents in the same direction. The doctor accepted his proposal, and accord-

ingly received a regular salary "as indemnity for what he had suffered in the common cause, as well as to enable him to employ a vicar, so that he might give himself up wholly to the work he undertook."

Another valuable assistant employed was General Sullivan, who seems to have become aware of the mistake he had committed in fostering bad feeling against the French. Under French pay he is one of the most energetic and successful agents both in Congress and in connection with the army.

Still another able but unreliable man employed in the same cause was that unscrupulous Englishman, Tom Paine, bought and rebought twice by de Rayneval and Luzerne together, and finally discredited on all sides until, becoming destitute, he got to be a sort of pensioner of the American Government, in consideration of his journalistic services at the outbreak of the Revolution.\* But our limited space forbids our dwelling on these and other characters; and we must pass on to more important concerns.

What we know of social and political affairs during the Revolutionary War, obtained through traditions, private letters, the newspapers of the day, vaguely in the common histories of that event, and more clearly in the documents of the French archives, satisfies me that there were at this time two sorts of great men in the country, one local and the other national, or, in other words, a set of public men strenuous for state rights in contradistinction to those who made state rights subservient to national interests. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Livingston, and others among the Virginian statesmen represent the latter class, while John and Samuel Adams, and the New Englanders, excepting Jonathan Trumbull and a few others in the background, represent the former class. It is certain that John and Samuel Adams, with Richard Henry Lee and his brother, exceptionally among the Virginians, largely impeded the efforts of Washington and Franklin to profit to the fullest extent by the French alliance, on which success in achieving independence depended. Such, at all events, is our judgment, derived from the correspondence under consideration. To make the above distinction between local and national great men fully understood, it is necessary, by way of preface, briefly to state the leading

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\* Cf. *History of the People of the United States*, by John Bach McMaster, Vol. I., pp. 152-154.

political questions which agitated the Continental Congress, and of which there is no better detailed history than this correspondence affords.

One of these was the Fishery question, very important, of course, at that time to New England, but which the other States of the Confederation thought was pushed too far in her interest, without reciprocation to them. De Rayneval says, May 14, 1779 :

“ Whatever opinions on the subject the present members of Congress may entertain, nine, and perhaps ten, States will refuse to continue the war for this accessory advantage to New England, which offers no reciprocity of interests.”

Coupled with this question is that of the invasion of Canada and the possession of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, which the New England representatives emphasize in Congress. Washington, in a strong report, treating the question on its military merits, decides against it, which sets the point at rest for a time. Subsequently, he is disposed to favor an attack on Canada, to keep the army busy, but the French refuse, on the ground that they simply undertook to free the original thirteen colonies, and not to make new conquests.

The effort to bring Spain over to the side of the rebellious colonies, so as to obtain additional aid from that country, which effort was complicated by boundary and other questions affecting the United States and the Spanish colonies alongside of them, gave rise to a great deal of discussion.

To the cabal against Washington must be added one against Franklin. Both were rendered abortive by diplomatic skill in America as well as in Paris. Louis XVI. and his ministers, perfectly assured of the integrity of Franklin and Washington, and that these two men represented the real moral and material forces of the country, depended on them almost entirely.

Of all questions, however, that disturbed the Continental Congress, the Peace question was the most serious. It continued to be a stormy question down to the capitulation of Cornwallis. England tried repeatedly to negotiate a peace directly and indirectly in America and in France ; overtures were made to that end by various individuals, and commissioners were appointed for the purpose. There is no doubt that many in America who were not Tories were anxious for peace, with a view to future commercial if not social relations with England ; and there is equally no doubt that the chief political leaders of New England were not disposed to consult French interests in relation thereto. On all these questions Samuel Adams,

especially, was opposed to the French. The French Government naturally studied this situation very closely. These questions engrossed the attention of Congress at the height of the struggle; the reader will see the bearing of the allusions to them by the French minister in the following extracts from his correspondence.

As early as December 6, 1778, he writes to Vergennes that he suspects a Mr. Temple, who appeared in Philadelphia with letters of introduction from Massachusetts, of being a British spy, sent to the United States to sow distrust of France, and to effect a separate reconciliation with England. Laurens, at that time President of Congress, assures him that Temple will be dismissed, and that Samuel Adams himself, despite a warm personal interest in Temple, is similarly disposed. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, pretended that the United States had a right to treat separately with England.

Members of Congress "have assured me," says de Rayneval, "that the assertion of Lee was received with contempt and indignation; that a plurality even of the delegates of his own State and of those of Massachusetts, in spite of the influence of Mr. Samuel Adams, thought with Congress that such a principle would be a manifest infraction of the alliance and a lasting dishonor to the United States. . . . All the delegates . . . affirmed to me that there were not two men in Congress capable of listening to any of Temple's proposals, but that the conduct of the State of Massachusetts hampered (*gênait*) their resolution."

Congress, it must be borne in mind, sat with closed doors, and its members were careful not to divulge what went on, except in the case of Gérard de Rayneval, with whom it was agreed to communicate its political doings without reserve. The army had petitioned that the sittings of Congress should be public, especially on all matters connected with the war, but without effect. Silas Deane had published a pamphlet relating to these matters, "which," says the envoy "was not distasteful to the plurality of the members of Congress, wearied and ashamed of the ascendancy which it had allowed to the party headed by Richard Henry Lee and Samuel Adams." Samuel Adams afterward called on de Rayneval and "swore to me that he had seen Temple but once at his house, and that he had only been polite to him because recommended to him by the State which he represented." (Letter of December 12, 1778.)

Continuing the subject a fortnight later, the French agent adds:

"The Congressional Committee is much excited over the answer to be made to me in relation to the doctrine of Mr. Lee. The answer of four of its members has been confidentially communicated to me, and it is perfectly satisfactory. But the fifth member, Mr. Samuel Adams, the friend of Mr. Lee, does not agree to it, and

tries to persuade the others that peace, being regulated by the treaty, does not require so explicit an answer. I have fortified his colleagues against such false reasoning, and hope that they will adhere to their opinion."

Both Richard Henry Lee and Samuel Adams write to him with a view to exculpate themselves; his distrust, however, is not removed, for "I know positively," he says, "that it is Mr. Adams alone who, by his petty ruses and cavilling, hinders the communication to me of a positive and satisfactory reply, which the other members of the Committee adopted long ago."

The nature of the Peace question in the hands of the politicians of that day is clearly apparent in the above statements. It is the beginning of the end, finally accomplished by John Adams in his discreditable negotiations for peace with England, in 1782, in violation of the treaty with France, which gave umbrage to Vergennes and caused chagrin to Franklin. The following series of extracts, long but conclusive, explains this political situation. On March 10, 1779, de Rayneval had written to the Count de Vergennes:

"Our friends (in Congress) began yesterday to attack their opponents. They first brought up the principle of treating with France and of showing perfect confidence in her. The Lee faction was actively and advantageously pushed back to its last intrenchments. Mr. Samuel Adams was so irritated as to abandon his usual reserve and exclaim, 'Why must we unite our interests so closely with those of France? Here,' he continued, stamping on the floor, 'is the place where our independence must be established.'"

Such an exclamation at such a time, when Washington at home and Franklin abroad were straining every nerve to secure French aid, and knew the absolute necessity of deferring to French conditions for furnishing it, could be no other than one of those pseudo-patriotic outbursts which appeal more to buncombe than to common sense. It may be explained by the same intellectual grasp of things as is apparent in the following anecdote, which we give *en passant*. Du Ponceau, Steuben's secretary, made the acquaintance of many eminent men in Boston, among whom were John Hancock and Samuel Adams. The latter, hearing Du Ponceau express republican ideas, asked him where he got them. "In France," replied Du Ponceau. "That is impossible!" rejoined Samuel Adams; whereupon Du Ponceau exclaimed, "Because a man is born in a stable does that make him a horse?"

M. de Rayneval reports, May 6, 1779 :

"I have continued my research in order to discover the real object of the opposition. The members of Congress whom I have interrogated reply almost

unanimously that Samuel Adams wanted a continuance of the troubles in order to maintain his own importance, and that his association with R. H. Lee originated in their mutual support of John Adams and Arthur Lee ; that the object of the delays, which this party excites by all sorts of ruses, was to avoid the appointment of a plenipotentiary (for negotiating peace) because it felt that the latter would not obtain a vote of the present Congress. I observed to one of the most esteemed members that I admitted these motives and personal views, but that I was strongly disposed to think, according to the action in common of the opposition, that its views extended farther ; and that Messrs. Samuel Adams and Lee intended to postpone the decision in order that the English commissioners, who were to make new overtures to the States, might arrive ; that they undoubtedly flattered themselves they would forestall the confidence of the commissioners, so as to render themselves masters of the negotiations, have these take place in America, and thus obtain a credit which would counterbalance that acquired by the opposite party in concluding the treaty with the King of France. I supported this conjecture by the statement he himself had made to me, that these two men had insisted that Congress should treat with the last English commission after the arrival and ratification of our treaties."

May 7, he says, " Boston is the theatre of the opposition party." Next day he continues :

"The personal tie between Messrs. Adams and Lee dates from the beginning of the troubles. It was through the good offices of the former that Mr. Arthur Lee procured the agency in London of the State of Massachusetts Bay. Hence the political importance of Lee, who showed his gratitude by every sort of reciprocal kindness. The Virginians are not the only ones who entered into the quarrel with ideas of political freedom and independence. When these ideas began to work in the other provinces, the Eastern States affected a pride and a tone of superiority which circumstances favored, and which engendered the desire to dominate over a freedom they had founded, while the esteem they had acquired, whether on account of their popularity, and other advantages which they thought they possessed, led them to believe that this preëminence was their due. Lee, through his connection with Adams, readily entered into a project suited to his character. He has a secret ambition, dissimulation equal to that of the people of the East, rigidity of manners, and the gravity that is natural to the Presbyterians. He is laborious, intelligent, and supple, so far as is requisite in a growing republic. His first successes in Congress secured him the confidence of his province. He felt that, in uniting with four provinces which had agreed to be always of the same opinion, it would be easy for them to be in the plurality, or, at least, to exercise a tribunal power. Success answered their hopes, and, for a long time, they ruled Congress. They began to lose standing only when the elections brought about a new composition of this body. One of the most important objects of this league was to hinder the army from obtaining too much credit. It affected a dread of its power, and allowed itself every sort of proceeding and imputation in justification of this pretended dread. They prevented the army from arriving at any degree of stability. It is certain that if General Washington were ambitious and an intriguer he might have effected a revolution ; but nothing on the part of this general, nor of the army, has caused the slightest umbrage ; the principle that the quality of citizen is first, and that of officer second, is constantly on the general's lips. The policy of the faction on this point is to secure for the Eastern States and Virginia, in times of peace, the ascendancy which these powerful

provinces will possess over both the States and the armies, for lack of a force common to the States, and under the direction of the general power of Congress. Hence the idea which has obtained such credit here, of revising the army when peace is declared, and of only retaining a small corps of provincial soldiery. The Eastern States would find this to their advantage, because they are already provided with a numerous militia.

"Another view of the faction, which I had the honor of transmitting to you, is to bring about the necessity of peace in such a way as to negotiate directly with England, and stipulate some sort of alliance with this power, the credit of which would sustain the faction. Such is the purpose to which its conduct constantly tended, when its two chiefs at Yorktown voted and manœuvred so obstinately to bring about a negotiation with the English commissioners, even after the arrival of the treaties, and when Lee maintained that open hostilities did not deprive the States of the liberty of treating with Great Britain. It is, probably, through a consequence of this same system that Messrs. Adams and Lee do all in their power to render our present negotiations impossible, so that the new English commissioners may have time to get here, of whose confidence they are assured, and with whom they flatter themselves they can treat.

"Many members have repeated their assurances to me that Congress was not disposed to treat, except under the King's auspices and in the face of all Europe.

"The crisis between the two parties is at hand, and, to all appearances, their fate will be decided by the issue of the debates."

Whether the surmises of Gérard de Rayneval were, or were not, entirely correct, it is evident that he was well informed, sagacious in his political observations, and governed by the opinions of those who studied and upheld national interests. May 4, he says:

"General Washington and several general officers have told me that if the army knew that Congress wished to take action against the alliance it would be disposed to revolt. No patriots are more reliable nor more zealous. The principal officers have taken special pains to assure me, in the most positive and satisfactory manner, concerning the dispositions of the people of their States. General Sullivan, especially, has made every possible advance to me, so as to leave no doubt about what he thinks. . . . I have had repeated conversations with General Washington, some of which were three hours long; it is impossible for me to give a connected account of them, but I shall carefully avail myself of what he said in my letters, according as the opportunity presents itself. I content myself now by stating that I have conceived as much esteem for this general in relation to his intelligence, moderation, patriotism, and integrity as for his military talents and the incalculable services which he has rendered to his country."

On the Fishery question coming up, June 12, 1779, he writes:

The danger arising from Adams and Lee pressing the Fishery question is "lessened by the absence of R. H. Lee and Samuel Adams. Lee has been accused in open session of the Virginia Assembly of having sacrificed the best interests of America and of the alliance, while the storm raised against Samuel Adams in Boston has just compelled him to return there." "These two champions find it necessary to change their language on account of public clamor. They are now doing what they can to make it appear that they were eager for peace, and to

throw the blame of delays on their antagonists." "All the States approve of the decision in favor of France."

The members from Virginia, New York, Maryland, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and several members from other States, express warmest thanks to de Rayneval for "the truths presented by him to Congress for the last four months," through which he was able to circumvent Lee and Adams.

But the time for the departure of the French envoy was drawing near. In September, 1779, Congress passed a resolution requesting him, in the most complimentary manner, to sit for his portrait. This portrait was painted by Charles Wilson Peale, full length, and it is now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The address of Congress to Gérard de Rayneval thus concludes :

"Sir, we should be deficient in the respect due to distinguished merit if we should fail to embrace this opportunity of testifying to the high esteem which you have obtained throughout this country by your public and private conduct.

"You have happily combined a vigilant devotion for the dignity and interests of our most excellent and illustrious ally with a generous attachment to the honor and welfare of these States.

"Your prudence, integrity, ability, and diligence in discharging the eminent trust reposed in you have secured our entire confidence, and now solicit from us the strongest declaration of our satisfaction in your behavior.

"That you may be blessed with a favorable voyage, the approbation of your sovereign, the perfect recovery of your health, and all happiness is among the warmest wishes of every member of this body.

"JOHN JAY, President."

Other bodies offered him similar testimonials, as the "Merchants of Philadelphia" and "The President and Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania." The address of the latter runs :

"I assure you, sir, it gives me infinite satisfaction that I have this opportunity of declaring to you, in the behalf of the House and of all the freemen of Pennsylvania, that your name and your services to America will be held in grateful remembrance so long as the love of liberty and our extensive empire shall remain amongst the nations. . . . Your eminent services in forming the union between the two nations, and your conduct . . . will fully justify in the opinion of the world this special mark of our attention and respect, and transmit your name to posterity among the first and most distinguished friends of this rising empire.

"JOS. REED, President."

J. DURAND.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.\*

THE parents of Strauss were members of the Evangelical Established Church of the Kingdom of Würtemberg. His mother was a pious Christian, and became greatly distressed when her son first published his criticisms on the Gospels. His father was a nominal Christian, neither a pietist, making a profession of experimental religion, nor yet a freethinker. I learned that he was at first gratified by the fame of his son, but expressed his disapproval as he went farther and farther in his sceptical career. I was also informed that young Strauss had some deep religious impressions at the time of his confirmation. This is corroborated by a poem or hymn called "Jesus," which he composed about that time, and which I have seen in print.

My personal acquaintance with him began when I entered the seminary at Blaubeuren, one of the four preparatory seminaries provided by the state for the training of candidates for future ministerial service in the Established Church. Strauss and I entered at the same time. This was in 1821, when I was in my fourteenth or fifteenth year. He was about the same age. The class in which we entered numbered fifty.

The state of Würtemberg provided a free course of study extending over seven years (four in the seminary and three in the University of Tübingen) for those who wished to enter the ministry of the Established Church. Prior to admission to the seminary the candidates had been subjected to three annual examinations on their general scholarship and talents. Only fifty out of about one hundred applicants were admitted each year; the selection being made simply on the ground of mental proficiency and evidence of increasing diligence, without reference to moral or religious considerations. The successful candidates were required to pass a rigid examination

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\* Of the circle in Blaubeuren and Tübingen in which the student life of Strauss was spent, Dr. William Nast of Cincinnati is now probably the only surviving member. His recollections of these earlier days have thus a unique value in themselves, as well as for the reason that the life of Strauss prior to the publication of his *Leben Jesu* is so little known, and is of so great interest, as foreshadowing in important respects his future attitude of mind in dealing with questions of religion and philosophy.—THE EDITOR.

in the elements of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammar. The course of the seminary comprised four years devoted to the critical reading of the classics and of the Scriptures, with instruction also in logic, philosophy, and ancient and modern history. At the expiration of four years, as each class was advanced to the university, a fresh one entered. The seminary which Strauss and I attended was at Blaubeuren, near Ulm. The Ephorus (president) was orthodox, but manifested as little of personal religion as the two professors, who were very thorough classical scholars and rationalists. One of them, our Greek professor, was the celebrated Ferdinand Christian Baur, who afterwards became the father of the mythical theory and furnished the substratum for the *Life of Jesus*, by Strauss. Both professors happened to be called to the University of Tübingen with our class.

I was the only one in our class who professed religion, in the sense of an experimental faith in the divinity and atonement of Christ. My surroundings in the seminary—the spirit of the professors as well as that of my fellow-students—chilled me. I had no spiritual instruction or encouragement, except from the letters of my Christian relatives, who themselves did not fully understand my needs, and from what I read in the older spiritual treasures, as Arndt's *Wahres Christenthum*, Spener's and Franke's writings, the old hymn-books, and Thomas à Kempis. The religious attitude of the class could not be expected to be better than the instruction which we received. Our professors were enthusiastic admirers of the classics. The Greek and Roman heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers were held up to us as the great lights of humanity. The Old and New Testaments were read in the original tongues, but not as the inspired Word of God; not for edification and theological instruction, but as an exercise in linguistic criticism.

In the seminary at Blaubeuren I continued to be a classmate with Strauss throughout the four years of the course. His moral deportment was unexceptionable, and all through his course he complied strictly with all the rules. Just as his handwriting was beautiful, like print, so he was precise in all his conduct. Corresponding to this was his physique. He had regular features, like a marble statue, and was as pale as the marble itself. His most striking characteristic was the peculiarly polite manner in which he habitually addressed his fellow-students, often using the Latin and Greek salutations, as *humanissime* or *illustrissime*, in the undercurrent of which there was a vein of fine irony. We never were sure he fully meant

what he said. We could not take his words to mean what they appeared to mean. With all this affability and politeness, he could not disguise a certain selfishness, which was perhaps the fundamental feature of his character, and which appeared in his habit of consulting his own interests first, and in his penuriousness. This trait afterwards caused great trouble between him and his wife. He married a beautiful actress, who expected to receive a large sum of money from the sale of his books, and, being disappointed, charged him with ungentlemanly stinginess.

To the question whether Strauss indicated, while in the preparatory seminary, his extreme sceptical bent, it is difficult to give a categorical reply. In a peculiar, yet disguised or equivocal, way, however, I may say that he did. In the seminary the students had no fixed religious opinions, and no care for the supernatural. But, besides this, even before we were advanced to the university, and still more during our metaphysical course there, Strauss manifested a strange inclination to seek out everything mysterious, with a strong desire to investigate the abnormal and the exaggerated. He liked to read ghost stories, and hunted up the books of the Mystics, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, and others, especially the accounts of the sympathetic cures, which were then practised in Würtemberg more than in any other part of Germany. In the first year of our university course a number of students made up an excursion party, to go a few miles out in the country to an old peasant woman who told fortunes out of a coffee-pot. One by one we had our fortunes told. It made no impression on any of us except Strauss. He seemed disturbed, but would not tell us what had been said to him. It was about a year afterwards that I determined to break off my theological course and to give myself to the pursuit of *belles-lettres*, though it cost me my little patrimony; for every student who left the theological course before entering the ministry was bound to pay for every year he had enjoyed the free tuition, board, and grants for other expenses and comforts.

My parents were no longer living, and it was a great risk for me, without means, to attempt to gain a subsistence by my pen. It was at this time that I proposed to Strauss to go with me on a visit to Justinus Kerner, in Weinsberg. Kerner was a poet of the romantic school and a highly educated physician, of deep religious spirit. He had then under treatment a most remarkable woman. This woman had, in her magnetic dreams or trances, marvellous experiences and

strange revelations, which Kerner afterwards published under the title, *The Seeress of Prevorst*. When Kerner introduced me to her she said: "Your young friend makes a great deal of trouble for himself and his friends. He will soon start on a journey, but he will come back disappointed; and then I see him start again to a far-off country, and he will be satisfied." I had not said anything to Kerner about my plans. The prediction of the seeress came to pass in a remarkable way. Soon after my visit to Kerner I carried out my purpose of withdrawing from the course of ministerial training for the State Church, and of devoting myself to a literary career. I went, accordingly, to Dresden, to become personally acquainted with Ludwig Tieck, the father of the romantic school, whom I admired more than Goethe or Schiller among the German poets, and to whom I opened my heart. He received me very kindly and favored me with frequent personal interviews for nearly a month; but gave me the fatherly advice to return home and beg my brother-in-law, Prälat von Süskind, who held the highest ecclesiastical position in the kingdom (*Prälat und Präsident des Studienraths*), to let me resume my theological studies. Tieck also wrote a kind intercessory letter on my behalf; but my brother-in-law wisely judged it best not to grant my request, and advised me to go to America, where I would have a far better opportunity for a new career than by returning to Tübingen. Of all this Strauss became cognizant, but what impression it made on him at that time I do not know. I will remark here, however, that when he heard, years afterwards, of my conversion and introduction of Methodism among the Germans in America, he remarked to a classmate, in an ironical way: "I do not wonder at this. Nast never would have succeeded in any other but in just such a religious career as was opened to him in Methodism. It was not conceivable that, having become religious, he should remain an orthodox Lutheran."

But let us return to student days in the university. As a student there, Strauss was not noted for excellence in any particular subject at the expense of the rest. He was exact and systematic in all his studies, with a special interest in Hebrew, and stood near the head of his class. In his relations with his fellow-students, although he mingled with many of them freely, he was really intimate with none. In the club to which he and myself belonged there were some very gifted men. Among them were Waiblinger, a man of great poetic genius, somewhat after the style of Byron, and who,

like him, led a dissipated life and afterwards died in Rome; Pfitzer, who became a prominent politician in the revolution of 1848; Kaeferle, a genius in music; Moerike, a lyric poet of distinction, and professor of *belles-lettres* in the *Katharinenstift* in Stuttgart; Vischer, who afterwards gained renown by his writings on æsthetics, and who belonged to the school of negative criticism, with Baur, Strauss, Feuerbach, and others; Maerkolin, who distinguished himself in ecclesiastical politics, and, above all, Wilhelm Hoffman, who became the successor of Stier and Gess as Inspector of the great Mission Institute in Basle and subsequently Court-Precacher in Berlin, and General-Superintendent of the province of Brandenburg. Occasionally Christian Blumhardt, who became so widely known as pastor by his accomplishments through prayer, visited us, as also some others who did not participate with the majority of the students in drinking and duelling, and were therefore called "Philistines." Our club used to meet in a restaurant, where we had a room to ourselves. Here we spent most of our evenings in a social way over a glass of beer, without excess, and in reading or criticising new publications, and debating. Strauss's views were hard to ascertain. So long as I was personally acquainted with him, his real opinion on any point was seldom expressed. We had to put a question mark after everything he said. He never made a statement that was categorical, positive, final. He was, in fact, an agnostic, holding that nothing can be certainly known. When his *Leben Jesu* was published, my first impression, before reading the book, was that he had elaborated his mythical theory chiefly to cause a ferment in the theological world, and that he would, probably, after the various criticisms had appeared, publish a defence, in which, by skilfully assorting and utilizing the strongest points his critics had raised against him, he might endeavor to make a better plea than they had done in disproof of his own former objections. It would not have been unlike the character of the work, for there was nothing really original in it. He had only brought into a focus all the different lights that had been thrown by different writers, and especially by Professor Baur, on gospel history. Strauss was not a creative genius but a close observer, investigating critically every point he could get hold of, and then putting them all so skilfully together that they became one whole. He had a keen eye for circumstances, as well as for the temperaments and characteristics of men. He had, moreover, an excellent memory, and his intellectual ma-

chinery appeared to be in perfect order. So far as his emotional nature was concerned, he was as cold as a fish, appearing to have no emotions or excess of any kind. There was a strange reserve about him, and a curious fancy for the extravagant and the odd. Nothing interested him so much as some new phenomenon. He looked at the world simply as an object of speculation, and when seeking an explanation for any unusual phenomenon, he had a habit of saying: "Ah! we shall have to think about that."

After I left the university I did not see Strauss again. In 1857, however, when I was in Berlin attending the Evangelical Alliance, he came to hear me preach. I did not notice him in the audience, but Kaeferle told me afterward that he said, "Nast is not eloquent, but he made out his points. I am sorry I missed seeing him." When I met Kaeferle during my third and last visit to Germany, in 1877, and dined at his house, he said: "Strauss was very much interested in your career, always inquired about you, and said he regretted very much that he did not see you; although he made his fun, indulging in satirical remarks." But I must now come to the most solemn period of Strauss's life—when he was on his death-bed. It was during my last visit to Germany that I met, at Ludwigsburg—where Strauss was born, and where also he died and is buried—a gentleman who had been one of his personal friends and admirers. To show me how firmly Strauss adhered to his principles to the last, this gentleman told me the following, of which he claimed to have been an eye and ear witness. Strauss had a daughter, whom he had, strangely, sent to a pietistic school, while he was separated from her mother. She was educated a pious girl, and subsequently married a physician. She was called home when her father was about to die, and was deeply affected. When he saw her weeping, he took her hand in his and said: "My daughter, your father has finished his course. You know his principles and views. He cannot comfort you with the assurance of seeing you again. What your father has done will live forever, but his personality will forever cease to be. He must bow to the unchangeable law of the universe, and to that law he reverently says: 'Thy will be done.'"

WILLIAM NAST.

## DEAN PLUMPTRE'S DANTE.\*

THE scholarly Dean of Wells is no stranger to the literary public. To this, his latest work, fairly belongs the praise which is due to conscientious diligence. That he has been a laborious and careful student of Dante is evident. He has traversed a large area of the voluminous Dante literature: he has apprehended the numerous and often difficult questions which beset his subject: he has discussed these with intelligence and knowledge: he has produced an elaborate and well-studied biography of his author, and a useful commentary for English readers upon the first two *cantiche* of the *Commedia*, which are all that the present volume includes. His notes are generally concise and pertinent, and his commentary is, on the whole, superior to that of Mr. Longfellow, whose notes consist altogether too largely of illustrative passages from other authors, and are too often wanting where the beginner in Dante needs a guide.

As regards the translation itself, however, even charitable criticism cannot prolong the strain of commendation. To the best of its predecessors it is painfully inferior. The laboriousness which imparts value to the commentary is a standing detriment to the translation, which will never tempt the student from even the easy elegance of Cary, much less from the happy literalness of Longfellow and Philalethes.

It is not difficult to detect the radical secret of his failure. It is his attempt to reproduce the *terza rima* of the original. This *terza rima* proves a relentless demon, which keeps him continuously and toilsomely on the stretch, and busy with all sorts of ingenious contrivances, compelling the most astonishing circuits and amplifications, and the highest dilutions (to speak homœopathically), all of which are as far as possible removed from the precision and concentration, the straight, heavy striking of Dante. In short, the Dean is effectually handicapped by the metrical problem which he

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\* *The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri*. A new translation, with Notes, Essays, and a Biographical Introduction: by E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. Vol. I. 8vo. 388 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

has set himself. The metre thrusts itself persistently into the foreground as the thing to which the entire translation must conform at all hazards. A line must be pieced out with a word or a phrase of which there is not the faintest suggestion in the original, in order to furnish a mortise for the end of a succeeding line, or a tenon for the preceding one. Hence the whole translation bristles with painfully labored and artificially contrived verses. Let us cite a few illustrations:

“ These wretched slaves who ne'er true life could boast,  
 Were naked all, and in full evil case,  
 By gnats and wasps were stung that filled that coast,  
 And streams of blood down trickled on each face,  
 And, mingled with their tears, beneath their feet,  
 Were licked by worms that wriggled foul and base.”

*Inf.*, III., 64-69.

Now, the Dean's lines contain the following ideas which are purely his own: “slaves,” “boast,” “in full evil case,” “coast,” and “wiggled.” Furthermore, *mosconi* is purposely selected by Dante to denote *large* flies, like horse-flies, which, therefore, are quite unlike “gnats.” *Fastidiosi*, “disgusting,” is rendered by two adjectives, “foul and base,” neither of which represents Dante's idea, since *fastidiosi* conveys the impression made on the spectator rather than the character of the object itself; while Dante was too keen an observer of all animated things to represent worms as “licking.” Why all this?

We do not know, of course, the order in which the three endings of the triplet were forged. The first one, whichever it may have been, necessarily determined the others. Starting then, let us say, with “boast,” it followed that, in order to make a rhyme, Dante's simple “which were there” would not stretch far enough, and therefore “coast” had to be introduced, which is not Dante's. “Face” was, naturally, the only available rendering for *volto*, and, seeing this rock ahead, an entirely original sentence was thrust out as a fender, “in full evil case,” which, in its turn, is responsible for “base.” The “wiggling” of the “foul and base worms” is a possibly legitimate inference of the translator. It is Dantean, for Dante is minute and particular in touching the characteristics of whatever he describes. But that he did not note the wiggling in this case is the best possible evidence that the worms did not wriggle in his vision, and, therefore, that this vermicular movement is a gratuitous and superfluous addition of the Dean's.



At the lake of boiling pitch in the fifth *Bolgia*, where the peculators are tormented, Dante sees a black demon come running over the crag, bearing a sinner upon his shoulder, and describes him thus: "I saw behind us a black devil come running over the cliff. Ah, how fierce he was in aspect! How harsh in act he seemed to me, with his wings open, and light upon his feet!"—*Inf.*, XXI., 29–33. Now the Dean:

"And then behind I saw a demon black,  
Come running on the crag full speedily.  
Ah me! How eager was he to attack!  
How bitter seemed he to me in his deed!  
With open wings and on his feet not slack."

The words "how eager was he to attack" are not in the text, and are not suggested by anything in the text; since the demon's object was not to "attack" anybody or anything, but simply to dump the unfortunate "ancient" of Santa Zita into the pitch, and to go back as quickly as possible for another transgressor. So that the only conceivable explanation seems to lie in the necessity of finding a rhyme for "black"; and having committed himself thus far, the Dean must needs convert Dante's simple "light upon his feet," into "on his feet *not slack*"; which, besides diluting, if not perverting the sense, makes a halting, heavy line where the Italian runs with the nimble fiend:

*Con l'ale aperte, e sovra i piè leggiere.*

These are fair specimens of scores throughout the work; and by these the reader is already prepared for a second point of criticism—the rhythm. The translation is not wanting in neat and easily flowing lines, but it abounds in lines of an utterly different kind, which Dante has described in advance in the opening of the thirty-second *Inferno*:

*S'io avessa le rime ed aspre e chioce,*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
*Io premerei di mio concetto il suco*  
*Più pienamente.*

*Aspre e chioce*, "rough and hoarse." Without further comment we cite a few specimen lines to which any reader may find numerous parallels by opening the book at random, and which we invite any student of English verse to "scan" with a quiet mind:

"So that good ground for bright hopes met me here." (*Inf.*, I., 41.)

"Souls borne where fierce winds, as I said, combine." (V., 49.)

- "That rainstorm makes them all like fierce dogs howl." (VI., 19.)  
 "What he spake to them I could not hear *plain!*" (VIII., 112.)  
 "Upon a yellow purse I saw *azure.*" (XVII., 59.)

With which compare line 64:

- "And one who bore an *azure* sow *in brood!*"  
 "As in a boat that down stream course doth keep." (IV., 93.)  
 "Whereat the pilgrim fresh with strong love starts." (*Purg.*, VIII., 4.)

Let us turn now to the translation itself. Dante presents to the translator difficulties beyond any other poet. In no other poet can be found such perfect fusion of thought and speech. Intuitively he seizes the primitive relation between thought and expression, which appears in the blending of the two ideas of "reason" and "speech" in the Greek *λόγος*, and in the *ragionare* of his own tongue. Thought is never purely abstract. We think in words. Hence, consummate expression is more than a nice, judicial selection of words. It is rather the instinctive appropriation by the thought itself of its proper investiture—the body which God gave to every seed in the beginning. One does not feel that Dante has chosen the best word for his thought, so much as that his conception awoke full-clothed, and waiting only for him to lead it into the light. His vocabulary is primitive in its picturesqueness; for the primitive word is a picture. It is alike one of the charms and one of the solid benefits of the study of Dante that it brings back to us the earlier picture-character of words. What a word, for instance, is *tresca*—that irregular dance, with its quick turns of the person and its swinging of hands from side to side—to picture those wretches in the seventh circle, striking incessantly on either side to beat off and quench the great, falling flakes of fire. *La tresca delle miseri mani, or quindi or quinci*—that single line fixes the scene in memory forever.\* Or, as we clamber with the two poets down the broken mass of dislodged rocks, that *ruina* which marks the descent to the seventh circle,† Dante's illustration of the landslip into the valley of the Adige gives no such picture as that single word *scarco*, ‡ "unloading," "discharge," in which we see the vast mass of stones shot down the slope as if unloaded from a colossal wagon.

Dante's words and phrases, moreover, carry not only the essence but the adjuncts of his thought. If the idea is one of melody, the word renders the pitch and quality of the melody. If it be an idea of swiftness or slowness, the word or the line runs or drags. This is a

\* *Inf.*, XIV., 40.

† *Inf.*, XII., 4.

‡ *Inf.*, XII., 28.

lower grade of power, possible, some might think, to a merely imitative faculty, yet Homer and Virgil do not disdain to use it. It is heard in the *δεινὴ κλαγγή* of Apollo's bow, and in the "*quadrupedante*" of Virgil's galloping steeds. But it is a fair question, upon which we cannot enter here, whether the onomatopœia of Dante is not vastly more than the mere imitation of grosser impressions of sound: whether it does not take on a finer flavor than even in Homer, and vindicate for the Italian poet a far nicer perception and a closer analysis of sounds, besides a power of conveying into them a subtile quality which makes them interpreters of a region higher than that of sense.

It will not, therefore, be difficult to understand that Dante, beyond perhaps any other poet, suffers from what Mr. Lowell aptly terms "the disenchantment of a translation." No poet can so ill endure separation from his own words, or modification of the original mould of his thought. No poet requires such literal translation in order to preserve his flavor unimpaired. Every word tells. Dante is pre-eminently a plain speaker. He writes to be understood. He is bent not only on discharging, but on lodging his thought. Even his occasional involutions and tedious elaborations do not grow out of obscurity or confusion in his own mind. It is rather that he sees the thing on many sides, and down to the bottom, and is bent on making his reader see it too. Any one will appreciate this who has waded through the chapters of the *Convito*, and has followed Dante's tiresome analysis of his own canzones. Such obscurities and involutions, however, are by no means dominant in the *Commedia*. No one can study it line by line without being impressed with its rigid economy of words—economy in the sense of sparing, no less than in the broader sense of skilful handling. Incoherency and ambiguity are characteristic of the pagan seer. The enigmas of Delphi and Dodona belong to a pre-Christian age. A greater than Dante set the example of plain-speaking inspiration, and Dante shows himself Christian not only in the character of his vision, but in the lucid telling of it.

These general characteristics of the poet, however imperfectly sketched, will at least suffice to vindicate our demand upon his English translator, not, indeed, for literalness, but for strict adherence to the mould of his thought, faithfulness to his imagery, pervasion with his spirit, and such reproduction of the traits of his style as is possible in the transfer to a language so different in structure, flexi-

bility, and harmonic quality. Our only concern is with the question how far Dean Plumptre has met these very reasonable demands. In the attempt to answer this question we must be content to select as examples a few passages which furnish fair tests of a translator's genius and skill.

Let us begin with the third Inferno :

*Per me si va nella città dolente ;  
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.*

\* \* \* \*

*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate !*

Mr. Longfellow justly remarks upon the sound of these lines, through which, by the skilful use of liquids and the vowel *o*, a tolling as of a funeral bell is made to resound.

Now hear the Dean :

“Through me men pass to city of great woe ;  
Through me men pass to endless misery ;  
Through me men pass where all the lost ones go.

\* \* \* \*

Ye that pass in all hope abandon ye.”

Assuredly there is no toll in these lines. For vowels and liquids the Dean substitutes sibilants and mutes ; so that the general effect is rather that of a scythe in brushwood. We defy any one to hammer out two more shambling, stiff, artificial lines than the first and third of these. As for the last line, Longfellow's rendering is really the end of controversy.

“All hope abandon, ye who enter here,”

is as good and as truthful as it is possible to make it ; and the Dean, who occasionally appropriates one of Longfellow's lines, would have done much better to adopt this one for his own.

But now comes a severer test. Among the most wonderful descriptive passages in the poem is the one beginning at the 22d line, and depicting the awful din which greeted the poet's ear as he entered the infernal gate. One fairly stops his ears as he reads :

*Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai  
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,  
Per ch' io al cominciar ne lagrimai.  
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,  
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,  
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira  
Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,  
Come la rena quando a turbo spira.*

The pace of these lines quickens in contrast with the more dignified and perhaps hesitating movement of the preceding verses. There is no *crescendo*. The tumult bursts in one awful crash upon the ear. Every sound in which human agony finds vent is borne upward through the "air forever black," until the whole babel is gathered up and massed in three lines which whirl like the very whirlwind they describe.

The Dean has a serious piece of work cut out for him here, and this is the way he does it:

"Then sighs and tears and groans disconsolate  
So sounded through the starless firmament,  
That at the outset I wept sore thereat.  
Speech many-tongued, and cries of dire lament,  
Words full of wrath and accents of despair,  
Deep voices hoarse and hands where woe found vent -  
These made a tumult whirling through the air,  
Forevermore, in timeless gloom the same,  
As whirls the sand storm-driven here and there."

The whole of this frightful confusion appeals to the ear; so that "tears" for *pianti* ("plaints") is out of the question. "Groans disconsolate" for *alti guai* is a palpable mistranslation. *Alti* is "shrill" (high-pitched), and *guai* are "wails, howls, or whines"; as Fraticelli observes, "literally, the cry of a whipped dog." "Starless firmament" for *aer senza stelle*, is more than doubtful. Philaethes has it: "*sternenlosen Luftkreis*." A "firmament" has no place in this region; and, besides, Dante's idea is that of an enveloping atmosphere. "Cries of dire lament" is not the meaning of *orribili favelle*, and "hands where woe found vent" is not Dante at all. He says simply, "sound of hands with these," that is, with all the other sounds. Nothing "finds vent" here except the translator, who, however, has made a happy hit in

"Forevermore, in timeless gloom the same."

Passing on to the sixth Inferno, we enter the "circle of the rain." In this dreary region Dante says:

*Grandine grossa, ed acqua tinta, e neve  
Per l'aer tenebrosa si riversa.*

For the simple "snow" the Dean gives "whirling clouds of snow." Then he changes Dante's picture in the next line, which depicts a continuous *down-pour*. *Riversa* represents the pouring or spilling from an overturned vessel. Hail, rain, snow come "right

down"; whereas the Dean's picture in "whirling clouds of snow" and "come sweeping on," is that of snow and rain driven *forward* by the wind.

To attempt to refine upon Dante is to make him ridiculous. Coarse and grotesque in expression he doubtless is at times; but the indelicacy is not of that Swinburnian type which revels in rotteness, and for which he would have found an appropriate nook in one of his *Bolgas*. It is rather inherent in his subject. The dominant sentiment of the *Inferno* is that sin brutalizes. Through successive circles he leads us downward to lower developments of bestiality. His fiends have no affinity with the Miltonian Satan or with the Mephistopheles of Goethe. The polished, sarcastic, keen-witted, sneering, denying devil, and the "archangel ruined," retaining traces of his "original brightness," are alike absent from Dante's Hell. His Lucifer, at the apex of the infernal cone, is the supreme incarnation of demoniac animalism. Accordingly, he pictures his devils with all the accompaniments of brutal depravity in word and act and mien. Dante is a plain speaker on whatever subject he is dealing with. He refuses to circumvent or to gild with circumlocution or euphemism. For a translator to attempt to mitigate the plain directness of such passages is to make them doubly offensive. The Dean's modesty, like that of any other Christian gentleman, might be expected to recoil from the utterly unquotable line which concludes the twenty-first *Inferno*; but if anything could make its truthful grossness more conspicuous, it is his attempt to soften it down, which invests the whole thing with a sort of serio-comic, martial pomposity, like a village band-master on a Fourth of July.\*

In the fourteenth *Inferno* occurs that grand description of the falling flakes of fire to which we have already referred. Where can anything be found equal to the silent, majestic, unintermitted descent, pictured in

*Tale scendeva l'eternale ardore,*

and the contrast in the quick, broken touches which describe the instant kindling of the sand, catching fire like tinder under steel?

*Onde l' arena s'accendea com' esca  
Sotto focile.*

Now see how the Dean mutilates this striking picture by converting these great, detached, slowly falling flakes into "spray":

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\* See similar instances, *Inf.*, XXVIII., 24, and XXI., 101.

“ And over all the sand a falling spray  
 Showered rain of flakes of ever-spreading flame,  
 Like snow upon the Alps in windless day.”

“ Ever-spreading ” is evidently meant for *dilatate*, which is another blunder ; for any one who has ever watched the descent of large snowflakes on a quiet day, will have observed how the absence of wind allows each flake to spread itself out to its full dimensions ; whereas, a high wind cuts them up into small bits. To such the felicitousness of *dilatate*, “ dilated, spread out,” will be at once apparent. Dante says, “ dilated flakes of fire rained over all the sand, as of snow in the Alps without a wind.” “ Flakes of ever-spreading flame ” gives a quite different picture.

If space allowed, it would be interesting to review in detail the Dean's handling of the peculators in the lake of boiling pitch (*Inf.*, XXI., XXII.), but we must confine ourselves to one or two specimens.

In line 97, Dante turns to Vergil, in his terror at the threatening demonstrations of the demons :

*Io m' accostai con tutta la persona  
 Lungo 'l mio Duca.*

There is a characteristic touch in *m' accostai lungo*. *Accostare*, from *costa*, a “ rib ” or “ side,” is “ to draw to the side of.” *Accostare lungo*, is “ to draw alongside ” ; and Dante says that, in his fright, he *sidled* up to Vergil : but the Dean—

“ I to the spot then turned myself full round  
 Where stood my guide.”

In line 116, the demon Malacoda declares that he will send some of his party,

*a riguardar s'alcun se ne sciorina.*

*Sciorinare* is used of airing linen or of opening out folds to the sun. It is a peculiar word here, which at once attracts attention ; and its felicitousness is apparent as applied to the boiled wretches emerging from beneath the pitch in order to get a breath of air and to cool themselves. Thus Philalethes, “ *sich lüfte* ” ; but the lively picturesqueness which that one word gives to the whole line is entirely lost in the Dean's version :

“ To see if any doth himself *upraise*.”

Having detained the reader so long in the infernal realm, it is

only fair that we should give him a taste of a more inviting region ; and we will therefore follow the Dean a little way into Purgatory. We shall confine our remarks to two notable passages. The first is the fine episode of Buonconte da Montefeltro, in the fifth canto.

Buonconte says: "I came to where the Archiano mingled with the Arno, pierced (or wounded) in the throat." The Dean's

"My throat with *many a wound* pierced through"

is questionable, to say the least. Dante's word does not imply a number of wounds. He merely says *forato nella gola* ; and a matter-of-fact inquirer might be tempted to ask how, with his throat pierced *through* with *many* wounds, poor Buonconte was able to come as far as he did. At this point he fell and died :

*Caddi, e rimase la mia carne sola,*

or, according to the Dean,

"And my corpse lifeless lay exposed to view."

Now Dante, with his usual matter-of-fact precision, says: "I fell, and my body remained alone"; that is to say, without the soul. The stern brevity of those five words is awful. The spirit is away. The body lies there *alone*. On that *sola*, purposely closing the line, the thought comes down and rests for an instant, as if to collect itself for the contemplation of the horror to come. All this is utterly sacrificed by the rendering:

"And my corpse lifeless lay exposed to view."

Dante's line contains absolutely no hint of being "exposed to view," and the only effect of this "newspaperish" phrase is to spoil his picture, and to divert the reader from his thought.

Lines 106-108, as they justly rank among the gems of the *Commedia*, are worth citing in the Dean's version as specimens of one of his better moments :

"Thou bear'st the part that ever shall abide  
For one poor tear that cheats me of my prize."

This is admirable : but, alas, he relapses in the next line. The evil angel, eager to secure possession of the departed soul, complains that God's angel, for the sake of one tear of penitence, has snatched it from perdition ; but declares that the body is still in his power, and shall be dealt with after another fashion :

*Ma io farò dell' altro altro governo.*



This the Dean renders :

“The rest shall by another doom be tried ;”

on which we may remark, first, that *governo* does not mean “doom,” but “governance,” “conduct,” “care.” Literally the line is, “I will make other governance of the other (part).” Secondly, that “trying by doom” is a totally unjustifiable proceeding in poetry, as in court.

But now comes the gathering of the great rain-storm by the art of the evil power of the air. The channels of the rivulets overflowed and united into great streams, which *rushed headlong* (*si ruind*) toward the royal river. This *si ruind* is diluted into “on they passed.” Then the swollen river bears down the corpse, loosening from the breast the hands which, at the moment of death, had crossed themselves upon it :

“and set loose the cross which fast  
I o'er my breast made when I bowed to pain.”

“Fast,” which is extorted by that remorseless metre which does not relax its grip even in Purgatory, imperils the entire meaning of the line. “The cross which I made fast over my breast,” might easily mean, to a reader familiar only with the English version, that Buonconte had tied a cross of wood or metal upon his bosom ere he died. The Dean appears to overlook the *di me*—the cross which I made *of me*, which is equivalent to the common phrase “to cross one’s self,” and which defines Dante’s image beyond the possibility of mistake.

Our second illustration is the passage at the opening of the eighth Purgatory, which Byron has introduced into bad company by transferring it bodily to *Don Juan*. Probably few readers of Byron are aware that those exquisite lines

“Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
Of those who sail the seas,” etc.,

are appropriated bodily from Dante. “Who shall say by what strange alchemy of art those six lines have absorbed the very soul and substance of the melancholy sunset hour ?” \* The subtle tenderness of their sentiment is interpreted by the delicious melody of the verse. This is one of the passages which illustrate what we have already said concerning the higher, supersensual power which sometimes reveals itself in Dante’s adaptation of sound to sense. Re-

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\* J. A. Symonds. *Introduction to the Study of Dante.*

garded merely as an appeal to the ear, it is framed with consummate art. The music of the bell runs through it. In the sound of a richly-toned bell a quick ear may detect the following elements: There is the ring, expressed in the familiar "ding dong," and which Dante gives in the *tin tin* of *Paradiso*, X., 143; there is the full, rounded vowel-note, and, along with this, a flatter vowel sound. All this we have in these lines: the liquid ring in *squilla*, *lontano*, and especially *pianger*; the full, open vowel-tone in *ode*, *giorno*, and *muore*, in which also the liquid and vowel notes blend; and the flatter tone in *paia*. Thus much for the merely mechanical structure of the lines. The subtler element of which this structure is the instrument eludes analysis. How far the following version succeeds in reproducing these factors we leave the reader to judge:

"The hour was come which brings back yearning new  
 To those far out at sea, and melts their hearts  
 The day that they have bid sweet friends adieu;  
 Whereat the pilgrim fresh with strong love starts,  
 If he perchance hear bells, far off yet clear,  
 Which seem to mourn the day's life that departs."

It may be safely averred that these lines would lead no one to suspect the flowing melody of the original, especially the fourth. As to their substance, the Dean seems to us to have fallen into error by making one image where Dante makes two. In other words, he identifies the traveller by sea with the pilgrim; for he says in his note, "The poet had known what it was to hear the Ave Maria bell as the evening closed, and as the ship in which he sailed was moving farther and farther from the shore." But, if we correctly read Dante's lines, the feeling ascribed to those at sea is confined to the turning back of desire and the melting of the heart; while the effect of the evening bell belongs only to the pilgrim. This is clear from the *e che* at the beginning of the fourth line, which introduces a new image, and refers unquestionably to *ora*. It was the hour which turns back desire and melts the heart of those at sea on the day when they have said farewell to dear friends, and (it was the hour) which penetrates the pilgrim with love if he hear the sound of the evening bell. The "*far out at sea*," which the Dean appears to take as a kind of key-note, is not Dante's. He says merely *ai naviganti*, "to those who sail"; and it might not be amiss to remark that those *far out at sea*, taking the phrase as it is commonly understood, would not be likely to hear the sound of the evening bell on shore;

and further, that, having sailed that very day, they would not, unless under exceptionally favorable circumstances, be very far out at sea by evening. The "fresh pilgrim" and the "starting with strong love," we may leave to speak for themselves. Whatever we may think of the melody of the line,

"Whereat the pilgrim fresh with strong love starts,"

it certainly is not Dante. The last four words are a labored and futile attempt to render *punge d'amore*, a phrase which does not lend itself readily to translation, and which is easily made ridiculous by any approach to a literal rendering.

Here we close our task. No one who shall carefully examine this translation will charge that we have selected passages with a view to adverse criticism, leaving untouched others which might convey a better impression. We have already admitted that the work contains occasional felicities of rendering and well-constructed lines; but the passages which we have chosen for comment are, by their power and beauty, adapted to furnish decisive tests of the translator's ability, and their translations are, therefore, fairly representative. Moreover, we could easily cite many others marked by the same grave blemishes and radical defects. These faults are characteristic of the translation as a whole; and, with all our respect for the author's high position and scholarly attainment, our deliberate verdict must be that he has proved himself unable to keep pace with the Florentine giant. We cannot anticipate the promised *Paradiso* with any pleasure.

MARVIN R. VINCENT.

## THE DRAMA OF AN EVENING.

It was carnival time of the year in New Orleans. The annual machinery of gayety had been set in motion; heavy, cumbersome, antiquated machinery, with etiquette, ceremony, precautions, and safeguards innumerable for the inflammable hearts transplanted from a tropical court to a tropical clime. It was the meeting-time of the year for the young people, the season for opportunity; and in the wise little self-sufficient creole world there was no opportunity like that offered by a *soirée*. From time immemorial a *soirée* had been the official gate of entrance into the great world of society, and this year Madame Fleurissant was to open the season—Madame Edmond Fleurissant, for the last name had been so stretched it embraced not individuals, but classes. The *soirée* was given to her granddaughter, Stephanie Morel, who was to make her “*début*” into the great world out of the little world of school. Stephanie had not graduated; indeed, she was only in the second class; but nature would not wait for the diploma of St. Denis. Nature is that way in New Orleans—so impatient. A young girl must be very industrious there to get an education before her “*début*.”

From the time the invitations were sent out there had been nothing else talked about by the *débutantes*. The giddy little heads, still full of Mass, and still wet with the touch of holy water, would loiter on their way from the cathedral, by the seductive shops, or come together outside the artificial-flower windows (rivalling the show within) to consult on the proper *parure* for the occasion. Field flowers, lilies of the valley, daisies, myosotis, and rosebuds, “*rose tendre*,” the sweetest of all flowers for a *débutante*, they bloomed, a miraculous spring, in the confined laborariums, and but for the glass would have poured out over the damp stone *banquet*. The day of the intellect was felt to be over. It was the body which had to be furnished now. It was not only a question of artificial flowers, tulles and tarlatans, gloves and slippers, but of pointed or round bodices, clinging or spread skirts. With Paris so far away and American fashions so encroaching and so prosaic, what problem had their arithmetic ever furnished to compare with it?

The interest, which had been diffused to the extreme limits of

the square of the city, as the original French settlement is called, began in reflex to return as the twenty-seventh of December approached, until with the day itself it concentrated on the old, gray, stucco building, a by no means insignificant theatre of social festivities in that celebrated time long past, to which even a reference now is monotonous. As night fell, it arose through the darkness glittering with light, and opened its portals for the reception of guests; the great, wide *porte-cochère* in front, and the little back gate, on the street in the rear. This gate had been thoughtfully propped open, that the mistress might not be disturbed by its continual opening and shutting by the procession of the expected, if uninvited. Having come within the radius of the news that Madame Edmond was going to give a *soirée*, they, naturally considering their former intimate relations with the family, came to the *soirée* itself. Those who had ante-emancipation costumes of flowered mousseline-de-laine gowns, black-silk aprons, and real bandanna head-kerchiefs, put them on for volunteer service in the dressing-room. Those who had shawls put them on to hide toilet deficiencies, and, also, a prudently provided basket. Those victims of constitutional improvidence who had neither baskets nor shawls came in untempered shiftlessness to gloat their eyes and glut their bodies on whatever chance might throw in their way. All entered alike boldly and assuredly, in the consciousness of their unabrogated funeral and festal privileges, in spected, with their heaven-given leisurely manner, the provisions for refreshment, commented on the adornments, reconnoitred the rooms, and finally selected advantageous positions for observation behind the shutters of the ladies' dressing-rooms, or posted themselves in obscure corners of the hall. What sights to take home to their crowded shanties! And the sounds! Where could so many voices, so many emotions, be assembled as in a ladies' dressing-room before a *soirée*; a *début soirée*?

"Have I too much powder?"

"Is my hair right so?"

"Does my dress show my feet too much?"

"Perhaps my comb would be better this way?"

"Shall I put a *mouche* just here?"

It is so important to look well on a *début* night. Everything depends upon that. Why, a wrinkle in a bodice, a flaw in a glove, a curl this way or that, is enough to settle a destiny. No wonder they were nervous and excited. Self-confidence vanished as it had never

done before, even in an *Histoire de France* contest at school. And in matters of toilet there is no such thing as luck. There seemed to be an idea that Fate could be propitiated by self-abnegation. The looking glass extorted the most humble confessions:

"I am a fright!"

"As for me, I am perfectly hideous!"

"I told *maman* how it would be!"

"Now it's no use!"

"It is that Madame Treize! ah, what a demon!"

"I can hardly stand in my slippers, they are so tight."

"And mine are so loose—perfect ships."

"Ah, that Renaudiere! the rascal!" came in chorus from all, for they all knew the shoemaker well.

"Just see what wretched gloves!"

"Look at my bodice! My dear, it was laced three times over; the last time more crooked than the first."

In fact, there was not an article of dress, glove, shoe, or *parure* that answered expectations; not a *modiste* or *fabricant* of any kind that had not betrayed trust. And so restricted as they were to expression! hardly daring to breathe under their laces or lift an eyebrow under their hairpins. Each one yielded unreservedly to her own panic, but strove to infuse courage into the others.

"*Chère*, you look lovely!" Imprinting prudent little kisses in undamageable spots.

"You are so good, you only say that to console me."

"But I assure you, *Doucette*!"

"Ah, if I only looked as well as you!"

"What an exquisite toilet!"

"No, *chérie*! You can't conceal it, it is unbecoming!"

"But on my word of honor!"

"My dear, it is not to flatter, but you look like an angel!"

"No, it is all over with me, I told *maman*! I did not wish to come."

"My hair is getting limp already."

The weather was really turning warm and moist, as if purposely to relax their curls.

The music commenced down-stairs:

"Ah, that's Benoit!"

And they fell into still greater trepidation over this exhibition of expenditure on their behalf.

"There's going to be a crowd!"

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" came from a despairing heart.

"Marcéliste, my good Marcéliste, put a pin here!"

"Marcéliste, for the love of heaven, tie this bow!"

"Marcéliste, this string is broken!"

"See that big, fat quadron! That is Marcéliste Gaulois, the *coiffeuse*. She is the hair-dresser for all the *haut ton*," whispered one of the knowing ones in the crowd outside the window.

"That must be her Mam'zelle, *hein?* the tall one with the black hair."

"Marcéliste, I am so afraid," whispered Marie Modeste all the time.

"Zozo, you are the prettiest of all," or "Zozo, your dress is the prettiest of all," was the invariable refrain.

"Must we go down now?"

"*Bonne chance, chère!*"

"Pray for me, *hein*, Marcéliste?"

"And don't forget me, Marcéliste!"

"Here, this is for good luck!" And with signs of the cross and exhortation they went down-stairs into, not the parlors, that was not what frightened them, but the future, the illimitable future, that for which all their previous life had been a preface. One step more, it would be the present, and their childhood would be over.

From the time her carriage left her door, Madame Montyon had talked incessantly to her son, who was carefully seated in an opposite corner. What she intended to do, what she intended to say, what her listeners intended to do and say, nay, what they intended to think! Always speaking and thinking consonant to her disposition, she evidently intended to carry her business to the ball, and had laid out her plans in consequence of some recent interview with her agent.

"I told Goupilleau: 'Goupilleau, nonsense! You don't know who you are talking to! Can't get money out of this people! bah! Giving balls, going to balls, and not pay house-rent, not pay office-rent, not even pay interest on their debts! debts reduced to ten cents on the dollar! But what are you singing to me, *mon ami?*' 'But Madame must not judge by the present.' 'And why not? Why not judge by the present?' 'The crises, the revolution, the reconstruction——' 'La, la, la, you are sympathetic. Goupilleau, let me tell you, you are no longer a notary, you are no longer an agent. You are a philanthropist, a poetic philanthropist.

Go coo with the doves, but don't talk business like that!' And Goupilleau knew I was right. I can read thought! One isn't a Duperre for nothing."

This was a well-known allusion to the fact that her father, General Duperre, a child of the Revolution in default of more illustrious ancestry, had distinguished himself once in a certain provincial trouble in France by his boundless sagacity and impregnable firmness.

The young man made a movement, but only with his foot.

"Take care! My dress! You will crush it! Black-velvet dresses cost money, and money is not picked up under the foot of every galloping horse!" whatever she meant by this favorite expression. "No, my son." She pronounced these words with a slight insistence on the "my," an assumption of motherhood that betrayed the pretender. "One must give a hand to one's own affairs. The eye of the master is very good when one employs lawyers, too.

"'Goupilleau,' I said, 'what of those stores on Chartres Street?'

"'Taxes, Madame.'

"'And the houses on Damaine Street?'

"'Repairs, Madame.'

"'The Sainte Helena plantation?'

"'The freeze last year, Madame.'

"'The old Dubois—the old rascal!—plantation?'

"'Overflow, Madame.'

"'The brick-kiln over the river?'

"'Bad season, Madame.'

"'Goupilleau, you wrote me that that miserable wretch, that abominable hypocrite, old Gréaud, is broken-hearted, wants to commit suicide, bankrupt, and I don't know what all; and yet his daughter gets married and orders her trousseau from Paris (Oh! don't take the trouble to deny it; I know it, I got it from my own dress-maker); and has such a wedding as the world has never seen!' 'Ah, Madame!' shrugging his shoulders"—she shrugging hers too; she had been imitating his voice and manner all along in the dark—"it came from his wife, the mother of the young lady.' 'But, just heavens! Goupilleau,' I said, 'do you mean to tell me that what little God and the Government leave to me of my debts is to be hidden under the women's petticoats?' Well! I shall see for myself this evening. I am very glad the Grandmère Fleurissant gives this ball. Ah! I shall let them know!"

"I hope," said the young man, in a voice that expressed a very faint hope indeed, "you will be discreet; the creoles——"



“Bah! the creoles,” contemptuously; “don’t you think I know the creoles? They *are* creoles, remember, not Parisians.”

It was hardly possible for him to forget a fact of which he had been reminded at almost every stroke of the clock since their departure from France.

“You forget that I, too, am a creole.”

“Charles”—the voice came back suddenly, cold with offended dignity—“you forget yourself; you must not speak so, I do not like it; in fact, you know it displeases me extremely;” and silence lasted now until the carriage stopped before the house, where, really, a policeman was very much needed, to keep not only the forward bodies of the children, but also their impudent tongues, in order. She had been going on to tell him much more; about the “Succession d’Arvil,” which, after all, had been the important reason of her coming to America. How the half-million she hoped from it was still buried in a mass of old paper; a regular rag-picker collection. “That Goupilleau, oh, Goupilleau! he is not the man he was; marriage has quenched him. He was still looking, looking, looking”—screwing up her eyes and handling bits of paper in her gloved hands—“examining, comparing, as if in fact he held a contract from heaven to supply him with all the time he needed. Not one-half of the papers gone through! and fully a month since he died, old Arvil! It ought to be at least a half-million!” She had suffered that amount of shame from him during his life-time; it was worth half a million to appear as his niece.

“But Goupilleau is so slow! I shall give him a talk to-morrow! I shall say ‘so and so,’ and he will say ‘so and so.’”

Her irascibility once excited, eloquence flowed without bounds; her verbal castigation of the notary was satisfactory and complete, and the succession of her uncle hastened to a conclusion—her own conclusion; a half-million. It would be a neat addition to Charles’s heritage. “Charles!” her robust, strong nature melted over the name. Late in life her fortune had bought her the temporary possession of a husband but the permanent ownership of a child. A beautiful little child, that had unlocked the passion of maternity in her. She was of the kind who are born to be mothers, not wives, who can do better without a husband than without children. As her old Uncle Arvil had hoarded money, so she hoarded this affection. As he had descended to base usages to obtain his desire, so had she descended to unworthy measures for the monopoly of this one heart. The little boy had

responded well to her efforts, had given her much, had forgotten much. But he had not given her all, and he had not forgotten the one whom to eradicate from his memory she would have bartered all her possessions, much as she loved them—his own mother.

“I am your *maman*, Charles.”

“You are my *maman*, but not my own *maman*.” The childish verbal distinction became the menace of her life, the sentiment of his. And the dead mother, as dead mothers do, became a religion, while the living one remained a devotion.

She walked like a Duperre through the volleys of commentaries on the sidewalk. “*Maman*,” said the young man in a low voice, as they mounted the steps, “be discreet, I implore you.”

“Bah!” was the answer, and then he began to regret that he had not sought an excuse to stay away. He was as sensitive as she was obtuse, and there seemed to be no escape from impending ridicule. He placed himself out of the way of the dancers, against the wall; condemned by his forebodings to be an observer of, rather than a participant in, the pleasures of the evening.

The antique gilt chandeliers festooned with crystal drops, lighted up the faded, as they had once lighted up the fresh, glories of the spacious rooms. Gilt candelabra with fresh pink-paper *bobèches* branched out everywhere to assist in the illumination; from the door, the windows, the arches, and under the colossal mirrors, which were sized to reflect giants. Old magnificences, luxuries, and extravagances hovered about the furniture, or seemed to creep in, like the old slaves at the back gate, to lend themselves for the occasion; even in a dilapidated, enfranchised condition, good, if for nothing else, to propitiate present criticism with suggestive extenuations from the past. As the parlors with their furniture, so were many of the chaperons with their toilets. There were no reproaches of antiquity to be passed between them. But the good material had remained intact with both, and the fine manners which antedated both furniture and clothes, and to an observer obliterated them, establishing a charming and refreshing supremacy of principals over accessories.

“They say she is ninety.”

“Ninety!” exclaimed Tante Pauline. “Ninety-two, if you believe me; I know well!”

“How can she be so malicious!” thought the young married woman standing by her side, adjusting her eye-glasses for another look about the room.

It was well she did, for she was so near-sighted she would never have seen the candle-grease dripping down over a *bobèche* upon a young man's coat.

She made a motion to speak, then hesitated, then, with some mental admonition to courage :

"Monsieur, you are standing under the drip of a candle."

"*Ma foi!*" she thought, "he is *distingué*, good-looking, and young. Why doesn't he dance? If I knew his name I could introduce him. In fact, if I knew him I could talk to him myself."

"Ah! I can tell you, my *maman* went to school with her youngest daughter, and then she was a woman; a woman of a very certain age in society."

The tall, angular woman, Tante Pauline, talked all the time, shrugging her shoulders under her thin *glacé*-silk waist, tapping her sandal-wood fan, and gesticulating with her bony hands, in their loose black silk mittens.

"Ninety! Who would think it?"

"It is a miracle!"

"And so charming, so *spirituelle*."

Every one naturally said the same thing, coming away from the venerable hostess. Tante Pauline, who was aunt only by courtesy to every one in the room, had constituted herself as a kind of break-water to turn the tide of compliment into truth. She was in an admirable position, near the door.

"A beautiful ball! Really like old times."

"Eh, Odile!" Tante Pauline spread her fan (rusting spangles on a ground of faded red silk) to shield what she was going to say to her companion.

"She ought to know how to give balls! She has given enough of them. That is the way she married off six daughters."

"Six, Tante Pauline?"

"Of course, and evaded paying the *dot* with every single one of them;" emphasizing each syllable. "What do you think of that, *hein?* Oh, she has a head for business. She has plenty of money to give balls."

"Who can he be, Tante Pauline?" asked Odile, looking towards the young man whose coat she had rescued.

"Eh!" The sharp eyes screwed under their brows. "But what specimen is that? I can't place him. *Ma chère*, how foolish, but don't you see who he is looking at? But look over there! there!"

and she pointed with a long knotted finger. "Black velvet, diamonds, marabout feathers. Ah, what a masquerade! a whole *Mardi-gras*. But, Odile, how stupid of you. Madame Montyon *enfin*, that is her son—her step-son, I should say."

"Ah!" said Odile, with a vivid show of interest; "just from France!"

"Of course, my dear. Have you not heard? but where have you been all this week? Come out on business, to buy out, or sell out, heaven knows what! all of us poor creoles who owe her a pica-yune. And, then, there is the Arvil succession, too. Who knows what a hole that will make in our poor city? Poor old New Orleans! But just look at her, my dear; did you ever see such airs? Ah, well! I don't wonder Laflor Montyon died. I remember him well, as if he were of yesterday. I must confess it served him right; he married her for money," she laughed maliciously, "but he only got her; the money was kept well out of his embraces; and very wisely, for Laflor was a fool about money. Poor Mélanie! She would turn in her grave to know who had had the raising of her baby. And what does he look like after all?" with a disparaging glance at the young man—"a Parisianized creole; an Americanized creole is bad enough, but a Parisianized—good day! That old paper-shaving Arvil! buying, buying, buying; always secretly; and hiding, hiding it all away in his rat-hole, a perfect miserable caboose, under the mattress. No wonder he lived so long. Death hated to go there for him! And the clothes he wore! We will not even allude to them. Well, he did die and was buried, and then, '*grand coup de théâtre*,' Madame turns out to be his niece and heiress. The rich, the elegant, the aristocratic Madame Montyon, with her chateau in France, the niece of old 'rag-picker' Arvil, as we used to call him. Ha! ha! ha! Ah, the poor creoles! But surely, Odile, you have heard all this?"

"I don't say no, Tante Pauline." She spoke with indifference; she was in truth a little disconsolate. Her husband had brought her into the room and planted her there; she had not seen him since. As for beaux, they had bidden her farewell the night of her marriage, as the beaux of discreet brides always do. But her discretion did not preserve her from *ennui* now.

"Excuse me, Madame, but it is broken!" and she warned for the fourth or fifth time some fatigued dowager off an incapacitated chair, which stood in a conspicuous place by warrant of its great age and beauty; an ornamental *guet-apens*.

"Ninety— *Bonté divine!*"

"Odile," Tante Pauline interrupted her asseveration, "just look at Goupilleau and his wife—Goupilleau! Heavens, what a name! Poor old Lareveillère! he was an aristocrat at least. They say—ah, I don't know," and her shoulders began to rise again with serpentine motions from her far-distant waist. "They say he has adopted that young girl; well, it isn't my affair, but what can you expect since the war?"

"Well, well, my dear, are you amusing yourself?" Odile's husband came through the door at her back. He always carefully spoke English in public, being what Tante Pauline called "an Americanized creole"; she, as carefully, spoke French.

"As you see," shrugging her frail shoulders out of her low-necked waist.

"Ah, one soon gets past all this." He spoke like an old, old, married man; this was another of his affectations. She turned her head and gave a quick side-glance at him. It was not so very long ago since she, too, was dancing out on the floor there, a young girl, he, a young man; dancing, with the honey-moon in their distant horizon. They had reached and passed it. She wore her wedding-gown this evening, fresh still, with only the seams taken up. He was stouter, bluffer, wore his coat carelessly, left a button out of his vest.

"Benoit is playing well this evening." He nodded toward the piano, behind which the dark bold head of the colored pianist could be seen in passionate movement.

"Ah, he ought to play well, he asks enough; but really, his prices are enormous. And I am not the only one who is wondering how the Fleurissants can afford it; when you think of poor Caro Fleurissant embroidering for a few miserable picayunes. But then they say Benoit gives half to his old mistress. In fact, she would starve without it. Well, some women are fortunate to have people work for them! Eh, Henri?"

But Henri Maziel had left; indeed, he had not waited beyond the last word of his own remark.

"I do not think we can compliment Henri Maziel on his manners," whispered Tante Pauline, under the perfumed shelter of her fan to her left-hand neighbor. "Poor Odile! but she would marry him; she was warned enough! I heard she threatened to kill herself or go in a convent. The threats of a girl of seventeen—bah! And that is what is called having a husband!"

The young girls danced as only young girls can dance to Benoit's music; with no past behind them to weigh down their light feet, and no future before them but of their own manufacture. Danced round and round in the circle bounded by the rows of darkly clad chaperons, as if they did not see them, their anxious, calculating faces, their sombre-hued bodies, or their sombre-hued lives; danced in the frank, joyous exuberance of youth on its first entrance into the "great world." Their tulle and tarlatan skirts spread wider and wider in the breeze from their own motions, until they stood like full-blown roses, showing the little high-heeled slippers underneath playing as lightly on the floor as Benoit's fingers on the piano. Bunches and crowns of artificial flowers were pinned on their quick-moving, restless heads. Their fresh, young, bending, curving bodies swelled under the tightly laced satin bodices. Eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, they were not out a moment too soon. Over their books, over their dolls even, their majority had come to them; their fragile dower of beauty, the ancestral heritage of the women, held in mortmain from generation to generation. Type came out strongly under excitement. In their languid, dormant creole lives it had held feature and character tenaciously; to southern, to northern France, to Spain, to Italy, with faint tinges from Semitic or Anglo-Saxon influences. They were varied, unconventional, changing, with nothing regular, nothing perfect, nothing monotonous, presenting constant surprising, piquant variations on the usual coloring and features; with exotic exaggerations and freaks in both; little audacities of toilet, risks in *coiffure*, originality in bows. They walked, spoke, were graceful, fascinating, and charming, by inspiration or tradition, as the grammatical but ill-spelling court of Louis XIV. talked.

Their timidity had left them, self-confidence had returned. Naïvely proud of their new *trousseaux*, of looks and clothes, they dispensed their favors with prodigal generosity, unconscious of their own wastefulness, experimenting with looks and smiles and winsome address; using their dangerous woman-eyes with childish hardihood, charging their transparent little phrases with expressions of which life had not yet taught them the significance.

They were, without doubt, now delighted with themselves. They could not keep from looking up at the mirrors, as they passed in promenade, twirling with Cuban agility their scintillating plumed fans. And the old mirrors, at times, could hardly contain between

their gilded frames, the upturned, flower-crowned, questioning faces. They did not indorse each other now, or ask indorsement, they had already journeyed too far in their feminine tactics.

The breath-laden air, mounting warmer and warmer, seemed to brighten the Cupids and the flowers painted on the ceiling. The white lint from the drugget floated around like pollen in autumn, in search of flower-hearts to fructify. One could not look across the room without traversing the dazzling electricity shooting from eye to eye.

"Ah, they are very happy, Madame Edmond!" said her old beau, with a sigh.

"Or they think they are, which is sufficient," answered the old lady.

"Oh, no, they do not think. The more one thinks the less one laughs. Hear them laugh!"

Out in the hall was the punch-bowl, and out in the hall were the fathers and uncles, and all the old, old gentlemen who are neither fathers nor uncles, but who come to balls simply because they cannot stay away. They complimented one another's families, talked Alphonse Karr and Lamartine, repeated sharp truths from Thiers or blunt ones from Guizot between their sips of punch, and in the neutral garb of their dress-coats discussed moderately, republicans, royalists, and imperialists, the politics of France. They made periodical excursions into the parlors, where their old hearts, grown torpid in the monotonous decorum of married life, warming at the sight of so much beauty and the taste of punch, grew lusty, and prompted them to fall in love again—with one another's granddaughters.

"Apropos of *coiffures*, that anecdote Alphonse Karr relates, ha! ha! ha!"

"It was Monsieur de Pontalba."

"No, it was Madame de Pontalba."

"The hair-dresser of Madame Récamier, ha! ha! ha!"

"Briant was there at the time, Auguste Briant, and he told me——"

"The hair-dresser looked around and saw, imagine? ha! ha!"

"Madame de Pontalba said, 'Monsieur!'"

"And that was the *coiffure* she wore, ha! ha! ha!"

"Goupilleau! Goupilleau!" Madame Montyon walked up like a brigadier and ordered the notary out like a soldier from the ranks. One could almost imagine a brigadier uniform under the new black-

velvet gown, sword, epaulettes, spurs, and all; and the marabout feathers in her hair waved over a face that would have suited a *képi*.

"Goupilleau, I cannot believe it, that Madame Flotte maintains——"

"To-morrow morning, my dear lady, in my office, I shall be entirely at your service."

"No, no! Now. Come to her; tell her yourself!"

"In my office, to-morrow——"

"No! now." And they walked away together, she victorious, as usual.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!"

"Hear that old '*Jean qui rit*' still laughing over his Madame Récamier story."

"Ho! ho! ho! ho!" The old gentleman's extended mouth cut a semicircle in his soft, round, beardless face. "Ho! ho! ho! ho! That Providence! What a *farceur*, my friends! For a *jeu d'esprit* there is no one like him. '*Au sans-culotte, nait une culottée*' (to the breechless father is born a breeched daughter), ha! ha! ha!"

When the arrivals entirely ceased, the lookers-on up-stairs had to advance their positions, to be at all repaid for the trouble of peeping. The hair-dressers and maids, in virtue of their superior appearance, had the privilege of the steps all the way down to the floor beneath. They sat, their bright bandanna heads looking like huge posies, exchanging their bold, frank, and characteristically shrewd comments on their whilom masters and mistresses, giving free vent to their versions and theories, but aggressive toward each other in their loyal partisanship and their obstinate servility to family and name. It was a pleasure to look up and see them, to catch a furtive greeting or a demonstration of admiration. Their unselfish delight in the enjoyment of others gave a consecration to it.

"I warrant you Madame Morel has courage; a little baby at home and introducing a young lady in society."

"Look at Madame Edmond's old beau, Monsieur Brouy. He looks like a Papa Noël."

"*Hé!* that *grand seigneur* Benoit drinking off his champagne!"

"Brought him on a silver waiter!"

"*C'est ça des manières!*" (Equivalent to "What style!")

"Benoit has luck!"

"No, Benoit has what they call genius!"

"He is not the worst-dressed person in the room, either!"



"Why not? He was educated in Paris! He should dress and play well, too!"

"It is his old Madame who is proud now, *hein?*"

"Look, my children, look! Madame Montyon!"

"Well! she has not grown younger nor prettier."

"Poor Monsieur Laflor! No wonder he shot himself!"

"Shot himself? He took poison."

"But my old master was there."

"So was mine—in Paris."

"But he did not 'suicide' at all! He died of apoplexy. I was there myself. I went to the funeral," protested a third.

"Of course they said that to deceive the priest, but he 'suicided' all the same."

"*Ah ça!* But you musn't abuse politeness! You can't come on the stairs! Look over as much as you please, but not to be seen, *hein?*" One of the women of the house spoke sharply to the crowd above.

"It's not me! It's not me!" came a score of whispers, "it's Nourrice!"

"Nourrice! For the love of ——"

"Eh, poor devil! But let her come, Olympia," came in antiprophe from the crowd on the steps. "She'll soon go away; she never stays long."

"Here, Nourrice! here!"

"By me, Nourrice!"

"Here's a nice place for you, Nourrice!"

The long, thin, naked, yellow feet, caked with mud, came down the steps, feeling their way over the carpet. She sat in the corner offered, tucked her ragged, soiled skirt about her, and drew her piece of shawl over her breast. Her arms were bare, and the elbow-joints projected sharply. Her kerchief seemed to have worn in holes on her head; the gray wool stuck out everywhere, like moss from an old mattress. She had drifted in from the street through the back gate, in her rags, her dirt, and her mendicancy, like some belated bug, attracted from the distant swamps to the gaslight.

They began to joke her in a rough, kind-hearted way.

"*Hé!* but, Nourrice, you love balls still!"

"Like old times, *hein*, Nourrice?"

"You could show them how to dance, Nourrice?"

"Who used to run off to the balls at night, Nourrice?" for they all knew her; a character famous for escapades in the old times.

But the old woman paid as little attention to them as if she had never heard them. The lips of her sunken mouth, into which all the wrinkles of her face converged, were as if glued together; and so the comments resumed their way without regard to her.

"Who is she dancing with there—that little Mam'zelle of the Goupilleaus?"

"Eh! but she's not pretty!"

"Not pretty? Mam'zelle Motte not pretty? *Ah, par exemple!*" Marcéline's voice took another tone from that in which she had criticised others.

"*Chut!* it is her, Mam'zelle!"

"Here is Madame la Grande-Duchesse again." They had all been attendants on the opera-bouffe, and could fix a title on Madame Montyon as well as any one.

"She has not got any prettier, that's the truth!"

"Nourrice! Nourrice!" shaking her by the shoulder, "look, look—your old mistress!"

"A nice old mistress, *va!*"

"A mistress who was too good to own slaves; she had to sell them."

"Madame had susceptibilities; Madame was a Parisian, not a creole."

"*Hé!* Nourrice, that's the God's truth, isn't it? She sold you?"

"Sold the nurse of her baby; *Seigneur!*"

"It was not her baby, it was the first one's baby."

"That's the reason she was jealous; jealous of Nourrice;" and they all laughed except Nourrice herself, who pressed her thin fingers over her mouth, and looked on the crowd below.

A late comer, a very late comer, ascended the stairs, and they all stood up to let him pass. He walked as if hurrying from a danger, his large, blonde face exhibiting the nervous panic of a bashful man; a panic not assuaged by the coolly critical eyes that scanned him up the long way, eyes that were pitiless to anything like a social infirmity.

"But who is he?"

"*Pas connaît li.*" ("Don't know him"—a current creoleism.)

"Not one of us, sure;" meaning creoles.

"An American from up-town."

"Some rich American," corrected another.

He soon descended; the nervousness driven from his face to his

hands—great, stout hands, which worked incessantly, smoothing his white gloves, the sleeve of his coat, and travelling up to his cravat. He avoided the gaze of the women, betraying a fatal cowardice, and made his way through the old gentlemen around the punch-bowl, to the parlors. He was, in fact, a *débutant*. No young girl could have been more overcome on entering the room than he; no one could have felt more helpless and bashful; no one could have more excusably yielded to the strong temptation to flight. He felt awkward in his new clothes, not one article of which was an acquaintance of more than an hour's standing; he was vexed that their delay in coming had postponed his arrival at the ball until such an ostentatiously late hour; and the people all around him were as new as his clothes. His long, quiet evenings at the plantation, after the hard day's work, came up before him. There he was at ease, there he was master, there, on the finest plantation in St. James's Parish, he was in a position to inspire, not feel, a panic. He remained at the door stock-still under the charm of retrospection, until some deputy of the *Fleurissant* family, all apologies and fine speeches, put an end to the uncomplimentary position. According to etiquette he was taken around the circle and introduced to every individual, chaperon and relative, composing it.

“Monsieur Morris Frank.”

“Monsieur Maurice Frank.”

“Monsieur Maurice Frank.”

“Of the Parish of St. James.”

“Of the Ste. Marie plantation of the Parish of St. James.”

The repetition, reinforcing name with title, title with name, accumulated such a deposit of self-esteem, that at the end of it he could really assume the air of a young proprietor with a large bank account; the air which distinguished the plantationless, bank-accountless young scions about him.

“From St. James, you say? from St. James, Monsieur *Fleurissant*. What a chance! He may know something of an old friend of mine, a particular friend. Monsieur *Deron*—Philippe *Deron*, of the ‘*Ste. Helena*’ plantation —”

The dance was still going on; the soft, light dresses crushing up against him, and the white necks everywhere, like the dropping petals of the *Malmaison* roses from the vine on his gallery at home. He had to move this way and that, to keep out of the waltz.

“Monsieur *Deron*—Philippe *Deron*.”

At first he could only bow low and reverentially, with blushes of pleasure. His language could not come on the instant, before such a volume of black velvet and the diamond necklace, that was so beautiful it charmed the beholders with admiration of the neck it encircled; and the yellow marabout feathers, like his own tender ducklings at home, in her hair.

“Monsieur Philippe Deron.”

His face lighted with pleasure at the ease of the reply; “Philippe Deron? intimately; his plantation is next to mine.”

“And his crop? his crop last year?”

“Superb.”

“Superb? Ah, you see that! The fox! Where is Goupilleau? Goupilleau must hear that! Come with me, we will find Goupilleau. You just tell Goupilleau that. A superb crop! Ah, I have caught you this time, my friend Deron!”

“Mademoiselle Pauline Ruche——”

The introducer had reached the end of the circle, when Madame Montyon prevented the pleasure about to be expressed on both sides by carrying one of the participants bodily away.

“Goupilleau! listen! Ah, that Deron! what turpitude!”

The patience as well as the politeness of even a notary, however, can come to an end.

“To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in my office.” Monsieur Goupilleau was firm and silent after these words.

“The manners of a policeman, my dear, absolutely;” explained Tante Pauline to her companion, whom fate had only released by intervals from her depressing lonesomeness.

“That is the way with those *révolutionnaires*; they come from the depths; not from the *bourgeoisie*, my dear, but from the people, the people.” And she pronounced these words with the unique expression of contempt which she conscientiously reserved for them.

“He is a nobody, too, a blind person could see that! But look! Our Parisian is at last caught. You see that little creature, that little Motte. Don't tell me that Eugénie Lareveillère is not an *intrigante*! Oh, she knows how to manage. He is a *parti*, my dear, a *parti*; no one can deny that. Goupilleau? *Mon Dieu*! when a woman has been Lareveillère for fifty years, who can ‘Goupilleau’ her all of a sudden? Ah, see there; she goes rapidly; our young creole girls are learning from the Americans the art to flirt. (Flurrter, she pronounced it.) You know it means for the young lady to pre-

tend to be in love, in order to induce the young man to be so in reality. What! Odile's husband? Henri Maziel? Not a cent, my dear." She turned to her interlocutor on the left. "He is drawing the devil by the tail, I hear." (*Il tire le diable par la queue.*)

"Not a cent," she had said it of almost every one in the room, not from default of imagination, but from the monotonously truthful, unfortunate circumstances.

"The '*on dit*'"—Tante Pauline suddenly remembered that she had let a precious subject pass without relating all she knew about it. "The *on dit* about this young girl—you must have heard it. Odile, you have heard it, have you not? Quite romantic; of course they tried to hush it. Very naturally, but it is the truth, nevertheless. I see nothing in it to be ashamed of, or, of course, I would not repeat it. Madame Hirtemont told me she got it from Artémise, the *coiffeuse*; Artémise Angely, you remember, she belonged to Aménaïde Angely. Well——"

"Tante Pauline"—the fan was tapping away: the young married woman extended her hand and arrested it. "For the love of heaven do not repeat that silly story! It is so absurd—and justice to the poor young lady. Besides, remember how kind Eugénie Goupilleau has always been to you."

"If it is a story, there is no harm in repeating it. I don't say positively it is the truth. Silly! It is not silly, even if it were true."

She resented bitterly any imputation of maliciousness. Her kind heart repudiated any desire to do evil. She talked simply with the vague idea of affording gratification. She was also proud of her reputation of knowing everybody and everything, and desired to sustain it. So, to prove her perfect disinterestedness and to leave it to the impartiality of her hearers, she related all the circumstances from the beginning, from the very beginning, where Artémise, the *coiffeuse*, had been called in to comb Madame Lareveillère for a grand concert and distribution of prizes, "and such an *éclaircissement*, my dear, about Eugénie's toilet mysteries," etc., etc., carrying her story successfully and fluently to the end. "Although the Mottes are of good family, best creole blood. Marie Modeste Viel was at the convent the same time as I; the old Ursulines' Convent. Your mother was there, too, Odile. She was pretty enough, but delicate, and so '*gna gna*' (lackadaisical)," uttering the criticism with appropriate grimace and intonation.

"Alphonse Motte was a very nice young man, quite *comme il faut*. Not over-burdened with intelligence, however, or he would have seen how delicate she was; every one else knew that she could not live long. Oh, the daughter has lost nothing by being at the Goupilleaus'! It was very kind of old Armand Goupilleau to take her in. He's no relation, at least, not that I know of;" which effectually decided the matter for her hearers, human certainty of knowledge not going in New Orleans beyond that possessed by Mademoiselle Pauline Ruche.

The story, as water by capillary attraction, soaked farther and farther away from the fountain-head, making the tour of the room as exactly as Mr. Morris Frank had done; going from one to another until all had become permeated with it to such an extent that each one felt authorized to issue a private version from such facts as her own eyes could see, her own ears hear, and her own intelligence logically suggest; with the young girl in question dancing before them in a fluttering white dress, with a crown of blue myosotis on her black hair, her face beautiful in her complete self-surrender to the joy of the passing moment.

"He is really the only *parti* in the room."

"Yes, he has money, he can marry."

"He's welcome to it at that price. Running away from his country during a war. It is not a Villars who could do that."

"This was it! This was happiness!" Since she had worn long dresses she had caught it every now and then. In the fragment of a dream or in one of those fleeting day-moments that shoot like meteors at times across the serenity of a young girl's mind; diffusing a strange, supernatural sensation of causeless bliss, passing away with a sigh; the absent-minded, causeless sighs of young girls, who, when asked about it, answer truthfully, "I do not know, it came just so." A sensation of bliss which their age does not permit them to understand, but which they recognize distinctly afterwards, when it comes at the proper time; and then they feel that they have lived and known this moment ages before.

All around Marie Modeste were dancing her school companions, young ladies now — and she was a young lady, too! — almost disguised one from another in their beauty and mature manner. Could that be Elmina, who had passed hours in the corner with a fool's-cap on? And Loulou, who had almost wept her eyes away over faults of orthography? And Ernestine, who had monopolized the

leathern medal, and Gabrielle, who had waged a persistent war, a perfect Siege of Troy in duration, against her music teacher? And all those who had passed out of the gates of St. Denis before her, year after year; graduated into the, then far-distant, great world? They did not dance, but walked around with the languid movements and preoccupied eyes of young matrons. "What a bright, what a beautiful world! Was there ever a dark day in it? Was it ever so bright or so beautiful to any one before?" So they all thought; each one dancing in a fresh, new, original creation; a special paradise for each one to name and classify. When they looked at anything, they looked at themselves in the mirrors, or at their partners; not at the crows-feet and wrinkles which had travelled from the hearts to the faces of the *débutantes* of twenty-five years ago, the possessors, then, of a paradise too. The young girls had, of course, consulted the "*bon aventure*" about him, the future one whom they hoped to meet this, or some other near, evening. Was he to be fair or brown, tall or short, widower or bachelor? Candles were even now burning before distant altars, placed by the zealous hands of some of those very nurses out on the stairs; the saints were being arraigned, perhaps, by some of the impatient mother-spectators. Quadrilles, *deux-temps*, and waltzes succeeded each other, but the heedless young girls thought only of the pleasure of the dance, forgetting the profit. How could they do otherwise, with that new life beating in their veins and their hearts making tentative first motions? And under that music! What a language it spoke to them! That warm, free, full, subtly sensualized African music. The buds themselves would have burst into blossom under the strains, and the little birds anticipated spring.

"Ah, what a beautiful world it is! How good it is to live! How good God is!"

And it came about as Marie Modeste danced with the young "Parisianized creole;" it is so inexplicable, so indescribable; to state it destroys the delicacy of it, to confess it almost vulgarizes it; but an impression was made on their fresh, impressionable hearts, slight and faint, easy to efface or subdue, but more easily kept alive and fixed. Neither knew—how could they? it was the first time—what it was. A dissatisfaction came over the young girl's heart; her pleasure all departed; she could talk no more, and when she looked in the mirror now, it reflected not her face but her mood. And he, seeing the light pass from her face, became self-accusing, self-depreciative.

When the time came for them to part, they both started, as if being together were a sudden impropriety. He followed her upstairs to the dressing-room without a word to express, to retrieve himself, so absorbed in the new sensation that he stumbled over an old negro woman who had apparently forgotten, in her enjoyment of the scene, to take herself away with the rest.

Her companions it was that had forgotten to drive her away into the back yard for supper, or into the back street for shelter. The music crept through her brain like soft fingers through her matted, knotted, massed hair, loosening the tangles in her half-crazy thoughts. She kept her fingers pressed tight against her lips. Not a word of the myriads that teemed in her heart disturbed the scented, warm atmosphere.

"My little heart. My little love. My little kiss. My little soul." A long-buried litany of diminutive tenderness, the irrepressible cajoleries of colored creole nurses. She nodded at times, and dreamed she was at the bedside of a patient. The lace-lined trains of tired ladies on their way to the dressing-room swept over her. At the sound of every man's step she would raise her head alertly, and the gleam in her eye would transfuse the white film that obscured her vision.

"A little boy with black hair, which she used to curl, black eyes, which she used to kiss, and lace petticoats!" If he would only come up the stair that way! "Oh, he will know me! He will do me justice! He will give me satisfaction for all, all! His poor old Nourrice! His nigger! His dog! His Patate!"

Her heart, which had cast tendernesses on her nursling, cast humiliations on herself. Some one stumbled over her; she caught hold of the baluster and pulled herself up, instinct with old servile apology. Bidden by the same impulse that had brought her there, she followed after, close to the footsteps of the young man; stretching out her arms to catch him, to detain him.

"I know you! I know you! It's God did it! God!"

She had caught him somehow; half pulling, half pushing, had got him through the open door to the dark gallery behind.

"Your Nourrice! Your poor old Nourrice!"

He had not pronounced the word in twenty years. "Nourrice." It meant then a world of solicitude; protection from danger, covering from cold, food when hungry, drink when thirsty, a cooling, a soothing, a lullaby, a great strong, dark bulwark to fly to, a willing Provi-



dence in reach of baby arms. He stretched out his arms again at the word, they reached far over the limp, malodorous object at his feet.

"It's God sent you! God!"

He felt her lips, a soft, humid, toothless mass, pressing again and again on his hands. Beyond her, over the irregular roofs and chimneys and balconies, the skies stretched full of hot, gleaming, southern stars; the music from the piano, the chattering voices in the dressing-room, filled the gallery. She kept raising her voice louder and louder—he could hear plainly enough—for her own dull ears to hear the epitome of her sufferings.

"Little master! I've no home, no bed, no food, no nothing. I'm 'most naked! I'm 'most starved!"

The heart-rending sob of human desperation broke her voice.

"Nourrice! Poor old Nourrice! Patate!"

It was an inspiration, his recollection of the old nickname. God must have ordered it with the rest.

"Patate! You haven't forgotten 'Patate'? Saviour!"

Her tears began to fall; they should have been soiled, wrinkled, bleared, and distorted from such eyes.

"I've no home, no bed, no food, no nothing!" she repeated. "The little children run after me in the street, they throw dirt at me; '*Hé! la folle! la folle!*' (crazy woman)," raising her voice in piercing imitation of their cruelty. "The little nigger children, the rottenness of the earth! I fall in the gutters! The policemen drag me off. They club me—they beat me all over—they tear my clothes! Nigger policemen, little master!" Passion exhausted her breath at every item; her voice came hoarse and gusty out of her exposed, bony chest. "Clubbed by nigger policemen! Ah, God! They lock me up in the calaboose! (jail). Poor me!"

Her breath and recital ended in a wail of misery. The wail and the misery reached him, not here, but in the bright, gay, selfish world of Paris, where he had passed a happy youth, a useless manhood. "France? What was he, an American, a creole, doing in France?"

"It was not right to sell me! It was not right to sell the nurse of a child!"

"Sell?" he thought. "Sell?"

"I begged on my knees, I begged and begged!"

"Sell," he thought. "Sell her and spend the money in France."

"What did God free me for, *hein?* To be beaten by niggers? To be run after by little nigger dogs? Why didn't he kill me?"

"Philo! Odette! Tom!" They were her children. She began to curse them, horribly, frightfully.

"They stole my money! They drove me out! They put the police on me! They set the children to insult me! I curse them! I curse them!"

Her shawl had fallen from her shoulders. She pulled and tore in the darkness at her shrivelled bare breasts, as if to tear away the ungrateful lips they had once nourished. He picked up the wretched rag and folded it around her. It felt good, to touch her ill-treated limbs, to sooth the violence away from her trembling head.

"Hush! Hush!" He tried to conform his Parisian accent to her creole ears, he even recollected some fragmentary creolisms. "Hush! hush! Philo, Odette, Tom; forget them! It is Charlot you must remember! Your little Charlot; eh, Nourrice?"

The Goupilleaus were going down-stairs now; the husband and wife arm in arm. He should have been there for the young lady.

"Give me satisfaction! Give me justice, Monsieur Charles!"

He remembered now distinctly hearing her call his father so: "Monsieur Charles." A faint, shadowy form came out of his memory; it never came more distinctly than that, but he knew it for his own mother, and as he thought of her, his eyes again sought the stair-way; the blue myosotis wreath was just disappearing. His own mother was a creole girl too, like Marie Modeste Motte.

"A little cabin somewhere and a few picayunes to keep me from starving until I die! You are rich! rich!"

"To-morrow, Nourrice! To-morrow, the cabin; now, the picayunes!"

His white gloves received the soil of the gutter-mud as he took her horny, wrinkled hands in his.

"And those mulattresses! those impudent mulattresses in their fine clothes! As if they had not been freed too!"

She was a mulattress herself, but she could not forbear the insult, the curiously galling insult invented by the pure blacks.

"To-morrow! To-morrow morning, Nourrice! See, it is almost here!"

As Tante Pauline had said, it was a kind of judgment-day for the poor creoles. It is not pleasant to be in debt, but it is a comfortable mitigation of it to have an ocean between one and one's creditor. They could not help feeling towards Madame Montyon as on the real judgment-day the poor sinners may feel towards the archangel who

wakes them from the sweet security of death to receive long-delayed punishment. The good lady carried out her plans only too well. At the end of her prepared speeches, finding that the respondent did not assume the rôle of either thinking or speaking attributed to him or to her, she was enabled to elaborate her own manner and argument *à l'indiscrétion*. She lent not only one, but both, hands to her affairs. Her conversation rolled on uninterruptedly, exhaling rent bills, due-bills, promissory notes, mortgages, and every other variety of debt which had been used to procure money from her or old Arvil. Her voice took the suavity out of the truffles, the bouquet from the champagne. The creole gentlemen (and who says creole says gastronome) had never eaten their patés, woodcock, and galantine with such obtuse palates. Law, conscience, honor! She arrayed herself and her obligations under the protection of each and all. The result might have been foreseen—honor must not be lightly touched upon before Monsieur Henri Maziel. If he was of the least solvent pecuniarily, he was good for any amount payable by the code.

"That, that is a little strong," he muttered; "*ça, c'est un peu fort.*"

He sought out the undertakers of duelling pomps and ceremonies, and promptly requested Monsieur Charles Montyon, then descending the staircase, to furnish at his earliest convenience reparation to creole honor, impugned by his step-mother. The waiters carried it to the back yard, the guests whispered it in the dressing-room; Madame Montyon herself was the only one to ignore it.

"In Paris millionaires and *richissimes* alone give such suppers," she screamed, holding her black-velvet train high up, out of the way of the waiters. "And Goupilleau says the community is bankrupt."

"My dear lady, we must make an effort for our young people; we must marry our daughters."

Marriage was the last necessity for her to recognize.

"But on what basis, on what basis, in the name of heaven, do you intend to found your families?"

"On love, pure and simple; it is the best we have, having no money."

"Love! Love! Can you buy bread for love in New Orleans? meat? rent houses? pay debts with love?"

"Would to heaven we could, Madame!"

The last carriages rolled away in the breaking of a new day.

The twenty-eighth of December succeeded to the inheritance of consequence left by the twenty-seventh. Old Madame Fleurissant slept under the weight of her ninety, ninety-two, or ninety-five years and the fatigues of the *soirée*, a hermetically sealed sleep, while her guests carried to their homes and into their future lives the germs of variations in both, which had been sown through it.

Even a *soirée*, however unusual the occurrence, could not disturb the equilibrium of Monsieur Goupilleau's notarial existence. He descended at his habitual hour the next morning to his office, situated on the ground floor of his dwelling, and resumed the interrupted business of yesterday; leaving stoically on the threshold all thoughts of the seducing comforts and luxuries so recently installed in his chambers up-stairs.

He was soon immersed in the "Succession d'Arvil," extracting the papers from a tin box, smoothing, cataloguing, annotating them, and arranging them in distinct little piles on his long office table.

The private door of his office was pushed open by Marcélite.

"Monsieur!" she said, "Monsieur!" her voice boding ill news.

The whole upper stories of his house, with their treasures of domestic love and happiness, tottered under the notary's sudden fear.

"Speak quick!"

"Monsieur"—she gave vent to a long-repressed excitement, her words coming rapidly, incoherently—"that, that was Morris Frank last night!"

"Ah!" Monsieur Goupilleau gave a sigh of relief.

"Morris Frank! But who is Morris Frank? Do you know who Morris Frank is?"

"Morris Frank?" repeated Monsieur Goupilleau, wonderingly.

"A little, white-headed boy," she bent over and stretched her hand out, at the height of a young child, above the floor, "playing around the plantation quarters with the little negro children; the son of the overseer, a German overseer; a man who hired himself out to whip slaves he was too poor to own!" Her scathing, fierce tongue brought the fire into her eyes.

"My God! The son of an overseer at the ball of the aristocrats! On my old plantation?" She read the confused inquiry in the notary's face. "The plantation of Monsieur Alphonse Motte; the father of my Mam'zelle. He lives there still?" Monsieur Goupilleau's face brightened with a discovery. He commenced a question: "The son of the overseer on Monsieur Motte's plantation?"

The front door of his office flew wide. Madame Montyon had jerked the knob out of the hand of the bowing clerk.

"*Hé!* Goupilleau, my friend!" she exclaimed, brusquely; "on time, you see! To work; to work! What have we here, eh?"

She had divested herself of so much the night before, and invested herself in so little this morning, that, really, her manner (which was always the same) alone remained to identify her.

She threw back the ends of her India shawl, which she had put over her purple cashmere morning *peignoir*, and tossed up her black-lace veil, under which the gray hair stood out crinkled and crisp from the crimping and manipulation of the evening before.

"Just out of bed, you see! Only a cup of coffee!"

She seated herself at the table and began recklessly to open, examine, mingle, and scatter the papers arranged by the notary.

Monsieur Goupilleau had made a sign to Marcélite to place herself in a corner.

"Pardon me, Madame," he said to the lady, rescuing some of the documents, "but these papers are now in my possession. I am responsible for them."

"Pooh! pooh!" She was about to express further contempt of the admonition, when her words were cut short by the surprising appearance of her son. He was as much astounded as she at the meeting, and more confused.

"My son! Up at this hour?" She extended her cheek for his morning salute. "What in the world do you want here, with Goupilleau? But what is that—filth?" She got it from her father to select the strongest and coarsest word, but it was not entirely inapplicable to Nourrice, who had followed him in like a spaniel.

The poor old woman started at the voice; her ears were younger than her eyes. "Ah, Madame, it was not right to sell me, an old woman, a nurse! I begged you! I begged you on my knees!"

"Will you be silent?" What revelations, the terror of her motherhood, might not be impending?

"To sell a nurse! God never intended that!"

The young man stood in close conversation with the notary.

"Eh? What is that? What is that?" Madame Montyon unceremoniously thrust herself in between them.

"Only a little cabin somewhere, little master, to keep me out of the gutters!" Old Nourrice, fearful still of her old mistress, raised her voice in anxiety.

“What is this nonsense? what is this craziness?” to her son. To the old woman: “Will you cease that whining? A little cabin? A little policeman!”

“My baby! My baby! It’s your poor old Nourrice!”

“But, my son, what have you got in your head? I never got one cent for her, not one cent! Those dishonest Montamats! They were only too glad of the emancipation!”

The gentlemen had continued their conversation without attention to her. She overheard some of their words.

“Money! money! to a wretch like that! Never! never! I forbid it!” She snatched from the notary the paper he had prepared.

“Do you understand, Charles? I forbid it! I command you to desist!” She launched full speed into one of her ungovernable tempers. “A check, *tudieu!* a check! without my advice! without my consent! One must have a private fortune, *tudieu!* to pension, to squander, to throw away—a private fortune! My money, *tudieu!* my money!”

To her son’s face arose an expression that only an intolerable insult could provoke; and the temper that seized him, she knew only too well what that was, if she had not been too blind to see it.

“Enough! Come, Nourrice!” The old woman followed him again; her back—the strong back he had once ridden for a horse—bent over nearly double; this time not in play, but in decrepitude.

He paused at the door and pointed to Nourrice. He had also thought of a supreme retort, an irreparable one: “She was my nurse, given me by my own mother. *You* sold her.”

The door had not closed on their exit before it was opened again.

“Mr. Morris Frank, to see Monsieur Goupilleau by appointment,” announced the clerk.

The young German, fresh, fair, and rosy, had to struggle almost as hard to enter an office as a parlor. “Monsieur,” said he, bowing to Monsieur Goupilleau; then, remembering the lady, “Madame,” to Madame Montyon; then he paused, not knowing whether to offer his hand or not, until the opportunity passed, and he had to compose something appropriate to say.

The notary came to the rescue: “Ah, Mr. Frank! You are a little early, we are not quite prepared—in fact——”

“But, Goupilleau! what do you mean? You are going to let Monsieur Frank go without giving the information? He is a witness,

don't you see, against Deron." Madame Montyon got this also from her father, her versatility in passing from one passion to another.

"As you please, Madame; interrogate Mr. Frank yourself!"

Monsieur Goupilleau was plainly preoccupied about some other matter now, but she did not see it. She put her young friend through a cross-examination to prove her point of view of the creole character, as presented by the distant Deron.

"There, you see, Goupilleau! I am right; Monsieur Frank proves everything. All you have to do now is to *make Deron pay*."

"One moment, Mr. Frank," said Monsieur Goupilleau, as the young man was preparing to leave. "Have you any objections to telling me if your plantation, the Ste. Marie plantation in the Parish of St. James, was once the property of Monsieur Alphonse Motte?"

The old lady's eyes brightened. She saw a new claim, a new debt. She looked greedily at the spread papers, and suspiciously at her young friend, ready to detect and expose any subterfuge.

"Motte? Motte? Is there something there, Goupilleau? Something new? Motte? but who are they? Motte! Motte!" She kept repeating the name to start her ear into recognition. "One of our high-minded, borrow-in-haste-and-repay-at-leisure creoles?"

Marcélite came from the corner where she had been waiting.

"Pardon, Madame, pardon," she said, in eager, womanly defence. "Those words should not be used to designate the deceased Monsieur Alphonse Motte."

"Eh! eh!" Madame Montyon responded sharply to the assault. "What is this? Whom have we here? One of the family?"

The quadroon's eyes burned at the insult. The blood rushed to her head, deepening the color of her dark skin, reddening her lips, swelling her throat, inflating her nostrils, maddening her beyond all discretion. She raised her voice in the impudent way quadroons know so well, and looked at the white lady with an expression which, brave as she was, once she would not have dared.

"Madame is, perhaps, not satisfied; the insults of last night were, perhaps, not enough; Madame apparently does not mind duels; she would have one every day. Madame, perhaps, loves blood, or perhaps Madame thinks Monsieur Henri Maziel cannot fight, or perhaps she thinks her son has more lives than one; or——"

Even Morris Frank was prompt in the emergency. He caught Marcélite by the arm.

"Silence!"

“Marcérite!” the notary raised his voice in anger.

“Speak! I command you, wretch! Goupilleau, make her talk, I say! A duel! My son!”

Physical and verbal violence struggled for the mastery. Her face changed rapidly from crimson to white, then to crimson again; her lips trembled and became blue. She fell into her chair. Was it apoplexy or a swoon? She responded to the quick touch of the notary.

“Goupilleau! Goupilleau!” her voice was all anguish, all submission, now. “She says—she says,” pointing in the direction of Marcérite. “My son!—a duel!” She tried to rise, to pull herself up by the help of the table.

“Wait,” said Monsieur Goupilleau, forcing her back into her chair. “Do not stir. Not a word until I return!”

The little man had a manner which in emergencies could rise above humanity and impose commands on the most exalted. In the very next room, sitting at one of his desks, plodding over some notarial copying, Monsieur Goupilleau possessed the very Supreme Court of the Duel, the very infallibility of the code of honor; a tall, thin, sallow young man, behind whose fierce black moustaches were no front teeth whatever.

“Ah,” thought the notary, after the first glance; “Théodule is silent; Théodule is mysterious; Théodule has on his black coat and white cravat; a duel, sure!”

The old lady had laid her head on the table. Her vigor had snapped. “My money! my money!” and the retort, “My own mother,” that was all she could hear from the buzzing in her ears. What she saw? All she could see; what, as a soldier’s daughter, she should have better borne. When she raised her face on the notary’s return, her eyes, her little, strong, bold, brigadier eyes, were weeping.

“Madame!” It was the sympathy in Monsieur Goupilleau’s voice that prepared her for the worst.

“Madame, words spoken last night, no doubt in an unguarded moment; insults passed, taxing with dishonor honorable personages; under the circumstances, Madame, nothing is to be done.” He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, just as Théodule had done. “Gentlemen even if they have no money, I might say, particularly if they have no money, pay their debts of honor.

“Nothing to be done, *tudieu!* Nothing to be done! You



dare tell me that, Goupilleau? Me, a mother!" She had strength enough to rise now, and shake her head at the notary until her bonnet dropped to the floor. "You dare tell any mother that, when her son is going to fight a duel?"

The "Succession d'Arvil" lay scattered everywhere; documents folded, unfolded, face up, face down. She seized one and grasped a pen. Her fingers had not recovered nor could her eyes see clearly; but despite wavering, blots, and irregularities the words yet stood out with sufficient clearness:

"I apologize to Monsieur — for offensive words spoken at Madame Fleurissant's ball last night. Beg him to believe that a moneyed debt is not a debt of honor.

"LOUISE DUPERRE MONTYON."

"*Tudieu!* nothing to be done! Goupilleau, you are a fool! You will see that something is to be done. Here, supply the name and send it to that —" and she called Monsieur Henri Maziel, in French, the name of a man who prepares ambushes for assassination. "What's that?" She jerked her head aside from a touch. It was Marcélite gently replacing her bonnet, and examining her face and head with professional interest.

"Blessed Virgin!" she thought; "what a genius her hair-dresser must be!"

"Here, my good woman," said the old lady, when the bonnet was fastened and the lace veil dropped. "Give me your arm; conduct me home, immediately."

The notary read first one side of the paper, then the other, scratched over with the hard terms of some of old Arvil's extortions.

"Ah!" said he, looking around his office, deserted now of all except the young German, who was still trying to think of something to say, something to do.

Bred in a classical school, Monsieur Goupilleau was addicted to phrases that came epigrammatically. Shrugging his shoulders, his eyes beamed with the intelligence that only legal experience can give, and with the satirical intelligence which only such experience with women inspires. "*Ah! Grattez la femme et vous trouverez la mère.*" (Scratch the woman and you will find the mother.)

GRACE KING.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### CHURCH UNION.

MR. HODGE's article in the present number of this REVIEW is written in a frank, earnest, and generous manner, and deserves careful attention. The author is right in speaking of the concessions of the House of Bishops to non-prelatical communions as remarkable, and it is simple justice to meet them in the spirit that prompted them. It is too much to hope that the reunion of Protestant Christendom will be effected on the basis described by Mr. Hodge, but it is surely not too much to hope that in the present agitation of the reunion problem there is the earnest of a more cordial reciprocity of feeling than has hitherto existed between some Christian denominations. The churches are not ready for reunion. Some Christians believe that the primitive *ecclesia* should be reproduced in the ecclesiastical organizations of the present, and that Episcopacy does not represent it. Some attach comparatively little value to organic union; and a great many, influenced, no doubt, by old associations, and exhibiting the conservatism of use and wont, are inhospitable to any argument upon the subject, and look upon all schemes for a reunion of the churches as chimerical. There is, however, among Christians a growing feeling of catholicity and a growing dislike of denominational rancor and party-spirit. The average church-member thinks more of brotherhood than of church polity, and it is chiefly as indicative of this brotherly feeling that he values the overtures for church union.

The action of the House of Bishops is far in advance of any proposal that has come from any quarter in the toleration of existing differences of opinion, and the readiness of the organization making the proposals for reunion to forego its individual preferences. We make this statement without qualification, notwithstanding the fact that the position taken by the bishops seems to involve some inconsistency. It is said that the proposed union does not contemplate the absorption of existing denominations into the Episcopal Church, but the union of all denominations for the sake of constituting a new body. Inasmuch as the constituent units of the new Church are to be the existing denominations, these denominations must be regarded as coördinate branches of the Church now: or else one of the existing denominations must be regarded as the Church—which, however enlarged by embracing all other denominations, and however changed in form by the toleration of existing denominational differences, will nevertheless

continue to retain its identity and historic continuity. Which of these plans does the proposed scheme for reunion present to us? The language used by the bishops would imply the former. If that be so, the denominations being invited to enter into the reunion measure as peers, they must be regarded as peers whatever the fate of that measure may be; and it would be unreasonable for the Protestant Episcopal Church, after this declaration of the bishops, to assume an attitude of exclusiveness toward other Christian communions.

Apparently, however, this is not the meaning of the proposition; for the scheme, as Mr. Hodge explains it, contemplates the consecration of the bishops of the new Church by the existing bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the reordination of all ministers not episcopally ordained. The House of Bishops does not regard this as the absorption of all denominations by the Episcopal Church, but we confess that it is only the relative magnitudes of absorber and absorbed that would lead us to take the bishops' view of the proposed transaction. We are intending no adverse criticism, but we submit that the two positions here supposed are incompatible, and that choice must be made between them. It would be ungenerous, in view of the concessions already made, if the non-prelatical bodies should insist that prelacy be likewise given up. Mr. Hodge well says that concessions should not be all on one side; and he does not overstep the bounds of modesty when he further says that since the Episcopalian thinks, rightly or wrongly, that special grace is given in episcopal ordination, the minister non-episcopally ordained should be willing to accept episcopal ordination, although he be entirely satisfied that the ordination he has already received is valid. There would be the more force in this argument if it were first conceded that it is an imperative duty to seek to realize the organic unity of the Church, or that the sacrifices made for the sake of unity would be attended by manifest advantage to religion.

There is, however, good reason to fear that the advantage of reunion on the plan proposed would not counterbalance the loss attending a disbanding of the existing denominations. The churches would lay aside their denominational names, and the new organization be known, let us suppose, as the Church of the United States. The reproach of schism would be taken away, and in the eyes of many this would be a great gain. It might be possible to agree upon a single policy in the work of missions, and this would be a decided advantage. In other respects, however, the existing state of things would continue. Individual choices could not be interfered with, and, therefore, an effective parish system would be impossible. The law of elective affinity would hold sway. Some churches would be furnished with baptisteries, and some with altar-cloths. There would be liturgical and non-liturgical worship. New churches, new creeds, and new modes of worship would be limited only by the desire and the ability of those possessing similar preferences to give organized expression to them. There would be the same theological opinions and the same centres of theological thought that exist

to-day. Theological debate would go on, and theological party-spirit wax hot; or else we should lose interest in theology, and, falling into a condition of theological stagnation, the last state would be worse than the first. Reunion, according to the terms proposed, does not seem to offer such advantages that the ministers of non-episcopal churches should feel under obligation to accept episcopal ordination.

But, if the gains were greater than they are likely to be, it would still be necessary to take notice of the losses, and they are very considerable. We should be sorry to see the Protestant Episcopal Church lose her identity, or retain only so much of a likeness to her former self as the episcopate would secure. The members of that church, we feel sure, would realize that they had sacrificed a great heritage of holy associations, for which reunion, of the kind proposed, would be a poor equivalent. This is true of the other churches, also. Denominationalism has its evils, but it has been making history during the past three hundred years; and it is not a light thing to throw away the fruits of denominational experience, to sacrifice the solidarity and the sympathies of denominational life, for that which, after all, could only be regarded as an experiment.

For it must be remembered that though unity be reached subsequent separation is possible. When the churches had secured the passage of the necessary Enabling Acts, and had parted with their denominational franchises, they would be without any guarantee against disruption. The new Church could not teach truth except in very meagre outline; could not publish a catechism worthy of the name; could not defend the faith, and could not purge herself of error. Her genius would be comprehensive to an extent that would discourage all sharp theological definition as divisive and tending to schism. Would it be possible for the Church to hold together under a policy like this? And would not her unity be put in peril by practical questions that would be constantly arising? How would it be possible, for example, to secure the peaceful and harmonious election of men to fill vacant bishoprics? How would those members of a diocese who formerly belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church like to have a bishop who did not believe in confirmation, nor in infant baptism, nor a liturgy? And if they did not like it, what would be their remedy?

It is above all things necessary to the success of such a reunion as the one contemplated by Mr. Hodge, that the parties to it believe it to be the solemn duty of all Christians to strive after the corporate unity of Christendom. A union based upon expediency or entered into for the sake of fostering good-feeling, or in order that a more aggressive missionary work might be done, would contain in itself the promise and the potency of disruption at no distant day. Do the Christians of America believe that it is their bounden duty to seek the realization of the corporate unity of the Church, and that in perpetuating the existing denominations they are committing sin? We venture to say that they do not.

If, however, the desire for church union were more general than it is,

and under its influence one episcopally officered Church were to take the place of the existing denominations, the union thus formed would hardly be permanent unless the parties to it were profoundly convinced that Episcopacy is the divinely appointed form of ecclesiastical organization. It is not enough to accept the historic episcopate for the sake of union or as a very excellent way of administering the affairs of the Church. Let there be a prevailing belief in the obligatory character of Episcopacy, and a union formed upon the basis of the episcopate might stand the strain of conflicting schools of theological opinion. As yet, however, the non-prelatical churches do not admit the divine right of prelacy, and they are not likely to admit it so long as foremost thinkers of the Church of England, like Bishop Lightfoot and Doctor Hatch, exert any appreciable influence on their opinions.

But if ecclesiastical unity is compatible with diversity of opinion regarding forms of faith and modes of worship, why is it not compatible also with diversity of sentiment regarding ecclesiastical polity? The bishops have gone a long way in the toleration of differences for the sake of unity. Had they gone a little further they would have found that the end for which they strive is already attained, and that unity already exists. If they could have conceded that organization is not of the essence of the Church, they might have been led to conclude that the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church consists of all those who profess the true religion, together with their children; and that its unity and its indefectibility are alike conserved by making it independent of the accidents of church polity and confessions of faith. It is a common life, and not common polity or common prayer, that makes church unity. The Church is an organism: it need not be an organization. It is a mistake to seek the unity of the body in the bond of prelacy, instead of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

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#### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF THACKERAY.\*

CRITICS, more than thirty years ago, summed up the essence of Thackeray's works in the word cynicism; and his character, viewed from the same standpoint, also suffered misconstruction. More appreciative and penetrating judges have now reversed the verdict upon his works, but have failed to gain a complete and satisfactory understanding of the author's character. For there is some truth in the old proposition, that a writer does not necessarily express his nature in his art-creations. The chief value, then, of this collection of letters lies in helping the world to a knowledge of the real Thackeray. His deep and tender affection for Mrs. Brookfield renders the letters addressed to her especially important. They were written, now when "blue devils," and again when gay spirits, possessed him, when he

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\* *A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855.* Written to his friends, W. H. Brookfield and Mrs. Jane Octavia Brookfield. With portraits and reproductions of letters and drawings. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

was perplexed and despondent, and when happy and hopeful. Nothing is reserved. "If I mayn't tell you what I feel, what is the use of a friend?" he asks. He often refers to the comfort of knowing that there was one to whom he could thus unburden his soul. "I think I only write naturally to one person now," he observes in one place, "and make points and compose sentences to others." The selections from these unaffected outpourings of the great novelist's heart have been made with the care which a true friend alone can exercise. Some, indeed, are so unimportant as to seem out of place among the majority, that are rich in interest; yet the reader soon feels himself on such intimate terms with the writer that he would consider himself slighted, were even the mere notes of invitation omitted.

The conception of Thackeray's character must be gained from the total impression left by the letters, and not from stray passages. There are, however, some isolated parts which have the normal ring, which express the true average of his mental and moral make-up. For example, when he criticises the doctrine of "striving to be cheerful": "*A quoi bon, convulsive grins and humbugging good-humor? Let us have a reasonable cheerfulness, and melancholy too, if there is occasion for it—and no more hypocrisy in life than need be.*" He sympathized heartily with his friend Carlyle, in his hatred for shams and cant. "Ah, me—when shall we reach the truth? How can we with imperfect organs? But we can get nearer and nearer, or at least eliminate falsehood." He himself declares that he possesses "that precious natural quality of love," but not "unalloyed," and exclaims: "O God! purify it, and make my heart clean." These quotations serve as touchstones, by which to reach a knowledge of his character. They make it hard for one to believe that he was ever cynical in the bitter sense of the word. This was certainly not a trait of the man, when his nature was developed and mellowed in his riper years, and when his mind, to use his own expression, had grown gray and bald. His satires upon the follies and shortcomings of humanity were tempered rather with a loving and comprehensive sympathy. The conclusion of one of the letters is a fitting summary of this attitude toward his fellow-beings: "*O vanitas vanitatum! God bless all!*"

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## RECORD.

### POLITICS.—DOMESTIC.

**THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.**—THE POLICY OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S Administration during the last six months has been without important change. The proportion of Democrats in the CIVIL SERVICE has constantly become larger by the appointment of Democratic officers to succeed Republican ones, whenever vacancies for any reason have occurred. But there has been no violent departure from the policy of appointment by merit, adopted at the beginning of the Administration, and the "pressure" of office-seekers has become very much weaker. Early in June an estimate was made that 9,000 civil offices of importance, outside the scope of the civil service rules, were held by Republicans. Of these, 400 were "Presidential" post-masters, 8,000 post-masters of the Fourth class, 80 consuls, 5 district-attorneys, 6 marshals, 8 Territorial judges, 10 Indian agents, and the rest of other kinds. At the unveiling of the statue of Garfield in Washington, May 12, the President made a brief address wherein he spoke of "the dangers of a mad chase after partisan spoils," and expressed the hope that the statue would strengthen the "solemn resolve to purge forever from our political methods and from the operation of our Government the perversions and misconceptions which gave birth to passionate and bloody thoughts."—The President gave verbal assent to a suggestion made by Adjutant-General Drum to return the CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS in the War Department at Washington, to the Governors of the States to which the troops bearing them belonged. This proposition provoked the indignation of many Grand Army posts, of Commander-in-Chief Fairchild, and of several Governors of Northern States, Governor Foraker of Ohio, in particular. On June 16, before the order was executed, the President revoked it, expressing the opinion "that the return of these flags in the manner thus contemplated is not authorized by existing law, nor justified as an executive act." On July 4, the President cancelled an engagement to visit St. Louis in September, when the GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC should be encamped there, because of the violent expressions, and even threats, of some of the officers of the Grand Army. August 26, some of the posts in a procession at Wheeling, West Virginia, refused to walk under a

banner bearing the portrait of the President, which was suspended across the street. A number of posts have adopted resolutions censuring the President for his veto of the Dependent Pension Bill, and a smaller number of them have adopted resolutions praising him. Among the latter was a post at Wilmington, Delaware, in reply to whose letter of thanks, the President wrote: "Those of our citizens not holding office, and thus entirely free from the solemn obligation of protecting the interests of the people, often fail to realize that their public servants are to a large extent debarred in official action from the indulgence of those charitable impulses, which in private life is not only harmless, but commendable."—September 30, the PRESIDENT LEFT WASHINGTON on a journey to the principal cities in the West and the South,

The principal APPOINTMENTS TO OFFICE, made by the President during the last six months, were: Robert E. Pattison of Pennsylvania, E. Ellery Anderson of New York, and David L. Littler of Illinois to be Commissioners to investigate the affairs of the Pacific railroads which have received land grants from the Government; Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to be Minister to Austria; Edward F. Bingham of Ohio to be Chief-Justice of the District of Columbia; vice Chief-Justice Cartter, deceased; J. L. Rathbone to be Consul-General at Paris; James W. Hyatt of Connecticut to be Treasurer of the United States to succeed C. N. Jordan, resigned; E. H. Lacombe to be additional United States Judge for the Second New York Judicial Circuit; Prof. G. Brown Goode to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, vice Prof. S. F. Baird, deceased; S. S. Carlisle of Louisiana to be Minister Resident and Consul-General to Bolivia; William L. Putnam of Maine and James B. Angell, President of Michigan University, to act with the Secretary of State in the negotiation for a settlement with Great Britain of the disputes growing out of the fisheries question.

By an order of the President, issued on May 21, TWENTY-TWO INTERNAL REVENUE DISTRICTS WERE ABOLISHED and their territory included in other districts. The saving of salaries and expenses, it was estimated, would be about \$100,000 a year.

UNDER THE DAWES ACT authorizing the President to allot lands to the Indians in severalty, a number of agents have been ap-



pointed, and the work of survey and allotment has been begun on a number of reservations. Large tracts of land have thus been thrown open to settlement by the whites. There was an outbreak of hostilities in western Colorado, late in the summer, between the civil authorities and the Ute Indians under Colorow. General Crook reported to the War Department that from the outset, with but one slight interruption, the Indians were pursued incessantly; that in every case the whites were the aggressors and fired first; and that Colorow had no desire to fight, and made use of his weapons only in self-defence. Twelve Indians were wounded, and five of them died.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar, on August 2, directed the Commissioner of the GENERAL LAND OFFICE to restore to settlement under the PRE-EMPTION AND HOMESTEAD LAWS a large quantity of indemnity land of the Pacific and Atlantic road—aggregating several millions of acres.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fairchild, ISSUED A CALL, May 20, for all the outstanding 3 per cent. bonds (about \$17,000,000), the call maturing July 1; August 3, he ANTICIPATED THE PAYMENT OF INTEREST on the 4s and 4½s to January 1, 1888, with a rebate of 2 per cent., and invited proposals for the sale to the Government of the 4½s of 1891; again on September 22, when there was great stringency in the money market, he offered to buy until October 8, \$14,000,000 of bonds. Large amounts were promptly offered for sale and the financial excitement subsided.

A POSTAL TREATY between the United States and Mexico was signed by the President June 21, which provides that the same rate of postage shall be charged on mail matter from either country to the other as each charges on domestic mail matter. It took effect on July 1. He issued a proclamation, September 26, confirming the reciprocal abolition of discriminating TONNAGE DUTIES ON SPANISH and AMERICAN SHIPPING between the two countries.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.—Early in May THE NATIONAL CIVIL-SERVICE COMMISSIONERS submitted to the President, who gave his approval thereto, AMENDMENTS TO THE CIVIL SERVICE RULES whereby promotions in the departmental service are required to be made by the results of competitive examinations. The Commissioners in May organized a permanent Board of Examiners instead of separate boards.—March 30, the special committee appointed by the NATIONAL CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE to prepare a report on the *present condition of the reform movement*, published their report. They said: "Tried by the standard of absolute fidelity to the reform as it is understood by this League, it is not to be denied that this Administration has left much to be desired."

But they find that "the Administration, under enormous disadvantages and perplexities, has accomplished much for the reform of the civil service"; that "the old 'spoils system' has been seriously shaken," and that "the Administration has practically demonstrated that a clean partisan sweep of the civil service is not demanded by the intelligence of the country, and is not necessary for honest, efficient, and satisfactory government." The League in session at Newport, Aug. 2, made a similar expression, the President of the League, Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, saying in his address that the League does not regard the Administration, however worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons, as "in any strict sense of the words a civil-service reform Administration."

MR. OBERLY, one of the Civil Service Commissioners, DECLINED AN INVITATION to address the members of the Democratic Association of Office-holders in the Departments at Washington, because of the impropriety of a CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER taking part in PARTISAN POLITICAL WORK; and he wrote: "I believe the Democrats should practise in power what they preached while out of power, and that they should not follow the evil example set them by the party they have succeeded in the administration of the affairs of the republic."—THE STATE CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION OF INDIANA held a meeting at Indianapolis, October 7, and in its report said: "We recognize the fact that in MASSACHUSETTS, and in some large offices elsewhere, CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM HAS BEEN MAINTAINED and advanced by the President. In INDIANA the administration of the law has been left by President Cleveland in the hands of its declared enemies, and as a consequence it HAS BEEN RENDERED INOPERATIVE. The President has known the facts but he has afforded no relief."—The Baltimore *Civil-Service Reformer*, the official organ of the MARYLAND CIVIL-SERVICE ASSOCIATION, in its September number announced its SUPPORT OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.—Governor Ames of MASSACHUSETTS, on June 16, SIGNED THE BILL, which had been vetoed by his predecessor the year before, GIVING PREFERENCE in appointments to office in the State to honorably discharged SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, without civil-service examination." September 28, the Supreme Court of the State gave an interpretation of this law that those who are exempted by it from the regular examination, nevertheless, CANNOT BE PREFERRED for appointment to office WITHOUT HAVING MADE APPLICATION to the Civil-Service Commission. This leaves in the hands of the Commission the sole power of certifying veterans for appointment.

ELECTIONS.—An election was held in MICHIGAN, April 4, on an amendment to the Constitution TO PROHIBIT THE SALE OF

LIQUOR, which was defeated by a majority of about 5,000. Two Judges of the Supreme Court, James V. Campbell and Charles D. Long, Republicans, were elected, by majorities ranging from 8,000 to 12,000.—Three proposed AMENDMENTS to the Constitution of CALIFORNIA were rejected at the polls April 12—for the Justices of the Supreme Court, instead of the people, to elect the Chief-Justice; for an increase of the salaries of the Supreme Court Judges (from \$6,000 to \$7,500 a year), and of certain Judges of the Superior Court; and for cities of more than 10,000 inhabitants to make their own charters.—General S. B. Buckner (Democrat) was ELECTED GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY, August 1, by a plurality of 17,015—A GREATLY REDUCED PLURALITY from those cast by the Democrats in recent years.—At the election of members of the UTAH Legislature, on the same day, TWO NON-MORMON CANDIDATES were elected, chiefly because of the disfranchisement by the Edmunds-Tucker act of the women.—On August 4, several proposed amendments to the TEXAS Constitution, chief of which was one prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors were submitted to popular vote, and the *prohibitory amendment* was defeated by a vote of 221,627 to 129,273. At an election in TENNESSEE on September 29, a proposed PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT to the Constitution was defeated by a majority of 27,693 votes.—Charles James Faulkner (Democrat) was elected United States SENATOR from WEST VIRGINIA, May 5; Samuel Pasco (Democrat) from FLORIDA, May 19; William E. Chandler (Republican) from NEW HAMPSHIRE, June 14.

**IMPORTANT COURT DECISIONS AND TRIALS.**—IN THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT IN BOSTON, September 26, a decision was rendered sustaining the demurrer of the BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY in the suit brought by the United States Government to vacate its patent, and the case was dismissed. Judge Colt, who wrote the opinion, held, in accordance with a decision rendered by Judge Shepley in the same circuit on the same point, that the Government, in the absence of any express statement, has no power to bring a bill in equity to cancel a patent.—In a suit brought against the State of NORTH CAROLINA, in June, in the name of a citizen of that State, to compel the payment, by the levy of a special tax, of the OVERDUE COUPONS ON STATE BONDS issued in 1869, Judge Bond, in the UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, held that the acts subsequently passed by the Legislature to stop the collection of taxes to pay this interest are null and void, and that the agents of the State must collect the taxes to pay it. Again on October 7, he rendered a decision that the act of the last VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE, called the "COUPON CRUSHER," which provides for instituting suits

against persons tendering coupons in payment of taxes, is unconstitutional and void. He granted a perpetual injunction restraining the State from bringing such suits, and fined Attorney General Ayres of the State, and several county attorneys \$500 each for bringing suits in disobedience of his injunction.—A decision was handed down September 14, by the SUPREME COURT OF ILLINOIS, affirming the decision of the lower court and the verdict of the jury in the cases of the ANARCHISTS convicted of the murder of policemen in CHICAGO, and it was ordered that August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, A. R. Parsons, Adolph Fisher, George Engel, and Louis Ling be hanged November 11, and that Oscar W. Neebe be sent to the penitentiary for fourteen years. Neebe is now serving out his sentence.—In a decision handed down by the SUPREME COURT OF CONNECTICUT, on April 1, the law prohibiting threats of injury to property was construed to INCLUDE THE BOYCOTT. The accused persons were convicted of conspiracy to boycott the proprietors of the New Haven *Courier* because they would not discharge non-union printers.—A decision was handed down April 26, by the SUPREME COURT OF VERMONT, declaring the attempt of striking stone-cutters at Ryegate to prevent the employment of other men a CONSPIRACY AND PUNISHABLE under the statutes of the State. Arrests for conspiracy under similar circumstances were made in August in MASSACHUSETTS and NEW JERSEY, and Judge Barrett in the NEW YORK Court of Oyer and Terminer, September 29, decided that the preventing of a man from getting employment, by a Committee of the KNIGHTS OF LABOR, a conspiracy within the meaning of the statutes.—THE TRIAL OF JACOB SHARP, against whom twenty-one indictments were brought for bribing the New York Aldermen of 1884 to grant the franchise of the Broadway railroad, was begun May 16. He was found guilty June 29, and sentenced July 14 to four years' hard labor in prison, and to pay a fine of \$5,000. An extraordinary General Term of the Supreme Court, September 26, heard an APPEAL in his behalf, and rendered a decision sustaining the finding of the lower court and the verdict of the jury. Chief-Judge Ruger of the Court of Appeals, September 29, granted an appeal, and another stay of the execution of the sentence pending it.—THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, April 22, SUSPENDED THE LONG-AND-SHORT-HAUL SECTION of the Inter-State Commerce law for a brief period—in some cases seventy-five and in others ninety days, for the benefit of a number of the most important Western, and, subsequently, for a number of Southern railroads. At the end of this suspension, this clause of the law went generally into effect, and the subject since then has been considered by the Commission only when com-

plaints have been made of specific breaches. The Commissioners have held sessions in the principal cities of the country to HEAR COMPLAINTS AND ARGUMENTS, first in the South and then in the West; and they have given decisions in a number of cases brought before them. The PRINCIPLE that the Commission has taken for its guidance is, that it could not have been the intent of Congress to destroy competition where it exists. But any ruling which should practically compel the railroads to abandon traffic wholly to the water lines or to foreign carriers, would abolish competition; so, also, in a more limited sense, would a ruling which should have the effect to give all the business between two points to one line of road, where now there are two or more lines competing for it. Every such case must be judged by itself when objection is made, but upon the principle that *monopoly in carrying shall not be favored*, but that competition, where it actually exists, should be preserved. Judge Deady, of the UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR OREGON gave the FIRST JUDICIAL DECISION UNDER THE LAW, holding that it is not a violation of the law, for the Oregon and California Railroad, a corporation wholly within one State, to carry goods to Portland, destined to San Francisco, by a steamship line not under its control, at a less rate than is charged for carrying the same distance, or a shorter distance, the same goods not destined for shipment to points beyond on the steamship line.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.—A bill known as the GLENN BILL was passed in the Lower Branch of the Legislature of GEORGIA, August 2, "to protect the rights of white and colored people alike," by making it a penal offence for teachers and directors of the public educational institutions of the State to admit white pupils into colored schools, or colored pupils into white schools. It failed of passage in the Senate, but a *resolution* was subsequently adopted directing the Governor to WITHHOLD HIS WARRANT FOR \$3,000, now annually appropriated to the ATLANTA UNIVERSITY (the school for colored pupils where a white teacher had taught his own children), unless it refuse to admit white pupils.

THE OHIO LAW whereby separate public schools for white and colored pupils were abolished, WENT INTO EFFECT at the beginning of the school year in September, and provoked dissatisfaction in a number of towns. From some of the schools white pupils withdrew, and from others colored pupils were excluded.

At a meeting of COLORED EDITORS at Louisville, August 10, the proposition to organize a NATIONAL COLORED LEAGUE to work politically was not favored. The Association recommended the establishment by Congress of a NATIONAL BUREAU OF INFORMATION to ascertain the extent and

nature of lawlessness and mob violence against colored men, and a resolution was adopted complaining of the passage of acts by the Legislatures of INDIANA, VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE, and other States, making INTERMARRIAGE A PENAL OFFENCE, while crimes committed against colored women by white men are overlooked in the framing or in the execution of the laws.

CONVENTIONS, PLATFORMS, AND POLITICAL EXPRESSIONS.—TARIFF REDUCTION.—THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF OHIO DEMANDED "such JUDICIOUS REDUCTION of the present burdensome tariff as shall result in producing a revenue sufficient only to meet the expenses of an economical administration of the Government." THE IOWA DEMOCRATS in convention, September 1, called upon Congress "for the immediate REVISION OF OUR TARIFF LAWS to a REVENUE BASIS," favored "the retention of the internal-revenue tax on intoxicating liquors and tobacco," and protested against its proposed reduction "for the purpose of continuing the present high tariff on the necessities of life." The Democratic convention of VIRGINIA demanded the REPEAL of the INTERNAL REVENUE SYSTEM as a "relic of war," favored a tariff upon imports "limited to the necessities of the Government economically administered," with incidental protection.—The platform of the OHIO REPUBLICAN convention contains the declaration that the first step in the reduction of revenue should be the ABOLITION OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE TAX ON TOBACCO. The Republican convention of MASSACHUSETTS declared that the time has come for Congress carefully to consider THE INTERNAL REVENUE system and the TARIFF ON SUGAR.—THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, October 6, adopted a resolution "that business men of all parties should unite in demanding SPEEDY ACTION by Congress looking to such a REDUCTION OF OUR REVENUES as will make the income of the nation conform as nearly as practicable to the necessary expenditures of the nation."

The REPUBLICAN State conventions of KENTUCKY, OHIO, MARYLAND, IOWA AND PENNSYLVANIA, favored an EXTENSION OF THE PENSION LISTS or "more liberal" dealing with pensioners. With varying emphasis they CONDEMNED THE PRESIDENT'S VETO OF THE DEPENDENT PENSION BILL. A Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic has made a draft of a PENSION BILL similar to the Dependent Pension Bill that the President vetoed, and copies of it have been sent to all the Grand Army posts to get the approval of as many veterans as possible. The purpose is to have it introduced in the Fiftieth Congress. THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT at St. Louis in September, expressed approval of this bill and of ADDITIONAL PENSION LEGISLATION, including the reenactment of the ARREARS ACT. A reso-

lution of censure of the President for vetoing the Dependent Pension Bill was defeated.

The platforms of the REPUBLICAN conventions of KENTUCKY, of OHIO, and of MARYLAND, approved the scheme to grant NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION. The DEMOCRATIC platforms of VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND contained a similar plank. A resolution favoring SENATOR BLAIR'S EDUCATIONAL BILL, and instructing the members of Congress from NEW HAMPSHIRE to vote for it, was adversely reported to House of Representatives of that State by the Committee on National Affairs. In an address delivered at Springfield, Illinois, on the invitation of the Republican members of the Legislature, SENATOR SHERMAN made a plea for NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION, and SENATOR COLQUITT, of GEORGIA, has taken occasion to express a similar conviction.

The DEMOCRATIC conventions in KENTUCKY, MARYLAND, AND MASSACHUSETTS made equivocating expressions concerning CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM, and in VIRGINIA, SENATOR DANIEL in an address to the convention, OPENLY OPPOSED THE DOCTRINE. The DEMOCRATIC convention of NEW YORK "deemed the subject one which might appropriately be submitted to the popular vote." [See also CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.]

THE PROHIBITIONISTS held State conventions and made nominations for State officers in OHIO, June 30, in IOWA, July 15, in MARYLAND, August 3, in PENNSYLVANIA, August 25, in NEW YORK on the same day, in MASSACHUSETTS, September 7. In OHIO, IOWA, MASSACHUSETTS, and NEW YORK their platforms contain a PRO-FEMALE-SUFFRAGE PLANK.—The prohibitory law in RHODE ISLAND was made MORE STRINGENT in May, and drunkenness was made a statutory offence, punishable by a maximum fine of \$10 or ten days' imprisonment.—A HIGH LICENSE LAW was enacted in PENNSYLVANIA in May, imposing a graded tax of \$100 to \$500; a similar law was enacted in MINNESOTA, which went into effect July 1, imposing a tax of \$500 to \$1,000.—A LOCAL OPTION LAW was passed by the Legislature of MICHIGAN, after the defeat of the proposed prohibitory amendment at the polls, whereby any county can vote for prohibition. A similar law in MISSOURI, where nineteen counties had voted in favor of prohibition, was declared UNCONSTITUTIONAL, September 22, in the State Circuit Court of Grundy County. [For defeat of prohibitory amendments in MICHIGAN, TEXAS, and TENNESSEE, See ELECTIONS.] A clerk in a drug store at WICHITA, KANSAS, was sentenced on September 22 to SEVENTEEN YEARS IN PRISON, AND FINED \$20,800, for repeated violations of the prohibitory law.

THE LABOR PARTY nominated candidates for State officers in IOWA June 9, in KEN-

TUCKY June 18, and in OHIO July 5. In NEW YORK the UNION LABOR PARTY (RADI-CALLY SOCIALISTIC) held a convention at Rochester, August 11; and, on August 19, the UNITED LABOR PARTY, which rejected Socialistic delegates, held its convention at Syracuse and nominated HENRY GEORGE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE. The main feature of its platform was the approval of the taxation of land-values only, and the State ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, and the like. (See also LABOR TROUBLES.)—A mass meeting of the INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS OF BALTIMORE was held September 30, and an address was issued "to the Independent Democrats of the State of Maryland and city of Baltimore," wherein the signers said: "We do, therefore, as Democrats, disown allegiance to the so-called 'Democratic' party in this State as a sham and a fraud, and we call upon every true Democrat to join with us this year in defeating the candidates, State and city, of this self-constituted organization. We believe that a real Democrat can be engaged in no better work at this time than in relieving the party from such an incubus and the party name from disgrace."

A convention of MORMONS at SALT LAKE CITY, which adjourned July 7, drew up a CONSTITUTION for the STATE OF UTAH, a petition for admission into the Union having previously been framed. The proposed constitution provides for the entire separation of Church and State, and for non-sectarian education, and forbids polygamy, providing penalties therefor. The "GENTILES" in UTAH, of both political parties, held aloof from the movement, declared the constitution a trick, and pronounced its anti-polygamy articles insincere. On August 1 the constitution was approved by a majority of the voters at a popular election. July 25, JOHN TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH, died a fugitive. July 30, a petition was filed in the Federal Court at Salt Lake City to DISINCORPORATE THE CHURCH, under the Edmunds-Tucker law, and to appoint a receiver.

THE MAJORITY REPORT OF THE UTAH COMMISSIONERS, published October 2, shows that since the passage of the Edmunds law in 1882, 541 persons had been indicted for unlawful cohabitation, and that 279 of these had been convicted. The number convicted of polygamy was fourteen. The Commission regards the movement to secure admission into the Union as insincere, and thinks that the effects of the Edmunds law have been wholesome. A MINORITY REPORT expressed confidence in the sincerity of the Mormon desire to be rid of polygamy.—THE REPUBLICAN convention of OHIO adopted a resolution wherein they "respectfully present" the name of SENATOR SHERMAN to the people of the United States as a CANDIDATE [for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1888], and announced their "hearty and cordial support of him for that

office." The Republican convention of PENNSYLVANIA adopted a similar resolution in favor of MR. BLAINE'S RENOMINATION.

THE VIRGINIA DEBT QUESTION.—At a special session of the LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA, which adjourned May 23, a committee was appointed to make a proposition to the English holders of Virginia bonds for a SETTLEMENT OF THE STATE DEBT. Sir Edward Thornton, who went to Richmond as the bondholders' representative, refused the proposition made by the Legislature, which was based on the "RIDDLEBERGER PLAN" of settlement; and the Legislative Committee refused a counter proposition made by the English bondholders. Both political parties in Virginia favor the "Riddleberger plan." [For Judge Bond's decisions on Coupon Cases See COURT DECISIONS AND TRIALS.]

LABOR TROUBLES AND THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—A STRIKE begun May 12 in CHICAGO by the building trades because of a disagreement between contractors and workmen about the number of apprentices and the making of Saturday a pay-day, provoked lock-outs and caused a cessation of building for more than a month. Miners in PENNSYLVANIA, lumbermen and quarrymen in the NORTH-WEST, were thrown out of employment, and the loss of wages alone was estimated at \$2,500,000. Nearly 20,000 skilled men were idle, and the strikers failed to gain the main points contended for. There was a strike of 11,000 miners and coke-drawers in PENNSYLVANIA in June, which caused great trouble to the users of coke. This trouble was ended by mutual concessions, after the loss of about \$1,000,000 in wages.—THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY LAW went into effect May 31 in NEW YORK, whereby Saturday afternoon was declared a legal holiday. It caused great confusion in banking and commercial circles, and after the summer passed it was practically disregarded.—LABOR DAY (September 5) was observed as a holiday by most of the working people of NEW YORK (as it is made by law), and there was a parade of perhaps 25,000 members of labor organizations. In BOSTON and PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE, and in a number of the WESTERN CITIES, the day was spent in similar fashion.—THE REV. DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN, pastor of St. Stephen's (Roman Catholic) church in New York City, having previously been suspended from the priesthood because of his public advocacy of the Labor party's principles and of his refusal to submit to ecclesiastical discipline, was, by the Pope's order, "excommunicated by name," July 8.—THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR assembled at Minneapolis, October 3. The total number of members in good standing on July 1, 1887, was reported to be 485,000, with nearly 50,000 in arrears. This

total of 535,000 members is an apparent decrease of about 195,000 since last year, but then a larger proportion was in arrears. The receipts for the fiscal year ending July 1 were \$388,731, giving, with balances on hand, a grand total of \$508,647.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CONSTITUTION.—THE CENTENARY OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION was appropriately celebrated in Philadelphia, SEPTEMBER 15-17, by a great industrial parade illustrative of the progress in the practical arts and sciences and the development of the country during the last one hundred years; by a military parade of United States troops, marines, and militia; and by an oration on the Constitution from Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court, and a brief address from President Cleveland. A larger number of people participated in this celebration than in any preceding one in the United States.

OBITUARY.—The following men, who had been prominent in public life, have died during the last six months—Justice W. B. WOODS, of the United States Supreme Court, May 14; ex-Gov. WILLIAM SMITH of Virginia and ex-United States Senator CHARLES E. STUART of Michigan, in May; WILLIAM A. WHEELER, ex-Vice-President of the United States, June 4; Chief Justice MERCUR, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, June 6; LUKE P. POLAND, ex-Chief Justice of Vermont and ex-United States Senator, July 2; R. M. T. HUNTER, ex-United States Senator from Virginia, July 19; Professor SPENCER F. BAIRD, head of the Smithsonian Institution, August 19; ex-Gov. WILLIAM AIKEN of South Carolina, September 7; Gov. WASHINGTON BARTLETT, of California, September 12; Gen. WILLIAM PRESTON, of Kentucky, ex-Minister to Spain, September 21; ex-Gov. LUKE P. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, September 14; WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, who had been Governor of Massachusetts (1872 and 1873), Representative in Congress and United States Senator, October 5; THOMAS C. MANNING, of Louisiana, Minister to Mexico, in New York, October 11.

#### POLITICS—FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN—PARLIAMENT—The most important event in British politics during the last six months was the passage of the IRISH CRIMES ACT, the discussions of which took the greater part of the time and attention of Parliament, especially of the House of Commons; while it formed also, the absorbing topic of popular discussion.—A GREAT MEETING, which was attended by as many as 150,000 persons, was held in HYDE PARK, LONDON, April 11, to PROTEST AGAINST THE BILL, which had passed its first reading in the House of Commons on April 1. On April 15 a protest signed

by 3,200 Nonconformist preachers in England and Wales was published in London. On the day before, SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, one of the Unionist Leaders, and formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, published a letter which was equivalent to a manifesto against the bill. At LIMERICK, on the 17th, 60,000 persons made a demonstration against it. There was an extraordinary scene in the House of Commons April 15. MR. SAUNDERSON, CONSERVATIVE, ACCUSED THE IRISH MEMBERS, clearly alluding to MR. HEALY, of ASSOCIATING WITH MURDERERS. Mr. Healy called him a liar and was suspended. Then Mr. Sexton called him a liar; and when it became evident that every Irish member would have to be suspended unless Mr. Saunderson withdrew his remark, he withdrew it and order was restored. On April 18, when the bill was on its second reading, MR. GLADSTONE, who had spoken vigorously against it previously, made another speech in the Commons. He said:

"The bill, sir, in my view, is a cup of poison. I will not commend it to the lips of Ireland. It must be offered to them by another hand than mine. To me it will be honor and happiness enough should I be permitted the smallest share in dashing it to the ground." The bill on that day passed its second reading. On the morning of the same day one of the greatest political sensations of the year was caused by the publication in the *Times* of the climax of a series of articles on "PARNELLISM AND CRIME," wherein an effort was made to show the Irish members' knowledge of Irish crimes, and participation in them. In this particular article was published a letter represented as having been written by PARNELL to EGAN in 1882, and in which this passage occurred: "I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him and all others concerned that though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts." Parnell pronounced it A VILLAGINOUS BARE-FACED FORGERY," made to affect the vote on the bill. After he had finished this explanation he said: "I trust in God this nation and this House may be saved from the degradation, mistake, and peril of passing this bill." The *Times*, in subsequent issues, challenged Parnell to bring the question of the genuineness of the letter before the courts by suing for libel. He never brought suit, but nobody now maintains the genuineness of the letter. On May 2 an effort was made to secure a PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY into the assertions made by the *Times*, the newspaper having published meanwhile another article on "Parnellism and Crime," wherein JOHN DILLON was accused

of falsehood in defending Parnell, but the inquiry was not granted. Among the many AMENDMENTS offered to the bill by the opposition, and rejected by the House, were—that magisterial inquiries be conducted in public; and that a person committed for contempt of court be treated as a first-class misdemeanant. The first clause of the bill was adopted in committee, May 17, by a vote of 171 to 79; the second clause, May 23, by 235 to 103. Before further progress was made there was a season of bitter political discussion outside Parliament. On June 1, a RADICAL UNION CONFERENCE was held at Birmingham, which was attended by two hundred delegates, representing all parts of Great Britain. In letters, or speeches, HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, and BRIGHT expressed irreconcilable hostility to the Gladstonians. Meanwhile, GLADSTONE was making HOME-RULE SPEECHES throughout WALES. When the bill was taken up again, the other clauses were rapidly passed in committee, by the frequent use of CLOSURE. June 9, the clause permitting a change of venue from Ireland to London was stricken out. June 10, MR. SMITH moved that on June 17 the clause that should then be under discussion, and all the rest of the bill, should be put. This motion was carried under closure by a vote of 245 to 93. By this procedure the Government gave the leader of the House the POWER TO DECREE BY AN ABSOLUTE MAJORITY (not by three to one, as Gladstone proposed in 1881-'82) that discussion on any bill shall be closed by a certain day. Accordingly, on June 17, the bill passed the committee stage of the House. On the 27th, MORLEY'S amendment to limit its duration to three years was rejected. July 1 it passed its report stage, and on July 8 it passed its THIRD READING in the House by A VOTE OF 349 TO 262. Gladstone, in opposing it, declared that former coercion measures had been aimed at crime only, but that this new one, passing beyond crime, aimed at societies. The bill passed its third reading in the HOUSE OF LORDS, July 18. On the next day the House of Commons having gone in a body to the House of Lords, the ROYAL ASSENT was given and the BILL BECAME A LAW. [For a summary of the Act, see NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, May, 1887. Many minor amendments were made, but in only one leading feature was there a change—the clause to grant a change of venue from Ireland to England was stricken out. The gist of the act is the power it gives the executive of Ireland to suppress organization and discussion].—The body of the LIBERAL UNIONISTS in the divisions on the Crimes bill identified themselves with the CONSERVATIVES, and the relations between the GLADSTONE LIBERALS and the IRISH members became closer.—THE IRISH LAND BILL having previously passed the House of Lords, and come into the House of Commons, an amendment that it be rejected was voted

down, July 15, and the bill passed its second reading. On Aug. 5 it passed the third reading. The House of Commons and the House of Lords disagreed on amendments to the bill, and when it passed both houses, it satisfied neither. Originally drawn as a palliative measure, it had to be advanced by the Government when the Crimes bill was introduced, but they made efforts to rob it of the most conciliatory features. The MAIN FEATURES OF THE ACT, which is full of confusing clauses, are, (1) An agricultural leaseholder may have a fair rent fixed in the rent courts for fifteen years; (2) the former exclusion of "town parks" from the Land Law of 1881 is slightly relaxed; (3) the rate of interest on loans to tenants for the purchase of farms is reduced to 3½ per cent., and the time of payment extended; (4) judicial rents fixed before 1886 are to be changed to correspond with the difference in prices affecting agriculture at present and in the years when the rents were fixed. It initiates a system of dual ownership.—The practical work of the session of Parliament was closed September 13, when the APPROPRIATION BILL passed its third reading in the House of Commons. There was a long and bitter debate about the TREATMENT OF POLITICAL PRISONERS, which was provoked by MR. O'BRIEN'S confinement in a cell. MR. BALFOUR expressed the determination of the Government to make no distinction between political and other prisoners. Parliament took a recess till September 16, when it was prorogued. It was declared in the QUEEN'S SPEECH that many important measures affecting other parts of the kingdom had been postponed by the Irish legislation. At the end of the session the GOVERNMENT WAS WEAKER by eight votes than it was at the beginning—this loss being caused by bye-elections and by members' changes from Unionist to Liberal sentiments. The LIBERALS during the session lost not a single member by bye-elections, or by disaffection. The most important of the BYE-ELECTIONS were in the Spaulding division of Lincolnshire, July 1; for the North Division of Paddington, July 8; at Coventry, July 9; in Glasgow, August 2 (where Sir George O. Trevelyan was elected); and in Cheshire, August 13 (where Lord Henry Grosvenor, Liberal-Unionist, was defeated)—in all which Liberals were elected to succeed Liberal-Unionists or Conservatives.—The House of Lords on July 7, by a majority of 11, abolished PRIMOGENITURE IN CASES OF INTESACY.—The PROMOTION OF PRINCES to high military positions was a subject of warm discussion in the House of Commons on May 12, when a bill was passed granting the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT leave of absence from India to attend the Queen's jubilee. On August 8, the Government was asked for a list of the princes who hold posts in the public service and have been promoted because

of their birth, but the information was refused.—

IRISH AFFAIRS. COLONEL KING-HARMAN, CONSERVATIVE, was appointed UNDER PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY for IRELAND—a new office—in April.—Under the Crimes bill the IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE was proclaimed August 19. There was much dissatisfaction expressed by the Liberal-Unionists. August 20, CHAMBERLAIN, speaking for them, disclaimed responsibility for the proclamation of the League, and T. W. RUSSELL withdrew from the party. On August 25, GLADSTONE moved in the House of Commons, "that an HUMBLE ADDRESS BE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN, representing that the Viceroy of Ireland has proclaimed the National League a dangerous association; that no information has been furnished to Parliament to justify the proclamation, by virtue of which her Majesty's subjects are to be rendered liable to be punished as criminals without a judicial inquiry into the nature of their acts; and that this House, in the absence of such information, prays that said proclamation shall not continue in force as to the association named and described therein." It was rejected on August 26, by a vote of 272 to 194. Nine Liberal-Unionists voted with the Gladstonians, and seventeen were absent and unpaired. By SPECIAL PROCLAMATION, September 19, many specific branches of the League were forbidden to hold meetings. EVICTIONS of Irish tenants were made at BODYKE in May and June. So violent and persistent was the resistance that 600 troops were required to dislodge tenants. MR. DILLON made an unsuccessful effort, June 16, to have a Parliamentary committee appointed to investigate the conduct of the police in making these evictions, and the arrest and imprisonment of tenants. At Coolgraney, in July, 70 families were evicted, and MICHAEL DAVITT encouraged resistance. At Herbertstown, in August, there was another series of evictions. At a meeting at Mitchelstown, September 9, of 7,000 persons, including several of the English Liberal members of Parliament, to protest against the issuing of a warrant for the arrest of O'Brien, there was a CONFLICT between the crowd and the police. Policemen fired from the barracks, killing two persons and wounding others. WILLIAM O'BRIEN was arrested September 11. On September 24, he was found guilty, under the Crimes Act of using seditious language at Mitchelstown and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, being released, however, on bail pending an appeal. The trial, with the summons and the warrant that preceded it, furnished the occasions for a series of POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS against the Government, in some of which English Liberals and women took part. Not a few ENGLISH LIBERALS became MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE. September 4, a meeting of the Irish League, which had been proclaim-

ed, was nevertheless held at Ennis, Ireland, where vigorous speeches were made by the Irish members of Parliament. October 6, T. D. SULLIVAN, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, and WILLIAM O'BRIEN were tried for publishing in their newspapers REPORTS OF PROCLAIMED MEETINGS. The case against SULLIVAN was dismissed, because the prosecution had not proved that the meeting reported was a proclaimed meeting, and the case against O'Brien was adjourned pending an appeal on the other by the crown's attorney. The failure of these trials provoked the indignation of the Conservatives. The Irish newspapers continued to publish reports of forbidden meetings of the League, and their tone has become more and more bitter.—THE ENGLISH TRADES CONGRESS, September 7, was captured by its SOCIALISTIC ELEMENT, and issued an address pledging the Labor party to separate political action.—The Northumberland miners withdrew their PECUNIARY SUPPORT of their two MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, demanding that members should be paid by the Government.—THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE of Queen Victoria's reign was splendid beyond parallel in modern times. June 21, she rode in an open carriage from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey escorted by her sons, sons-in-law and grandsons, as a guard of honor. The special service in the Abbey was witnessed by 10,000 persons of distinction. All the reigning houses in Europe sent representatives; while presents and congratulatory messages came from every part of the world. The day was celebrated in all British dependencies and wherever else the English language is spoken. In London the jubilee festivities lasted several weeks, and on July 2 the Queen held her first garden party since the death of the Prince-Consort.—SERIOUS COMMENT on the possibility of a HOSTILE FLEET'S ENTERING THE THAMES, was provoked by the success, on August 4, of the commander of the attacking fleet in the British naval manoeuvres in OUTWITTING THE COMMANDER OF THE DEFENSIVE FLEET and steaming up the river. On August 3, a bill to allow the construction of a TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL was defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 153 to 107.—A COLONIAL CONFERENCE, attended by representatives from all the most important British colonies, began its sessions in London on April 4. The conference discussed and approved a proposal to lay a cable between Vancouver and Australia, and expressed approval of the extension of the TITLES OF THE QUEEN to "Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies and all Dependencies thereof, and Empress of India."

FISHERIES QUESTION.—An agreement has been made between the British Government and the President of the United

States to refer to a JOINT COMMISSION the questions respecting the North American fisheries, and Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has been appointed Chief Commissioner for England. [See also PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS.]—

The advocates of ARBITRATION as a means of settling international disputes have been especially active. A meeting of the International Arbitration Association was held in London July 13, and made an especial effort to further the formation of an ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TRIBUNAL. More than two hundred members of Parliament signed a petition to the President of the United States to favor such a movement. September 6, the INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PEACE at GENEVA favorably discussed the same project.—

AN ANGLO-TURKISH CONVENTION was proposed (and signed by Queen Victoria), providing for the maintenance of all existing firmans and the neutralization of the Suez Canal, and guaranteeing internationally the inviolability of Egypt. It was stipulated that the British should withdraw from Egypt in three years, unless the country should be threatened with danger. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was sent as a special envoy to Constantinople to secure a ratification of the convention, but the FRENCH AND RUSSIAN INFLUENCE upon the Sultan was so strong that after repeated delays and promises, he refused to sign it at all, and Sir Henry was recalled, July 5.—The British Government's threat, in April, to seize one of the TORTUGAS ISLANDS in payment for a claim of British subjects against Hayti, caused great excitement at Port-au-Prince, and it was feared that the foreign residents there would be murdered. But in May, Hayti paid a part of the claim and gave security for the payment of the balance.—In NEW SOUTH WALES, on September 30, all PROTECTIVE CUSTOMS DUTIES were abolished. The new duties are all specific.—Early in June, native warriors attacked BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN SIERRA LEONE, and pillaged and burned villages, taking several hundred natives prisoners.—Sir Arthur Havelock, the Governor of Natal, in May proclaimed ZULULAND, except the new Boer Republic, a BRITISH POSSESSION.—A TREATY OF UNION was concluded in October between the SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC and the NEW BOER REPUBLIC. Henceforth they will be one State and under one President, and the first Chief Magistrate will be S. J. P. Kruger, President of the South African Republic. England's formal sanction of the union has not yet been given.—AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.—[See RUSSIA.]—

CANADA.—The first clear party division in the new DOMINION HOUSE OF COMMONS was made on April 29, which showed that the Government had a majority of 32. The



budget, which was introduced May 13, made a radical change in the CUSTOMS DUTIES, graded on a scale of two-thirds of the United States tariff. The duty on pig-iron was increased to \$4 a ton, a bounty was laid on Canadian pig-iron, at \$1.50 till 1889, and at \$1 from 1889 till 1892, and the duty was taken off anthracite coal. The duty on cigars and cigarettes was doubled.—THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY was finished May 24, and there was a great celebration at Vancouver. Soon thereafter, the steamships of a trans-Pacific line began to run, and passengers on the first one from Yokohama by way of Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific road, reached New York in twenty days, on June 20. The provincial Government of the Northwest Territory having begun the construction of a road to connect with roads in the United States, as a competing route with the Canadian Pacific, the latter road, on August 20, obtained an INJUNCTION to prevent its construction. The provincial authorities did not heed the injunction, and for a time there was even talk of enforcing it by the Dominion troops. Work was stopped October 1, however, because there was no more money to pay the contractor, the colonial authorities having failed to sell their bonds.—WILLIAM O'BRIEN, editor of *United Ireland*, went to Canada in May to arouse public indignation against LORD LANSDOWNE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, because of the evictions of tenants on his Irish estates. O'Brien was mobbed at Toronto and at Kingston, at both of which places he was slightly bruised. He made bitter speeches against Lord Lansdowne, and left the non-Irish, as well as the Irish, population greatly excited.—There has been much rural agitation in Canada, especially in the southern towns and villages, concerning "COMMERCIAL UNION" with the United States. The BOARD OF TRADE, of TORONTO, on June 16, after an animated debate, declared that "Canada cannot consent to discriminate against Great Britain without her consent." MR. ERASTUS WIMAN, a Canadian resident of New York, and MR. BUTTERWORTH, a Representative in Congress from Ohio, have been active in this agitation. [For FISHERIES COMMISSION, see ENGLAND.]

FRANCE.—On May 17, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 275 to 259, rejected the GOVERNMENT BUDGET, from which the Budget committee demanded reductions, and the GOBLET MINISTRY resigned. Their resignations were accepted by President Grévy, and a number of unsuccessful efforts to form a Ministry were made. The disturbing element was GENERAL BOULANGER, Minister of War in the Goblet Cabinet, in favor of whose retention a popular demand was made. Although his candidacy was illegal, he stood for election as a Deputy from the Seine, to test his popu-

larity, and he received 33,038 votes against 198,297 cast for Mesurier, a Socialist. A NEW MINISTRY was formed, consisting of M. ROUVIER, PREMIER and Minister of Finance and of Posts and Telegraphs; M. Fallières, Minister of the Interior; M. Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Mazeau, Minister of Justice; General Ferron, Minister of War; M. Barbey, Minister of Marine; M. Barbe, Minister of Agriculture; M. de Hérédia, Minister of Public Works, and M. Dautresme, Minister of Commerce. THE POLICY ANNOUNCED was to prepare a budget in accord with the recent vote of the Chamber (when it was presented, it was 15,000,000 francs less than the last budget), to maintain the Goblet Ministry's military bills, and to exercise a firm foreign policy. "We do not reflect the views of anybody," the Premier announced, but a resolution of want of confidence was defeated on May 31, by a vote of 285 to 139. A crowd of youths outside the Chamber shouted "Down with the Ministry!" "Long live Boulanger!" The Chamber of Deputies, on June 18, passed the first clause of the ARMY BILL, which declares it to be the duty of every Frenchman to perform military service. Urgency for a motion to elect members of the Senate by UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE was moved in the Chamber of Deputies June 27, and defeated by a vote of 317 to 205; and on the same day the committee appointed to inquire into the position of FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE rejected a proposal to levy a special tax on them. On April 21, a French commissary named SCHNAEBELÉ, stationed at Pagny-sur-Moselle, was arrested by German police and imprisoned at Metz. The arrest at once became the subject of discussion in every European capital and of correspondence between the two Governments. For a time WAR SEEMED IMMINENT and stocks were depressed on the Bourse. Schnaebelé was released April 30; and was received at Pagny as a hero by the populace. The French regarded his release as a victory, and the Germans as an act of magnanimity on the part of their Government. Schnaebelé after a long vacation was promoted. As late as May the ANTI-GERMAN FEELING was so great, that during a performance of "Lohengrin" a crowd gathered outside the theatre singing the "Marseillaise" and crying out against Wagner and Germany. A whole series of Wagnerian performances was abandoned. On May 4, a mob went from the theatre to the residence of President Grévy, crying out against Germany. May 11, the Government closed a velocipede factory near Luneville, belonging to a German, because he employed men who were in the German army, and the soldiers were expelled from France. There were a few anti-German demonstrations in Paris on the anniversary of the fall of the

Bastille, July 14, and the French press became so insulting that Count von Münster, the German Ambassador at Paris, remonstrated with M. Flourens, especially against one newspaper article wherein the German Embassy was called "a nest of reptiles." On the FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER, near Raon-sur-Plaine, September 24, a German guard, named Kaufmann, FIRED THREE SHOTS at a party of French sportsmen, killing one of the attendants, named Brégnon, and wounding one of the sportsmen, named Wanger. After correspondence between the Governments and considerable controversy, Germany paid an indemnity.—The French Council of State early in May rejected the appeals of the ORLEANS PRINCES for a reversal of the decree expelling them from the army. The COUNT OF PARIS went to the Isle of Jersey, and at St. Helier, on July 1, as well as for several subsequent days, received visits from great crowds of demonstrative royalists. When he bade them farewell, on his departure for England, he said: "You may be sure we shall win before long. MONARCHY will come without violent effort and by a gentle transition, for our organization is in training and everything is ready. The new Government will get into immediate working order, and on the eventful day I, helped by all good Frenchmen, shall be King." French mayors who were in any way concerned in these manifestations were dismissed.—A manifesto written by Clément de Royer, in behalf of PRINCE VICTOR, was read at Bonapartist meetings, August 14. Subsequently Prince Victor himself issued a MANIFESTO at Brussels, condemning the Conservative party for supporting the Cabinet.—The COUNT OF PARIS published a MANIFESTO September 14, in which he said: "Nobody has confidence in the morrow. The situation imposes duties upon the Monarchists in the country, who, unshackled like those in Parliament by a limited mandate, must show France how necessary it is and how easy it will be to restore the monarchy, and must reassure her against imaginary dangers, and prove that the transition can be legally effected." This provoked cautious but somewhat alarmed comment in France, but little comment of any kind elsewhere. The supporters of BOULANGER took credit for having warned the country of "the Royalist conspiracy" in the Chamber. M. de Cassagnac assured Premier Rouvier that, notwithstanding the manifesto, the Right would continue to support the Cabinet. The general feeling was that the Count thought the moment ripe for a movement in his behalf because he apprehended an early breach in the peace of Europe. After the organization of the new cabinet a series of BOULANGER DEMONSTRATIONS was begun. At a meeting of the French Patriotic League in Paris, June 24, when harangues were delivered against Germany

for the conviction of members of the Alsatian branch of the League of treason, the crowd mingled shouts for Boulanger with cries against the Germans. Late in June, Boulanger was appointed to the command of the thirteenth army corps. When he left Paris, July 8, for Clermont-Ferrand, to take his command, a great popular demonstration was made in his honor. He was even bruised by the mob of his admirers. When he arrived at Clermont-Ferrand, the houses were gayly decorated in his honor, and the streets were lined with troops. So much attention was paid to him that it caused the Government no little alarm. The Government organs even warned Republicans against such a dictator as he would be. His dangerous popularity was discussed in the Chamber of Deputies, July 11, when M. Rouvier declared that it was necessary to remove him from his political surroundings and to return him to his proper station; and that if the civil power had hesitated it would have been all over with it. Again in July a discussion of General Boulanger arose in the Chamber, when a letter from him to a Deputy was published, wherein he wrote that he had but one aim, namely to proclaim to Frenchmen that they can and must raise their heads and assume the only attitude becoming a great people. The "BOULANGER MARCH" attained great popularity and the Minister of War forbade military bands from playing it. M. FERRY in a public speech spoke of General Boulanger as the Saint Arnaud of the *café's chantants*. General Boulanger CHALLENGED HIM TO FIGHT A DUEL, and the challenge was accepted; but the duel did not occur because the seconds could not agree on the conditions. In an ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS OF HIS COMMAND at Clermont-Ferrand, September 17, General Boulanger said: "We have to-day more need than ever of the qualities of a warrior. No, the hour has not yet struck for the disarmament of the peoples of old Europe. It is madness to believe it, a crime to say this, for it points to peace at any price as the goal to which our country should aspire; and our enemies—who often appraise us at our real value better than we do ourselves—know well that we have not got as far as that. More than ever we must continue the work. It is for France."—The Chamber passed a bill increasing the NUMBER OF REGIMENTS in the army, July 13, and an EXPERIMENTAL MOBILIZATION BILL, July 18. The MOBILIZATION EXPERIMENT of the Seventeenth Army Corps was so successful that the French press declared that if France had been in such condition for war in 1870 as she is now, GERMANY WOULD HAVE FOUND HER MATCH. M. Ferron, Minister of War, at a dinner, September 9, in offering a toast in honor of the corps said that the experience gained by the mobilization had dispelled the doubt oppressing the nation, and had given Parliament and the country a feel-

ing of confidence which they did not possess before. At a military banquet at Toulouse, September 13, General Bréart declared that France now knew her strength, and that she was ready and awaited revenge. M. Cales, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, made a similar speech.—The sale of the French CROWN JEWELS was begun in Paris, May 12, and the amount realized by the sale was 6,864,000 francs. More than a third of this sum was paid by an American firm.—The OPÉRA COMIQUE in Paris was burned, May 25, when it was filled with an audience, and seventy persons perished. The Municipal Council passed a vote of censure on the Prefect of Police, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Fine Arts, holding them responsible for the disaster; and adopted a resolution granting theatres, cafés, and concert halls three months to substitute electric lights for gas.—The CENSUS of France for 1886 shows an excess of births over deaths of 52,560, against 85,000 in 1885. The divorces granted in 1886 numbered 2,949, against 4,277 in 1885.

GERMANY.—In domestic German politics there have been few events these six months that are worth recording, the activity of the Government being chiefly such as concerned FOREIGN RELATIONS. The Government's (pro-Catholic) ECCLESIASTICAL BILL, which had previously passed the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, was opposed by National-Liberal leaders in the Lower House, April 21. On that day BISMARCK spoke in favor of it for more than an hour, saying that the bill must be accepted in the shape which had been agreed upon between PRUSSIA and the VATICAN, be cause peace with the Church was desirable both for internal and external reasons, and that if it was not accepted unchanged, he must resign so far as his authority in Prussia was concerned. The bill passed its third reading April 27, by a vote of 243 to 100. The Reichstag adjourned June 18.—The REVENUE from the new spirits and sugar duties that were laid, was more than enough to meet the increased army expenditures.—THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY met at Gastein, August 6. The Emperor William made a visit to Stettin in September, while the CZAR was at Copenhagen, and there was popular expectation that the Czar would visit him there. On September 19, the *North German Gazette* declared that by reason of the Czar's failure to visit him, it was fully understood that the ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE THREE EMPERORS was at an end, and that Germany had recovered her freedom of action.—In September, Prince Bismarck and Count Kálnoky agreed on a COMMERCIAL TREATY between Germany and Austria. [For Bismarck-Crispi Conference, see ITALY.] There has been a series of measures for the GERMANIZATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE, most of

which have provoked sharp comment by the French journals, while some have given rise to correspondence with the French Government. April 1, M. Antoine, a MEMBER OF THE REICHSTAG FROM METZ, was expelled from the province, and orders were given for the DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLAGS preserved in the provincial town halls. BISMARCK said: "We intend that Alsace and Lorraine shall remain incorporated with Germany. Their fortresses are a strong bulwark against France, and for us they have the advantage of removing by several days' march the starting point for an aggressive movement against us from France." Every Mayor or other provincial official suspected of French sympathies was dismissed. A CENSUS was taken in May, which showed that since 1880 37,000 Germans had displaced 49,254 natives of the provinces; and it was estimated that if this rate of displacement continue, the population will become WHOLLY GERMAN in twenty-five years. In June, a pipe-maker at Metz was fined for making pipes bearing a carved image of General Boulanger. On June 12, ALFRED DELPIT, an American by birth and a well-known French journalist, was expelled from Alsace because of the anti-German tone of his writings. Several citizens of the provinces were found guilty of treason by a court at Leipzig, because they belonged to the FRENCH PATRIOTIC LEAGUE, the purpose of which the court declared was the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine. Two men, Klein and Grebert, were found guilty, July 7, of betraying MILITARY SECRETS to the French, and sentenced, one to 9 and the other to 5 years' hard labor. "Punish me," Klein exclaimed, "as a French spy. I was born a Frenchman, and am no German traitor." [For other Franco-German frontier incidents, see FRANCE.]

An official report on GERMAN EMIGRATION presented to the Reichstag in April, showed that the number of emigrants from Germany who passed through Hamburg, Bremen, and Stettin during the year 1886 was 66,671, a decrease of 22,000 from the previous year. But during the first half of 1887, 57,181 persons emigrated from Germany—an increase of 16,584 over the emigration of the first half of 1886.—The first of a series of surgical operations was made on the throat of the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE for an affection of the throat on May 23. Many other operations were performed, and he was under an English physician's care during his long visit to England.—ALFRED KRUPP, the head of the great gun works at Essen, died July 15.—The commander of a GERMAN SQUADRON AT SAMOA, in September, demanded a heavy fine from king Malietoa for robberies of German plantations; 500 men were landed and the king was deposed. His rival Tamasese was declared king. A few weeks later Malietoa was taken on board a German man-of-war and exiled.

RUSSIA.—After the efforts made to KILL THE CZAR on March 13, 29, and April 6, it was reported that a number of Nihilistic plots were discovered, and he repaired to Gatchina where some time was spent in retirement. Early in May the royal family made a journey to the DON COSSACK COUNTRY, and at Novo-Tcherkask, the capital, on May 18, the TZESARVEITCH was installed with great ceremony as Hetman of the Don Cossacks. The route from St. Petersburg, 1,000 miles, was guarded, but an effort was made to kill the Czar on his return. Still another attempt was made to kill him on August 20, when two shots were fired at him while driving, one of which perforated his coat. On August 26, the Russian royal family arrived at Copenhagen, where they planned to remain for several months.—Early in June, a ukase was issued FORBIDDING FOREIGNERS to acquire estates on the western frontier of Russia where there were many German factories as well as houses and farms; and aliens were prohibited, also, from acquiring real property in Russian Poland. This excited great indignation at both Vienna and Berlin, but the efforts of large German landowners to get exemption were in vain. Some of them sold their estates at a sacrifice and others became naturalized.—THE FRICTION BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY in July, provoked the publication at St. Petersburg of an anti-German pamphlet entitled "Waiting for War," and the threat was made at Berlin to hold the Government responsible for the pamphlet. The ACCESSION OF PRINCE FERDINAND to the throne of Bulgaria provoked a threat from the Russian press that unless he retired, Russia would consider the Berlin treaty null, which she had always regarded as "a bitter deception after a glorious war."—A new RUSSIAN LOAN of £6,000,000 was negotiated in Paris in August.—More coercive measures towards THE JEWS were put into effect in July. They were forbidden to enter corporations and academies, and they were not allowed to remain in St. Petersburg more than a week. In August, a decree was issued, limiting the number of Jewish children in secondary schools to 10 per cent. on the frontier, to 5 per cent. in St. Petersburg, and to 3 per cent. in Moscow.—Great COMMERCIAL DISTRESS prevailed during the summer, and the bankruptcy courts were blocked with insolvency cases of long-established firms.—In May, the DUTY ON IRON AND STEEL, and articles manufactured therefrom, was considerably increased.—The Government has undertaken the building of an ASIATIC RAILWAY across Siberia to the Pacific, whereby the journey (by river and rail) from St. Petersburg to the Pacific may be made in fifteen days. The road is expected to be finished in five years.—Late in July the AFGHAN BOUNDARY question was settled, Russia received the territory between the Kushk and the Murghab

Rivers, accepting in return the English frontier line on the Oxus River, and renouncing her claims to districts to which she would have been entitled according to the terms of the arrangement of 1883.—MICHAEL NIKIFOROVITCH KATKOFF, editor of the Moscow *Gazette*, the most powerful imperial paper in Russia, died August 1, and the St. Petersburg *Grashdanin*, edited by Prince Meshtcherski, which had been little more than a journal of polite society, became a Government organ.

ITALY.—THE ITALIAN CABINET, as formed after a number of futile efforts in April, consisted of SIGNOR DEPRETIS, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, Signor Crispi, Minister of the Interior, Signor Viale, Minister of War, Signor Zanardelli, Minister of Justice, and Signor Saracco, Minister of Public Works. At the opening of Parliament, Prime Minister Depretis announced that Italy would follow a PEACEFUL POLICY, but that since every other European nation was increasing its armament, the Cabinet would ask for credits to STRENGTHEN THE DEFENCES. April 25, a bill was passed calling for 17,000 reserves for service at the Massowah garrison. The Chamber of Deputies, May 30, voted a naval credit for 85,000,000 lire to be expended on iron-clads, torpedoes, and forts, the credit to extend over a period of ten years; and on June 30, a credit of 20,000,000 lire for the garrison at Massowah. SIGNOR DEPRETIS died July 29, and SIGNOR CRISPI became PRIME MINISTER. On October 3, SIGNOR CRISPI held a CONFERENCE at Friedrichsruhe with PRINCE BISMARCK, when a DEFINITE ALLIANCE BETWEEN ITALY, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA, for five years was renewed. Italy has full power to take independent action on the Mediterranean; and should Italian interests conflict with those of France or Russia, Italy will rely upon the support of Germany and Austria. Crispi said: "Italy, like the other Powers, has reason to fear an ADVANCE by RUSSIA towards Constantinople, and she could not permit the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake." When he arrived at Rome, he exclaimed: "I bring peace." Russian and French comment on the conference has shown bitterness.—In reply to a request by the Pope for a statement concerning the labor movement, CARDINAL MANNING PUBLISHED A LETTER, early in the spring, which had a tone decidedly favorable to the movement. "THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR AND THE BRITISH TRADES UNIONS," he maintained, "represent the right of labor and the rights of association for its defence," and "the freedom of contract on which political economy glorifies itself hardly exists." In April the POPE DECIDED that the Church shall not oppose the Knights of Labor in America. In CANADA, where a mandament had been issued against them, they received absolution on promise of obedi-

ence to future decisions of the Holy See.—At A PAPAL CONSISTORY, May 26, Mgr. Palotte and Father Bausa were made CARDINALS; ten bishops were preconized in France and one in Mexico, and the Pope proclaimed the new CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF AUSTRALASIA, making the bishops of Adelaide, Brisbane, and Wellington Metropolitans. In June, a circular of instruction to Nuncios abroad was prepared, wherein it was explained that the Pope would not renounce his right to TEMPORAL POWER IN ROME, and there has ever since been a fitful discussion of the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican. June 18, two PAPAL ENVOYS were ordered to Ireland to report on the social and political position of the people.—The CENSUS of Italy, taken last December, shows a population of 29,943,607, an increase of 243,822 since 1885.—Crowds of persons made a pilgrimage to Caprera, June 7, to commemorate the ANNIVERSARY OF GARI-BALDI'S DEATH.

**BULGARIA.**—THE MEETING OF THE SOBRANYE, early in July, again brought the Bulgarian question into international notice. PRINCE FERDINAND OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, was elected Prince, July 7; the regents tendered their resignation considering their work done; but the Sobranye refused to accept them until Prince Ferdinand's official notice of his acceptance had been received. He left Vienna August 9, and at Timova, August 14, took the oath of office. In his proclamation, which was concluded with "Long live free and independent Bulgaria," no reference was made to Russia. It was known in advance that RUSSIA WOULD NOT CONSENT to his election, and every turn of affairs has provoked hostile Russian criticism and threats. He sent a NOTE TO THE POWERS asking their approval of his election, but none has publicly replied to it; ENGLAND, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY, however, sent NOTES to TURKEY declaring his election legal, but RUSSIA sent the PORTE a FORMAL PROTEST. A threat was published at St. Petersburg to regard the Berlin treaty void unless he resigned. It was semi-officially declared in Germany that until the Prince should receive Emperor William's approval of his election, nothing could be regarded as settled. Ferdinand was enthusiastically received, and, except for occasional disturbances (one of which was a military conspiracy at Bucharest, where Radoslavoff, formerly Prime Minister, was arrested) that have been attributed to Russian influence, the country has been peaceful. A RUSSIAN PLAN was subsequently discussed to send General Ernroth to take possession of the Government, but it was abandoned; and the Porte proposed to the Powers that a COMMANDER CHOSEN BY TURKEY AND RUSSIA be sent to take charge of the Government, but no such plan has yet been carried out. Prince Ferdinand's occupancy of the throne

has not been recognized by Russia, or Germany, or Turkey, nor regarded as permanent, but he has not been disturbed. At the head of the Cabinet is M. Stambuloff. ELECTIONS of members of the Sobranye, Oct. 9, resulted in the choice of 258 Government, and 27 Opposition Deputies. There were bloody election riots at several towns, but at Sofia a royal demonstration was made.

**SPAIN.**—April 2, a malicious EXPLOSION shattered the windows in the office of the Spanish Minister of Finance, and an explosive was placed at the doorway of the bureau of the President of the Chamber of Deputies.—On the first anniversary of the birth of King Alfonso XIII. the Queen-regent REMITTED ONE-HALF THE SENTENCE of every soldier imprisoned for participation in the revolt of the preceding September.—In August, the Government abolished the CUBAN AND PORTO-RICAN EXPORT DUTIES on sugar, spirits, and honey. In July, General Salamanca was appointed Captain-General of Cuba. In September, Señor Margall, a member of the Cortes, published a manifesto declaring the coalition between the Federal and the other branches of the Republican party at an end. He advocated FEDERALISM, and maintained that the differences of language and literature in the provinces warranted the desire of the people for self-government.

**AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.**—The HUNGARIAN DIET was closed May 26, when the Emperor, referring to the bills for military equipment that had been passed, complimented the members on their loyalty and willingness to defend the kingdom. The Diet reassembled September 29, and in the imperial message it was declared that friendly relations continue with all the Powers, but that the general situation requires the perfection of the army. [For COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH GERMANY, see GERMANY, and FOR THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN GERMANY, AUSTRIA AND ITALY, see ITALY.]

**HOLLAND.**—THE ELECTIONS in Holland in September, resulted in the return of the necessary majority of two-thirds in the Second Chamber in favor of a REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION—the question upon which the last Parliament was dissolved. On September 19, Parliament was opened by King William, who thanked the people for the loyal demonstration in honor of his seventieth birthday, and expressed a hope that the bill for the revision of the Constitution would be passed.

**BELGIUM.**—The Belgian Chamber of Deputies in May passed a bill permitting the FREE CONGO STATE to issue a lottery loan to the amount of 150,000,000f.—IMPORT DUTIES were imposed by Belgium on cattle and meat in June.—In August, a bill to EXTEND THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE was rejected.—There was in May and June, a series of STRIKES AND RIOTS of laborers, led on to deeds of violence by Socialistic agitators.

**AFRICA.**—HENRY M. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN BEY reached Matadi on the Congo River, March 25. He appointed Tippu Tib Governor of Stanley Falls. On June 6, his expedition reached a point not far from the farthest point reached by him in 1883. On July 12, he was proceeding up the Aruwimi River, which he had found navigable above the rapids. A caravan of 480 men followed the expedition on the left bank of the river, and an advance guard of 40 natives of Zanzibar led it. The latest information from him was that he was making good progress, being hindered only by natural obstructions. In September a letter was received from Emin Bey, dated at Wadelai, April 17, wherein he said: "I have passed twelve years here, and have succeeded in reoccupying nearly every station in the country which General Gordon intrusted to me. I have won the trust and confidence of the people, sowing the seed of a splendid future civilization. It is out of the question to ask me to leave. All I want England to do is to make a FREE TRADING WAY to the coast."—**MOROCCO.**—In April an expedition was sent by THE AMERICAN CONSUL at Tangier to break up the SYSTEM OF USURY that had been practised by persons pretending to have American claims. Several gross offenders were punished.—The DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF THE SULTAN, as this record is closed, is causing the despatching of Spanish troops and of Spanish, French, and other men-of-war, each nation seeking to protect its interests in case of his death.

**AFGHANISTAN.**—AYUB KHAN made his escape from his imprisonment in Persia, August 14, and was accompanied in his flight by several Afghan chiefs. He made his way towards Afghanistan. The rumor was spread that his escape had been effected by Russian intrigue, but this was denied at St. Petersburg. Disaffection was caused among the Amir's subjects, and uneasiness for the stability of his authority was reported. But on October 11, Ayub's death was announced. The Ghilzais have periodically harassed the Amir, and committed many depredations. [FOR AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION, see RUSSIA.]

**THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.**—In the bad political condition of the Hawaiian Kingdom, the acceptance by KING KALAKAUA of a large bribe (reported to be about \$75,000) from Chinese merchants provoked a REVOLUTION, on June 30. The citizens of Honolulu, Americans taking a leading part, organized a military company, practically seized the Government, and, without bloodshed, forced from the King PLEDGES never again to take an active part in legislation, to dismiss his cabinet, and to accept the one made for him by a committee of citizens—in short to RETAIN HIS CROWN BUT TO GIVE UP HIS POWER. He yielded; a new

Constitution was thrust upon the country July 5, WILLIAM L. GREEN became Prime Minister, and the new Government, in spite of the dissatisfaction of a large part of the native population, continues in force. The finances of the kingdom are in great disorder. QUEEN KAPIOLANI, when the revolution took place, was on her way from England, whither she had gone to attend Queen Victoria's jubilee; and she first heard of the disaster on landing in New York. The ELECTIONS, held in September for members of the legislative body, resulted in the choice of a large majority of the supporters of the new Government.

**CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.**—A conference of representatives of the FIVE CENTRAL AMERICAN STATES met in Guatemala in April, and drew up a comprehensive plan to further the establishment of a PERMANENT CONFEDERATION, and to "provide for their final fusion into one country." The agreement provides that differences between any two of the States shall be decided by arbitration. All the republics bind themselves to respect the independence of every one, and to prohibit the preparation in any one of armed expeditions against any other. Citizens of any State shall enjoy similar privileges and rights throughout them all. The constitutions of the States which do not contain this proviso are to be amended. An INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS is to assemble every two years, and the Congress which shall convene in 1890 is empowered to perfect the confederation, if present obstacles shall be removed.—In June, PRESIDENT BARRILAS OF GUATEMALA issued a decree announcing that the executive had taken control of the Government and suspended the action of the constitution because the Legislature was endangering the credit of the country.—DOM PEDRO, EMPEROR OF BRAZIL, sailed for Europe, July 1, for his health, and it is hardly expected that he will again be able to resume the active work of government. It has been reported and denied that he had determined to abdicate.

**MEXICO.**—The Mexican Congress convened April 1, and the House of Representatives soon passed an AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION whereby a President may be eligible for two successive terms, which was regarded as preparatory to the re-election of Diaz. The States approved the amendment, and on the reassembling of Congress, September 16, it was reported for final approval. [FOR THE NEW POSTAL TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES, see UNITED STATES.]

#### LITERATURE.

**RECENT BOOKS.**—The number of important books that have appeared during the summer months is not large. Among the more noteworthy we have, in BIOGRAPHY, *Final*

*Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, edited by the poet's brother, Mr. Samuel Longfellow; a supplementary volume to the *Life of Longfellow*, in two volumes, by the same author. It consists chiefly of additional extracts from the journals and correspondence of the poet from his student days on to the close of his life. G. Birkbeck Hill's edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 6 vols., issued by the Clarendon Press, is likely to be the standard Boswell (reviewed in NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for September). Sidney Colvin has contributed a carefully executed monograph on *Keats* to the "English Men of Letters" series. The *Henry Clay*, 2 vols., by Carl Schurz, in "American Statesmen," and *Connecticut*, by Prof. Alexander Johnston, in "American Commonwealths," are of especial excellence in the series to which they belong.

Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* advances to 1793 in volumes V. and VI., which contain some 1,200 pages, and cover the first nine years of Pitt's ministry.

*Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, by George Meredith, contains poetic work of a high order, lacking somewhat in simplicity and grace, but everywhere strong and virile.

*After Paradise; or, Legends of Exile; with other Poems*, by Robert, Earl of Lytton, is in the mysterious manner affected by the poet. In a set of legends or parables he describes the genesis of poetry, music, love, and the ideal.

The edition of the *Works of John Marston*, 3 vols., by A. H. Bullen, is the first attempt to produce a critical edition of a text which in its traditional form is notoriously corrupt. The result is fairly satisfactory.

William Morris, whose translation of Vergil's *Aeneid* is well known, has attempted a version of the *Odyssey of Homer, I.-XII.* He has chosen the metre of his own *Sigurd*, an anapaestic hexameter in rhymed couplets. The result is a rapid, stirring movement, but the ballad quality attained does not accord well with the essential dignity and nobility of the Homeric epics. The translator has also unwisely had recourse to many archaisms of English speech, even inventing archaic forms where none were at hand.

Still another attempt has been made to render Dante in the *terza rima* of the original, and with a line-for-line translation. *The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri*, by F. K. H. Haselfoot. The work has decided merit as a translation and as a metrical *tour de force*. Still, a high success seems impossible under the conditions assumed.

The prose *Convito*, or *Banquet*, of Dante is now for the first time accessible to English readers, in the translation by Elizabeth P. Sayer—"Morley's Universal Library." Unfortunately, the translation is

marred by many inaccuracies. The general high character of the works issued in this "Library" is noteworthy.

Volume XXII. of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* comprises SIB to SZO.

The volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen, are issued at intervals of three months. Vol. XI. contains Clater to Condell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Columbia College celebrated the 150th anniversary of the granting of its charter, April 13. Mr. Frederick R. Coudert was the orator, and Rev. George Lansing Taylor the poet, of the occasion. About sixty honorary degrees were conferred.

The 100th anniversary of the birth of the poet Uhland was celebrated throughout Germany, April 26.

A manuscript of great interest to students of Goethe has come to light. The document, which is a copy made in 1775, contains some twenty scenes of a prose *Faust*.

A considerable number of letters of Leibnitz have recently been recovered, many of them dealing with mathematical and philosophical subjects.

The total number of books published in Germany in 1886 was 16,305; 50 less than in 1885, but showing a marked increase in *belles-lettres*, science, and theology.

A fourteenth-century codex of Aristotle has been found in Greece, containing the *De Anima*, *De Cælo*, *De Generatione et Corruptione*. It shows important variations.

## SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.—A CONGRESS OF ASTRONOMERS, which included nearly all of those who are occupied with astronomical photography, was held in Paris from the 16th to the 25th of April. It was called together to develop a plan by which a chart and catalogue of the stars may be constructed by the use of the recently developed methods of photography. The Congress was successful in organizing a plan which, except as to unimportant details, was unanimously adopted. The directors of several of the most important observatories have already agreed to enter upon their portions of the work, and the cooperation of many other observatories is undoubted, although at the time of the Congress their directors were not authorized to engage for them in any undertaking involving the purchase of new instruments and an increased expenditure. The Congress determined that the telescopes employed shall be of a uniform size and construction, of such a focal length that one millimetre on the photographic plate shall represent approximately one minute of arc. The photographs are to give stars of the fourteenth magnitude. The field, to be measured on a plate, is to extend at least one degree from the centre of the plate;

and each square degree is to be photographed twice. The number of plates which will thus be required for a complete survey of the heavens is twenty thousand. A second series of plates, containing stars down to the eleventh magnitude, is also to be made, in order that accurate micrometrical measures of the positions of the fundamental stars may be obtained. The plates of the first series are to be used in the construction of a chart, those of the second in the preparation of a catalogue. The catalogue was undertaken only after considerable discussion. It is estimated that it will contain at least 1,500,000 stars, and the chart about 15,000,000. The oversight of the work was intrusted to a committee, which included several eminent astronomers besides all those who have declared their intention to take part in the work. This committee is to examine a number of questions which must yet be experimentally investigated, to decide in future upon the distribution of the work among the participating observatories, and to formulate the details of the methods to be employed. At its first meeting, it was voted by the committee, in view of the scarcity of observatories in the Southern Hemisphere, to request the governments of England and France to erect observatories in New Zealand and in the Island of Réunion, respectively.

Doctor Elkin publishes, in the *Transactions of the Astronomical Observatory of Yale University*, the results of his study of the relative positions of the stars in the PLEIADES. The instrument employed was the heliometer lately obtained for the observatory. By comparison with Bessel's measurements of the same group, in 1840, with adoption of Alcyone as the point of reference, Doctor Elkin shows that in the six cases of large relative displacement there is considerable agreement in the direction and amount of apparent motion, and that this motion is closely equal, and opposite to the result deduced by Newcomb for the absolute motion of Alcyone. Doctor Elkin thinks, with regard to these stars, that they are not real members of the group, but are at a vast distance beyond it, and are merely optically projected on it. Two other stars have a proper motion greater than that of the group, and are supposed for that reason to lie between it and the earth. Doctor Elkin remarks that from the minuteness of the changes which have been detected in the group, it is not likely that its internal mechanism will be determined in the immediate future. He says that the bright stars especially seem to form an almost rigid system, as for only one is there really much evidence of motion, and in this case the total amount is barely 1" per century.

Professor Pickering has issued the first volume of the reports of the PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF STELLAR SPECTRA, conducted at the Harvard College Observatory

by the help of the fund provided by Mrs. Draper as a memorial to her husband, Prof. Henry Draper. It contains an account of the arrangements and methods employed in the investigation. The general plan of procedure by which the spectrum of a star is made to appear upon the photographic plate as a broad band has been described in the *SCIENCE RECORD*, NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, May, 1886. Four prisms, three of which have a clear aperture of eleven inches, form the train which is used. The spectra obtained are quite large, show their characteristics readily, and are easily enlarged. The spectra of the bright stars north of  $24^\circ$  are studied with an eight-inch telescope. Each photograph covers a region ten degrees square. The length of the spectrum of the bright stars is over one centimetre. On the plan adopted the entire sky studied can be covered by about seven hundred exposures. This investigation is nearly complete. The spectra of 8,313 stars of the sixth magnitude, or brighter, have been measured and catalogued.

The spectra of the fainter stars are also being investigated with the same instrument. Most stars of the ninth magnitude appear on the plates. An exposure of an hour is needed with these fainter stars. In all, 15,729 spectra of bright and faint stars have been measured.

The identification of the lines of these spectra will be made by comparison with absorption spectra; and the approximate wave-lengths determined by comparison with those lines which can be identified with the lines of the solar spectrum. The deviations of these wave-lengths from their normal value will probably afford the means of determining the motions of the stars.

The results of the British observations of the TRANSIT OF VENUS in 1882 have been published. The parallax of the sun deduced from them is  $8''.832$ , with a probable error of  $\pm 0''.024$ . This is larger than Todd's value deduced from Michelson's determination of the velocity of light, which was  $8''.808$ .

Cloudy or stormy weather prevented observations of the TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE of August 19 in all parts of Germany, western Russia, and Japan. In eastern Russia and Siberia, on the other hand, successful observations were made at several stations. The corona and its spectrum were photographed, and the green coronal line was observed.

At Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. Barnard discovered a new comet on May 12.

At the Vienna Observatory, Palisa discovered, on May 17, minor planet No. 266. Doctor Luther announced the discovery of a minor planet on April 11, but it is supposed that he observed Hesperia.

At Nice, M. Charlois discovered, on May 27, minor planet No. 267.

At Marseilles, M. Borelly discovered, on June 9, minor planet No. 268.



At the Red House Observatory, Phelps, New York, Mr. Brooks discovered a comet on August 24. It is supposed that this is Olbers' comet of 1815, the return of which is expected. The elements already obtained closely resemble those of Olbers' comet.

PHYSICS.—In the *Comptes Rendus* for July 18, M. Amagat states that he has succeeded in SOLIDIFYING LIQUID BICHLORIDE OF CARBON BY PRESSURE alone. At ordinary temperatures, the pressure required was about one thousand atmospheres, and it varied with the temperature. His results indicate that there exists a critical temperature of solidification, similar to the critical temperature of condensation of gases, above which no pressure, however great, can produce solidification.

Doctor Olszewski reported to the Cracow Natural Science Society the results of his researches on the CONDENSATION OF GASES. He has succeeded in liquefying oxygen, nitrogen, and others of the most refractory gases, at pressures not greater than forty atmospheres, by the application of intense cold produced by the evaporation of liquid ethylene. By an ingenious arrangement of two concentric tubes, in both of which the condensed gases were collected, he was able to obtain them at ordinary atmospheric pressures, and even at pressures of not more than four millimetres of mercury. The liquid in the outer tube evaporated, giving rise to intense cold, and forming a non-conducting layer of gas about the liquid in the inner tube. In this way, Doctor Olszewski solidified carbon monoxide and nitrogen, and by reducing the pressure above the solid nitrogen, he reached the temperature of  $-225^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., the lowest temperature that has yet been observed. The liquefaction of hydrogen was effected by a pressure of one hundred and ninety atmospheres at  $-213^{\circ}\text{C}$ . He has also determined the boiling points, melting points, and critical temperatures of the gases upon which he experimented. In a later paper in the *Monatshefte für Chemie*, Doctor Olszewski has given a determination of the boiling point of ozone, which condensed at a sufficiently low temperature into a dark blue liquid.

Prof. Victor Meyer of Göttingen has recently shown a gradual DISSOCIATION OF THE MOLECULES OF PHOSPHORUS AND ARSENIC WITH RISE OF TEMPERATURE. At the temperatures at which these substances volatilize, their observed densities as gases are such as to lead to the conclusion that their molecules each contain four atoms. As the temperature is gradually raised, their densities gradually diminish, as if the molecules of four atoms were breaking up into molecules of a smaller number of atoms, and at a white heat the densities are such as to indicate molecules of two atoms. In the case of antimony, they find its vapor-density to be that corresponding to molecules of three

atoms, and the dissociation into simpler molecules does not become complete within the temperatures at present attainable.

Dr. Arthur Schuster presented to the Royal Society, on June 16, a paper on the DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH GASES. He shows first that, if a discharge be passed through a rarefied gas, a pair of divergent electrified gold leaves contained in the same vessel, but not connected with the electrodes, will collapse at once. This experiment proves that the forces normal to the surfaces of the gold leaves are neutralized by the passage of the discharge. He then shows that a steady current of electricity can be obtained in air between electrodes at the ordinary temperature which are at a difference of potential of one-quarter of a volt only; provided that an independent current is maintained in the same closed vessel. He finds that the intensity of the current varies with that of the main discharge, with the pressure in the vessel, and with the form and size of the electrodes. The facts are explained by him on the hypothesis that the main discharge separates the molecules of gas into their atoms, that these atoms are oppositely charged, and are, hence, directed toward one or the other of the electrodes of the subsidiary circuit by any difference of potential between them, however small it may be.

Professors Michelson and Morley brought before the American Association for the Advancement of Science an account of their experiments instituted to determine the RELATIVE MOTION OF THE EARTH and the LUMINIFEROUS ETHER. The plan pursued was to send, by means of mirrors, two beams of light from the same source in directions at right angles to each other, and to observe the interference bands which were produced by the two beams after they were reflected back on themselves and received in an observing telescope. The whole apparatus was mounted so as to turn about a vertical axis, and the position of the interference bands was observed as it stood in different azimuths. If there were a relative motion of the earth and the ether, there should be, during one complete rotation of the apparatus, a positive and negative displacement of the bands. No such displacement was observed, as should be the case if the ether were fixed in space and if the earth's motion through it were its motion in its orbit alone. As it is possible that this result is due to a motion of the solar system in an opposite direction to that of the earth in its orbit at the time of the observations, it is proposed to repeat the observations every three months, for at least a year. The results so far reached indicate no relative motion of the earth and the ether.

Professors Michelson and Morley also presented to the Association a plan for making the wave-length of sodium light

a practical STANDARD OF LENGTH. They showed how the apparatus can be arranged so that the number of wave-lengths can be determined in the length of a standard glass block, by the mere counting of the successive appearances and disappearances of interference bands; and stated that the accuracy with which scales can be constructed to agree with this standard considerably exceeds that of the present methods of comparison. The Association requested Professors Michelson and Morley to continue their researches, with a view to the adoption of the wave-length of light of some standard substance as a natural standard of length.

**MATHEMATICS.**—The 3d number of Vol. 29 of the *Math. Annalen* contains a valuable paper by Nöther, of Erlangen—"Ueber die totalen algebraischen Differentialausdrücke"—in which a number of the more important theorems and methods of Clebsch and Gordan's theory of Abelian functions are extended to functions of two variables. The significance of the paper lies rather in its bringing the method of rational transformations to bear on this new subject of investigation, than in the novelty of its results, these being largely due in the first instance to Picard, *Liouv. Journ. de Math.* IV., 1, 1885.

In recent numbers of the *Journal für reine und ang. Math. (Crelle)*, Kronecker gives an exposition of his "*Allgemeine Arithmetik*" or "*Arithmetische Theorie der ganzen ganzzahligen Functionen von Unbestimmten.*" By the substitution of congruences for equations and the use of indeterminate positive integers, he is able to develop a purely arithmetical theory of integral functions with integral coefficients, proving that the dependence on the negative, fraction, irrational, imaginary, in which the theory is commonly placed, is not a necessary dependence.

**CHEMISTRY.**—Some interesting cases of the SYNTHESIS OF NATURAL PRODUCTS have lately been published. Bernthsen and Semper have synthesized directly a substance called nucine, which collects in small crystals in the juice expressed from the outer coating of walnuts. Professor Horbaczewski has found a simple and direct way of synthesizing uric acid, which appears in crystals similar to those obtained from natural sources. Lastly, Doctor Ladenburg has shown that a compound prepared by him artificially is exactly similar to the alkaloid cadaverin produced by the action of certain bacilli upon flesh. Two NEW GASES have also been discovered. The first is the hydride of nitrogen, or hydrazine, a stable gas with peculiar odor, and soluble in water. It was prepared by Dr. Theodor Curtius. The other is a tetroxide of manganese. It is of a deep blue color, and has but little affinity for water. It was discovered by Dr. Franke.

In the *Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de*

*Belgique* for April, Doctors Van't Hoff and Spring describe an experiment in which CHEMICAL DECOMPOSITION was PRODUCED BY PRESSURE. The substance used was the double acetate of copper and calcium, which at ordinary temperatures is solid, but above 75° C. decomposes into its constituent acetates. Three-quarters of its water of crystallization are set free and its volume contracts. By means of a pressure of six thousand atmospheres at 40° C. the double acetate was decomposed, and the water of crystallization separated out. This is a striking example, similar to that of the melting of ice by pressure, of the reversibility of physical operations.

Professor Christensen gives, in the *Journal für praktische Chemie*, No. 11, 1887, his determination of the ATOMIC WEIGHT OF FLUORINE. If the atomic weight of oxygen be taken as 16, the atomic weight of fluorine is 18.99, or practically 19. Doctors Krüss and Nilson have determined the ATOMIC WEIGHT OF THORIUM to be 231.87, and by a re-determination of its vapor-density have shown that its atom is tetravalent, as required by the periodic law of classification of the elements.

The same chemists announce in the *Berichte der deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft*, that their researches on the lines and bands in the absorption spectra of certain rare earths lead to the conclusion that most of the substances in these earths, which have hitherto been called elements, are compounds. They believe that the evidence is clear for the existence of at least twenty unknown elements.

Prof. Clemens Winkler has published, in the *Journal für praktische Chemie*, Volume 36, the continuation of his researches on the NEW ELEMENT GERMANIUM, discovered by him. An account of his first communication on the properties of this element was given in the SCIENCE RECORD, NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for November, 1886. Besides two chlorides, Professor Winkler has formed a germanium chloroform, in which carbon is replaced by germanium. There have also been formed two fluorides, and a double fluoride of potassium and germanium. A germanium ethyl has also been discovered. The importance of these compounds lies in the fact that they were predicted by Mendelejeff, from his periodic law of classification for the then undiscovered element, named by him ekasilicium. In many respects the properties of these compounds agree with those predicted as the properties of the compounds of ekasilicium. Professor Winkler, as an additional confirmation of Mendelejeff's views, mentions the probable existence of a germanium ultramarine, in which the silicium is replaced by germanium. The existence of such a compound was suggested to him by Mendelejeff.

THE NATURAL SCIENCES.—A committee

of distinguished English physicians and biologists, appointed to investigate PASTEUR'S TREATMENT OF HYDROPHOBIA, have recently submitted to the Local Government Board a report in which they express confidence in the success of the method. They regard as established by their own experiments, as well as those of Pasteur, the following facts: If a dog or rabbit be bitten by a rabid dog and die of rabies, a substance can be obtained from its spinal cord, which, being inoculated into a healthy dog, will produce rabies. The rabies thus transmitted by inoculation may, by similar inoculations, be transmitted through a succession of rabbits with marked increase of intensity. But the virus in the spinal cords of rabbits that have thus died of inoculated rabies may be gradually so weakened or attenuated by drying the cords, that, after a certain number of days' drying, it may be injected into healthy rabbits or other animals without any danger of producing rabies. And by using, on each successive day, the virus from a spinal cord dried during a period shorter than that used on the previous day, an animal may be made almost certainly secure against rabies, whether from the bite of a rabid dog or other animal, or from any method of subcutaneous inoculation. The committee investigated many cases of those who had been treated by Pasteur's method, and conclude that the percentage of deaths is far lower than it would have been if the treatment had not been used. A writer in *Nature* explains that Pasteur's treatment depends on the injection, not of modified virus, but of substances produced by the virus and inimical to its further growth, and that even in cases where the treatment does not prevent death, it greatly alleviates the distressing features of the malady, as was seen in the case of Lord Doneraile, who died from rabies caused by the bite of a tame fox, and in another recent case. Complete protection against hydrophobia is secured only by the legal enforcement of a law for the muzzling of all dogs. Such a law has nearly stamped out the evil in Prussia, has completely stamped it out in Scandinavia, and wherever followed in England has been a cure.

The method of inoculation as a means of preventing disease has been extended by a Brazilian physician, Doctor Freire, to the TREATMENT OF YELLOW FEVER. He proceeds on the principles already followed by Pasteur and Koch. By a series of cultivations he obtains a modified form of the microbe of yellow fever and injects a small amount of the liquid containing it into the patient. The statistics of deaths from yellow fever in Rio Janeiro show a mortality of about one per cent. for those not inoculated, and of only a tenth of one per cent. for the inoculated.

Doctor Schunck laid before the British

Association at its recent meeting in Manchester a new theory as to the NATURE OF CHLOROPHYL, the substance which gives the green color to plants. He finds that it consists of three substances in a state of unstable combination, that one of them is carbon dioxide, which is being constantly, during daylight, given up by the chlorophyl to the protoplasm, and the loss resulting as constantly repaired by the reception of more carbon dioxide from the atmosphere. It would thus appear that chlorophyl is a carrier of carbon dioxide in the plant, as hæmoglobin is a carrier of oxygen in the blood of animals.

It has been ascertained that the POISON-APPARATUS OF THE MOSQUITO consists of three glands in the thorax, the central one being peculiar to this group of insects. Their secretions mingle in a common duct, which runs up into the head and there divides into two. Each of these enters a mandible which is pierced like the fang of a snake or the sting of a bee; and thus the mosquito has a pair of poison fangs which enter the wounds along with the other piercing armature of its mouth.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, on February 9, Doctor Dallinger gave an account of his experiments upon the MODIFICATION OF LOWER ORGANISMS consequent upon slow changes of temperature. He experimented upon organisms which multiply by division. A division occurs on the average in less than four minutes, and in the course of the experiments half a million generations must have passed. The organisms were first exposed to a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit. During four months the temperature was very gradually increased to 73°. At this point the vitality of the organisms seemed lessened, and the temperature was accordingly maintained constant for two months. It was then raised during five months to 78°, when it again became necessary to pause until the organisms regained their full vitality. In this way, by gradual stages, the temperature of 158° was reached, a temperature at which the organisms in their original state could not have lived.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Prof. John Tyndall, in April, resigned the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, which he has held for thirty-four years. He has been appointed Honorary Professor, and Lord Rayleigh has been appointed his successor.

M. Pasteur has been made the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences.

The French, British, and American Associations for the Advancement of Science held meetings during the summer. The International Medical Congress met at Washington in September. The Congress of the International Astronomical Society was held at Kiel on August 29.

A new periodical, *The Annals of Botany*, is to be published at Oxford. It will be edited by Professor Balfour of Oxford, Doctor Vines of Cambridge, and Professor Farlow of Harvard. Another periodical devoted to botany has just been issued at St. Petersburg.

A new journal, the *Climatologist*, devoted to medical and sanitary climatology, is to be published at Baltimore, under the editorship of Doctor Rohé.

The lens for the Lick telescope, required to replace that which was broken in the grinding, has been at last successfully cast, and has been received by the Messrs. Clark at Cambridgeport.

#### ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The excavations undertaken by the EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION FUND continue to lead all others in the supply of new archæological material. Mr. Flinders Petrie reports that at Deir-el-Gibrawi, north of Sint, he has uncovered long inscriptions of the XIIth and XIIIth dynasties; at Rifa, south of Sint, the fine XIIth dynasty tombs, rivalling those at Beni Hassan, have been for the first time carefully copied; at Silsileh two quarries have been studied to advantage, and quarry marks discovered for many Ptolemaic temples; in the desert, west of Dakshur, he traced the line of an ancient road from Memphis to the Fayoum, and at the apparent site of Kanobos found rock-cut baths in the sea. In the early spring M. Naville, with Mr. Griffith, excavated at Tell-el-Yahoodieh, which Brugsch Bey had suggested as the site of the city Heliopolis, rebuilt after the Hyksos invasion. Greek epitaphs were found, containing Jewish names, but the general characteristics of the burials led M. Naville to attribute them to the Ptolemaic period, while Mr. Griffith hesitates between the age of Rameses and a period as late as the XXVIth dynasty. A most remarkable discovery has been made at Boubastis of the remains of the temple mentioned by Herodotus as one of the finest in Egypt. To the east is a large building, called from the sculptures and inscriptions the "festive hall," in the centre is the hypostyle hall, and to the west an edifice of later date, probably Ptolemaic. In the first hall were found remains of several colossal statues bearing cartouches of Rameses II., though probably of earlier origin; also a large sculptured representation of a great festival, with processional scenes in honor of Osorkon II. of the XXIst dynasty. A stone bearing the cartouche of Pepi I., of the VIth dynasty, was brought to the museum at Boulak. The magnificent columns of the hypostyle hall belong to the XIIth dynasty. As two-thirds of the work of excavation still remain, the Exploration Fund has its task for next winter already

determined.—Our knowledge of remote antiquity is also being increased by new material from MESOPOTAMIA. About three hundred inscribed terra-cotta tablets, relating to the revenues and tithes of one of the most ancient Babylonian temples at Sippara, have reached England. These are of value not only as indicating the flourishing condition of the country, but for the information they supply for late Babylonian chronology.—The attention of archæologists has recently been directed to a remarkable pier discovered by M. de Sarzec at Telloh. The pier is composed of a union of four circular columns, and belonged to a sanctuary of the great local divinity Nin-Ghirsu. This recalls the clustered lotus columns of Egypt, as well as the clustered columns of mediæval churches, and shows a more highly developed architecture in Babylonia than has been supposed.—From PALESTINE comes an important contribution of new material for the history of Greek sculpture, in the discovery of richly ornamented sarcophagi in a tomb at Sidon. This tomb was first explored and described by Rev. W. K. Eddy, an American missionary. One of the sarcophagi represents a Greek temple, with small statues placed between the surrounding columns; others are ornamented with sculptured reliefs representing lion and boar hunts, and one with a processional scene, apparently in imitation of a portion of the Parthenon frieze. The sculptures are attributed to the third century, and the colors upon them give evidence that the Greek sculptors aimed at truth in color as well as form. Hamdi Bey, of the Museum of Constantinople, and M. Baltazzi were sent to continue the excavations and to remove the sculptures to Constantinople. In cutting a wall through one of the previously discovered chambers, a second chamber was found, and, carefully hidden beneath three layers of flooring, was discovered a splendid anthropoid sarcophagus, in black marble or diorite, resembling the celebrated sarcophagus of King Eshmunazar in the Louvre.—In ASIA MINOR, Mr. W. R. Paton recently discovered in the neighborhood of Halicarnassus some tombs of bee-hive form, with an avenue or *dromos*. One is remarkable from the circular wall which encloses both tomb and *dromos*. Amongst the objects found were pottery, gold ornaments, and iron weapons, recalling the finds at Mycenæ, Sarmatia, and Kertch.—At Burnabashi, the recently discovered gold ornaments may revive the controversy about the site of Troy.—The Roman treasures of ALGERIA are gradually being brought to light. At Thannys the ruins, which Professor Sayce describes as the finest Roman ruins he has ever seen, are being made accessible by a carriage road. At Tebessa some interesting mosaics have been found. The largest one represents Amphitrite and her attendants, with Ariadne and the leopard below. They

are described as unusually fine in workmanship and design. At Cherchell, an important torso of Diana has been discovered, and colossal statues of Hercules, Venus, and Jupiter.—In GREECE itself the spade continues its revelation of the past. The excavations of the Greek Archæological Society on the Acropolis at Athens have brought to light to the north of the Erechtheum remains of houses of the Mycenæ and Tiryns type, and vases like those found at Mycenæ. This points to the early use of the Acropolis as a stronghold, before it became a sacred spot.—The excavations of the Dilettanti Society about the temple of the Olympian Zeus have determined that it was octostyle, and not decastyle, as heretofore supposed. The American School at Athens has shown good judgment and enterprise in excavating at Sikyon. Numerous ruins still exist on the site; but it was thought best to confine the excavations to the theatre, one of the largest in Greece. Of special interest has been the discovery of two arched entrances of Hellenic construction. These constitute one of the very rare examples of Hellenic arches.—The building for the AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS is in course of erection, and is linked with the English school by a common fence. Prof. A. C. Merriam of Columbia College is in charge of the American, and Mr. Ernest Gardiner of the English, school.—Doctor Milchhöfer has discovered in the neighborhood of Thorikos an archaic domical tomb unlike anything in Greece. It has a pointed arched gallery (false arch) with an apse, reminding us of the Regulini Galassi tomb in Etruria. On the island of Thasos, Mr. Theodore Bent's energetic discoveries have enabled him to trace the history of Thasiote art from the archaic period to Roman times. His report deals with the Roman arch, the theatre, the temple of Apollo at Alki, and the Thasiote tombs. The work accomplished by Mr. Bent is a signal example of how much may be done by well-directed effort, even when accompanied by an exceedingly small appropriation.—In ITALY the excavations in the necropoli at Orvieto and Perugia have resulted in the acquisition of many Etruscan objects. Of great importance has been the discovery of at Falerii of the ruins of two ETRUSCAN TEMPLES.—Sybaris is finally to be excavated by the Italian Government. Professor Viola has been appointed to conduct the excavations. As this city was buried in 510 B. C., a time when Greek art had reached an interesting period of development, it is

hoped that the excavations will be undertaken in a liberal spirit and a thorough manner.—In GERMANY, at Hedderheim, near Frankfurt, there has been discovered a Mythræum, or chapel dedicated to Mythras. At the east end was a sculptured relief representing the usual group of Mythras and the bull. On either side were two slabs, with reliefs of two genii with torches. At the west end, a basalt altar with an inscription. This is the third Mythræum found in this neighborhood, a proof of how the mysteries of this eastern divinity had spread through the western Roman provinces.—From FRANCE new material for the study of Gallic antiquities is constantly coming to light. Gallo-Roman tombs have recently been discovered at Mantoche and at Muy. In the old Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, fifty-two Gallic tombs have been found, containing, besides human remains, swords, lances, shields, and bronze and iron implements of various kinds. At Dijon have been discovered the foundation walls of the cast-rum described by Gregory of Tours, and at Lyons, the remains of an ancient amphitheatre, near the site of the Forum and Imperial Palace.—In ENGLAND, Mr. Lofton Brock has discovered a portion of the old London wall, of fine Roman work, having a chamfered plinth of dark brown iron-stone, various bonding courses of bright red brick, and face-work of square Kentish ragstone. Interesting discoveries have been made at Woodcutts, by General Pitt-Rivers, of an entire British village of the date of the early occupation by the Romans. The skeletons show a race of inferior stature. The large number of articles of daily use which have been found, together with Roman coins, show a race of aboriginal Britons who lived on into the Roman period.—The accumulation of sepulchral monuments in the BRITISH MUSEUM has been so great that hereafter the Print Room will be given up to them. Over two hundred reliefs will be exhibited on the walls, and the floor will be occupied by large sarcophagi.

A NEW PROCESS OF REPRODUCING ETCHINGS is employed by the Autotype Company. A facsimile of the metal plate is produced from a photograph of an impression of the original, by the employment of an autotype tissue which is electrically conductive. The plates are produced by an electric deposit on the autotype image. The new method has been successfully tried on Méryon's etchings, preserving wonderfully the firmness and delicacy of the artist's touch.

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